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"THE SUPERANNUATED MAN"

LABOR PENSIONS AND THE CARNEGIE FOUNDATION

BY BURTON J. HENDRICK

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

IN September of the present year the International Harvester Company formally adopted a systematic plan for pensioning its superannuated employees. A simple vote of its Board of Directors suddenly changed the outlook on life of more than twenty-eight thousand industrious American workingmen. For them was effectually removed that persistent horror of an old age of poverty and dependence that, under the present unstable economic system, dogs the footsteps of practically every citizen.

In making this important move, the International Harvester Company has simply followed the lead of many other large employers of labor. One of the most significant developments of the last ten years has been the adoption of pension plans by more than seventy great corporations. This is one of the most tangible ways in which wage-earners have profited from the country's recent industrial prosperity. In 1898 the pension idea was practically foreign to this country; now it is very much in the air. In that year only one railroad, the Baltimore & Ohio, systematically granted retirement allowances; since 1898, eighteen lines, representing one third of the railway mileage of this country, have adopted automatic pension schemes. Ten years ago almost none of America's great industrial corporations regularly made provision for their old men; now the largest do so, or have at present plans under way to that end. Until 1900 pension endowment funds had not impressed our rich men as suitable subjects for philanthropy; since then, Andrew Carnegie alone has given nearly $20,000,000 for this purpose.

Pensions for Old Employees Regarded as Good Business

The International Harvester Company, the latest to adopt the pension idea, is one of those corporate aggregations popularly referred to as trusts. As with most trusts, its management is a marvel of intelligence and enlightened self-interest. A survey of the field reveals one significant fact; among corporations it is chiefly the trusts and the railways that have most enthusiastically taken up the pension idea. Those corporations and those captains of industry that have figured in recent years most conspicuously as the exemplars of a pitiless commercialism

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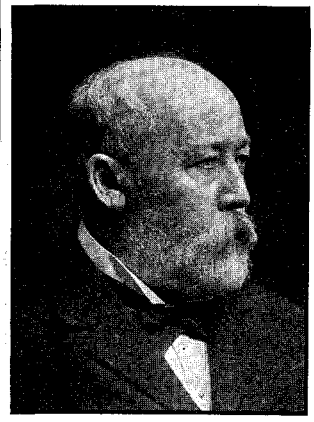
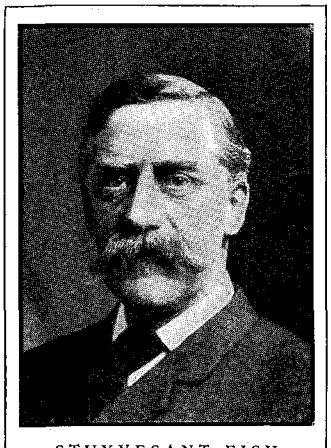


SIR WILLIAM C. VAN HORNE

EX-PRESIDENT OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC, A PENSIONING RAILROAD

have apparently developed the tenderest emotions toward their broken-down employees. Since 1903 the Standard Oil Company has generously treated its inactive men; it retires them on half pay at the age of sixty-five and on quarter pay at seventy. Since 1900 many of the subsidiary companies forming the United States Steel corporation have granted pensions; the directors have now under consideration a plan, which will probably become effective next year, for an automatic pension scheme affecting all their 200,000 employees. The unpopularity of the Powder Trust is so great that its president was recently obliged to drop out of the Republican National campaign; this corporation, however, retires at fair wages its used-up men. Those forced to pay exorbitant rates for gas and electricity in New York City may find some consolation in the fact that part of the money goes to pension the septuagenarian gas man. Bad as is Thomas F. Ryan's Metropolitan Street Railway Company, its conductors and motormen are able to look forward to the time when they can retire at half pay. Even many of the great financial houses and insurance companies that have been recently subjected to general criticism keep their faithful old employees on the payrolls.



STUYVESANT FISH

WHO INTRODUCED A PENSION SYSTEM ON THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL

Among the largest and most efficient corporations, pension systems are now regarded as good business. They largely solve one of their most difficult problems,—how to get out of a large labor force the most efficient service. In the last analysis this problem is psychological. The factor that makes one force of employees extremely valuable, and another only moderately so, is an intangible one. Downright inefficiency or extraordinary usefulness are readily enough

ALEXANDER J. CASSATT

PRESIDENT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA WHEN ITS PENSION SYSTEM WAS ADOPTED

dealt with. It is a simple matter to discharge an engineer who smashes a limited express into a freight train; it is easy enough to promote to a vice-presidency a man who adds several million dollars annually to the company's earnings. To put the proper spirit into a hundred thousand men; to inspire in each individual a sense of personal responsibility for the company's welfare:—this is the element that, in the modern corporation, really presents difficulties. The most fatal person is the man who does in so-so fashion his routine work; who observes carefully the letter of the law, who starts promptly at the appointed hour and leaves off just as promptly at

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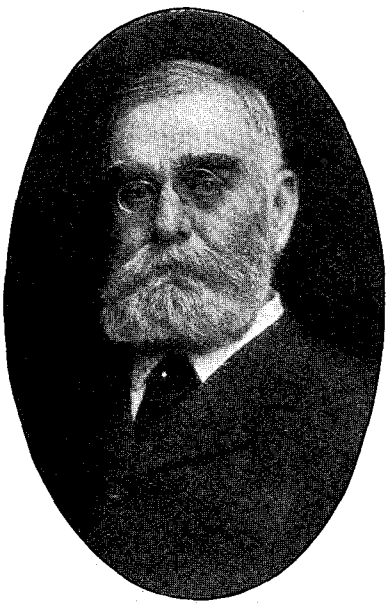
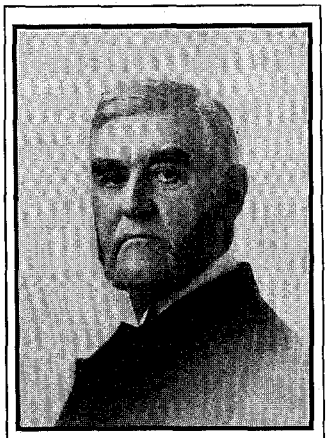
the other end. The clerk who works with his eyes constantly on the clock will, if the whole force is composed of his kind, ruin any business. An attitude of listlessness, of outward service but actual indifference,—this is the spirit that the management cannot successfully cope with. Mere rules of discipline do not reach it. The men who work this way cannot be dismissed, for their indifference does not manifest itself in flagrant acts. They are indeed fulfilling their contracts; the management cannot, in conscience, ask more. But, under the present competitive system, they need and they desire more.



JAMES McCREA

PRESIDENT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD, WHICH SPENDS MORE THAN $800,000 ANNUALLY ON PENSIONS

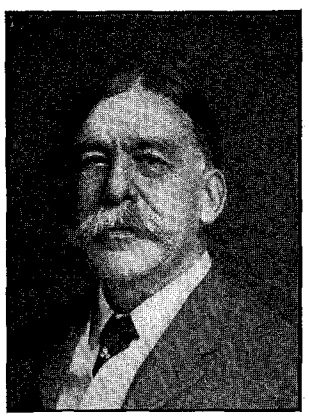
Each grizzled engineer must feel that this is "my company"; must labor under the hallucination, which is said to affect the average veteran on the Pennsylvania, that he personally owns the property. Each freight agent, instead of being content with doing just enough work to escape dismissal, must lie awake nights devising new ways of increasing business. Railroad experts figure the financial value of this spirit at about ten per cent. The eighteen railroads regularly pensioning their men, which are spending $400,000,000 in wages and salaries, are thus losing $40,000,000 a year if they have failed to cultivate this temper among their employees.



MARVIN HUGHITT

ONCE A TELEGRAPH OPERATOR, NOW PRESIDENT OF THE CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN RAILROAD, AND A STRONG ADVOCATE OF PENSIONS

The most effective way of securing the right kind of force is obviously to adopt a broad general policy that will attract the most ambitious men, and secure from them the most efficient work of their productive years. The laws of gravitation affect wage-earners as well as other objects in nature; the best men inevitably gravitate toward the most satisfactory terms of employment. And terms of employment mean other things than wages and hours of labor; indeed, these, being pretty generally regulated by unions, are fairly uniform. The average wage-earner has three abiding causes for anxiety. The first is a fear that he may sometime lose his job. The second is the fear that, when vacancies occur in positions directly ahead of him, he may not stand a fair chance of promotion. The third is the blackness of the distant future; the certainty that, under a social system that demands a constantly improving standard of living and increasing expenditure, he must inevitably become a dependent in his old age. The corporation that can assure its employees a reasonable permanency of employment, promotion in order of precedence and fitness, and a



E. P. RIPLEY

WHO ESTABLISHED A LIBERAL PENSION SYSTEM ON THE SANTA FÉ

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ROBERT GARRETT

WHO, AS PRESIDENT OF THE BALTIMORE & OHIO, INTRODUCED, IN 1884, THE FIRST RAILROAD PENSION SYSTEM IN THIS COUNTRY

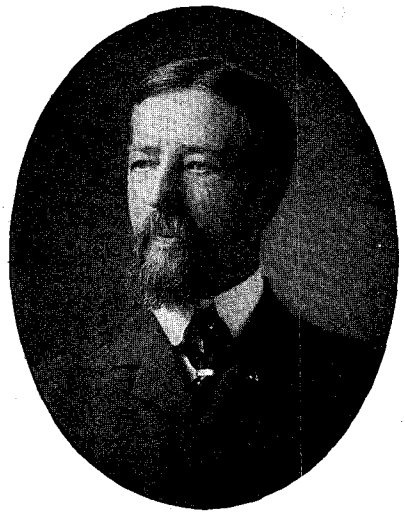
satisfactory provision for old age, will inevitably attract the highest grade of men and obtain from them the most efficient work.

Humble Beginnings of Great Railway Men

Tenure of office is becoming more secure every day. The time when the politicians of Pennsylvania controlled appointments to the Pennsylvania Railroad, and municipal political machines unloaded their henchmen on street railway systems, has gone by. Promotion according to merit is also displacing nepotism and other abuses. Indeed, a roll call of our leading railroad presidents would indicate that the spirit of democracy has always prevailed. James J. Hill started his career as a stevedore in the docks at St. Paul, while Harriman was the son of a poor country clergyman. James McCrea, president of the Pennsylvania, began working upon railroads as a rodman. Oscar O. Murray, president of the Baltimore & Ohio, was originally a ticket agent. Charles E. Mellen, president of the New York, New Haven & Hartford, began as a clerk in the cashier's office. George F. Baer, of the Reading, was originally a printer. Sir William C. Van Horne,—an American by birth,—one of the creators of the Canadian Pacific, and Marvin Hughitt, president of the Northwestern, both entered the railroad business as telegraph operators. George B. Harris, of the Burlington, was an office boy, Frederick D. Underwood, of the Erie, was a brakeman, and William H. Newman, president of the New York Central and all the Vanderbilt lines, was originally a station agent.

Modern Industrial System Makes no Place for Old Men

American industrialism apparently assures men promotion according to merit and also furnishes a reasonable tenure of office. Its most conspicuous shortcoming has always been that it makes inadequate provision for old age. The things that most promote the welfare of the wage-earning class militate most against old age employment. Labor-saving machinery has put bread and meat into the mouth of the laboring man and his children; has given them clothes, shelter, books, education, and other things that make life interesting and profitable. Labor-saving machinery, however, has produced the factory system, which, above all, demands young men. When, like, Alton Locke, all tailors worked at home, and, like Silas Marner, every weaver's house was not only his castle but his factory, the workingman was not expected necessarily to retire at sixty-five or seventy. The old man today, however, slow, hesitating, frequently half-blind and deaf, is sadly misplaced amid the death-dealing machinery of a modern



GEORGE F. BAER

PRESIDENT OF THE READING RAILROAD, WHICH, SINCE 1903, HAS PENSIONED ALL ITS OLD MEN

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EDWARD H. HARRIMAN

WHO HAS ESTABLISHED PENSION SYSTEMS ON THE UNION PACIFIC, SOUTHERN PACIFIC, OREGON SHORT LINE, AND OREGON RAILROAD AND NAVIGATION CO.

factory. Fifty years ago the octogenarian seamstress frequently contributed to the family income, but the sewing machine now calls for nimbler fingers. In the days of transportation by horse-power, an eighty or eighty-five year old stage-coach driver could easily find his place; who wants such a man today running a trolley-car? What railroad could, for a moment, entrust to such hands its passenger trains?

There is a growing tendency to limit arbitrarily the age at which men are received into employment. To get a job on almost any one of our great railroads after one is thirty-five requires a special vote of the board of directors. A few gray hairs almost certainly destroy a new applicant's chances at any well-conducted factory. A man who has not established himself definitely in some line at forty is destined almost inevitably to be a wanderer for life. If you apply for work at forty-five you will usually be sent away with the remark that you are "too old." For a man of forty-five or fifty to give up his job in the hope of placing himself more fortunately in some other line is now generally recog-

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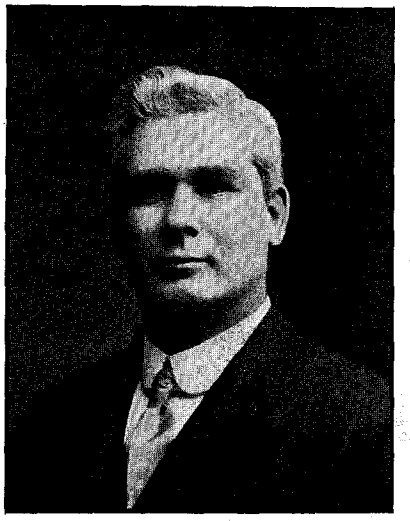
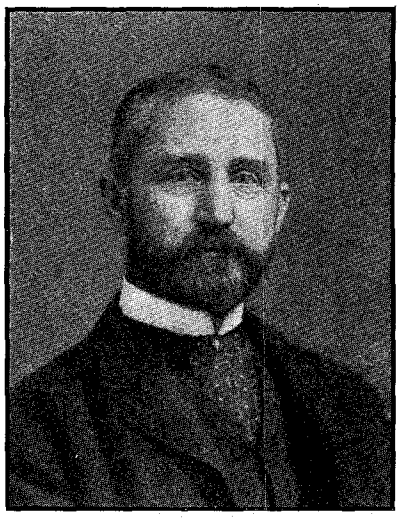


LYMAN A. BEST

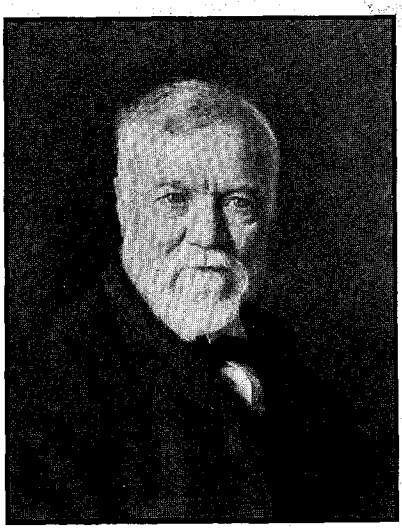
PRINCIPAL OF PUBLIC SCHOOL 108, BROOKLYN, THE PIONEER IN THE WORK OF ESTABLISHING SCHOOL TEACHERS' PENSION FUNDS



HENRY S. PRITCHETT

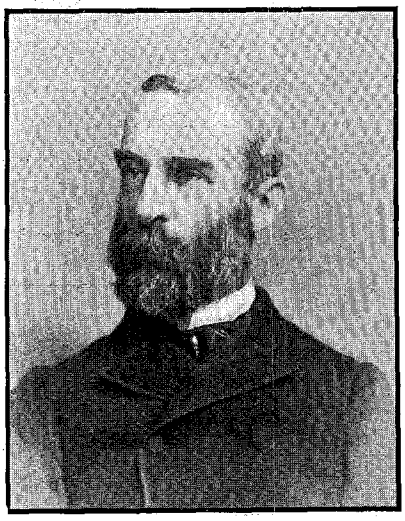
PRESIDENT OF THE CARNEGIE FOUNDATION, WHICH PROVIDES PENSIONS FOR SUPERANNUATED PROFESSORS IN SIXTY-THREE COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES

nized as economic suicide. Not all the sandwich men in our large cities or the sitters in our public parks are victims of intemperance or shiftlessness; they are, in many cases, the products of an industrial and economic system that thrives only on young blood. In New York City the Charity Organization Society has instituted a special bureau which tries to find employment for men of this type. The larger number of the applicants are men who seek, not charity, but



ANDREW CARNEGIE

WHO HAS GIVEN NEARLY $20,000,000 FOR THE ENDOWMENT OF PENSION FUNDS



JOHN P. GREEN

FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD. IN A FEW MONTHS MR. GREEN WILL GO UPON THE PENSION LIST

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work, and who eagerly take and keep the places found for them. Many have filled responsible positions, and a few have occupied posts of distinction. An ex-professor at Oxford (England) University, stranded in New York, had to resort to addressing envelopes for a living. Men who have occupied good clerical positions are sometimes forced to tend furnaces and whitewash cellars.

The modern system not only demands young men, but rapidly uses them up. An up-to-date factory devours bone and muscle as remorselessly as coal and pig-iron; on railroads men wear out and have to be replaced almost as rapidly as steel rails. In that prosaic account called by all corporations "depreciation of plant," the human element is by far the most conspicuous item. The pace is so rapid that men are not infrequently superannuated at fifty or fifty-five; at sixty, many are physical and mental shells. The minute specialization of the modern system reduces employees to mere automatons. They do not have that wide interest in their work and that close association with the outside world that gave the old-fashioned workman a hold on life and helped to keep him young.

Pensions the Only Solution

A considerable number of exhausted men thus necessarily form a part of the organization of every well-equipped modern enterprise. How to handle them has puzzled employers for years. When a locomotive has outlived its usefulness it can be broken up for old iron; but the heartless casting adrift of an old employee is revolting. Fortunately, few large corporations make this a practice. Many attempt to find their old men some light work at proportionately light pay. The ticket-choppers on the elevated roads in New York City, are frequently old men who have been "graduated" from more active employment. In banks the veterans are set to guarding the vaults; on railroads they sit all day long in warehouses reading the paper and smoking their pipes under the delusion that they are watchmen. The largest corporations have, for years, granted pensions in somewhat haphazard fashion; that is, they have retained on the payrolls old men who have given especially meritorious service, the board of trustees acting separately upon each case. Practically all railroads today, whether they pension systematically or not, carry many men in this way. More frequently, really inefficient men are kept at responsible work simply because their employers haven't the heart to turn them out, and do not feel justified in putting them on the pension-list. This practice is extremely expensive; the company loses in two ways—a certain amount of its work is being done by drones, and the promotion of really capable men is prevented.

Many of the most enlightened corporations, therefore, have abandoned these desultory methods of handling their exhausted men. They have set an arbitrary age, usually seventy, at which all their employees must retire. In place of an uncertain status for their old workmen, they have adopted an automatic system. Instead of making them more or less objects of charity, they now pay them monthly allowances which are really compensation for the work done in active years. An employee now, in a regularly pensioning corporation, does not look forward with dread to the uncertain future which was formerly his only prospect, but knows that, when he reaches a definite age, he will stop work and receive a definite payment from his employer.

Pennsylvania's Employment System the Ideal One

Robert Garrett, president of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, adopted the first railroad pension system in 1884. The Pennsylvania Railroad, however, has carried out the idea on the largest scale; and its system may fairly be described as the most enlightened now in force. In active times the Pennsylvania has about 150,000 employees. Its pension system applies to every man, from the humblest workman in the shops to the president. This enormous force is a huge democracy, with a system of employment, promotion, and retirement that works automatically. The central idea is to hold the force intact, to prevent those constant changes in personnel that demoralize so many institutions, and to get out of this force the most efficient and conscientious work. The company never engages a man except with the expectation of advancing him. It never hires a man who seems capable of filling only the particular place for which he is retained. The position of conductor, for example, is the last stage of promotion in a line beginning with baggage clerks. The Pennsylvania never gives an applicant a job as baggage clerk unless he has in him the making of a conductor. A baggage clerk must have not only the qualities needed in that position, but the quickness, intelligence, courtesy, and good appearance required in an ideal conductor. Likewise, a man never gets a position as fireman unless the company is satisfied that some day he will make an engineer. Thus no employee, however humble his station, ever regards himself as side-tracked, but works in the expectation of promotion, and is constantly qualifying himself for the position just ahead.

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The Pennsylvania never goes outside its own ranks in filling places, except when it is practically impossible to find the right men within. Other things being equal, promotions always go by seniority. Two years ago, on the death of A. J. Cassatt, it became necessary to elect a new president. This place was filled precisely as though it had been a vacant conductorship—the man immediately available for promotion was advanced. There were, indeed, two vice-presidents who outranked Mr. James McCrea, but, under the rules of the company, which require the invariable retirement of all employees at seventy, they would have had only two or three years to serve,—a fact, of course, that rendered their elevation out of the question. Mr. McCrea's accession emphasized another fixed rule of the Pennsylvania Company—it almost never displaces a man. A new vice-president was elected in Mr. McCrea's place,—this man also chosen on the seniority principle; and promotions were necessarily occasioned further down the line. No general "shake-up," however, followed this important change. No president of the Pennsylvania, brought up in its service, would, for a moment, presume to use his new place to advance his own friends or relatives. Mr. McCrea did not displace a single one of the immediate employees of Mr. Cassatt's office, even retaining Mr. Cassatt's private secretary and his office boys. Likewise Mr. McCrea's successor at Pittsburg inherited Mr. McCrea's private secretary and other personal associates.

The Pennsylvania never "discharges" a man except for flagrant misconduct or inexcusable inefficiency. To be "discharged" is to be disgraced; a "discharged man" can never find his way back into its service. If the company has to let men go for business reasons, independently of any causes affecting their usefulness, it "relieves" them. Recent business depression forced the company to reduce its force by 40,000 men; it did not "discharge," but "relieved" them—that is, gave them a sort of indefinite leave of absence without pay. These men are "relieved" in the order of their years of service; they are all technically still upon the company's rolls; their period of "relief" counts as time of service in reckoning their pensions; and, as times improve, these men are reëmployed in the order in which they have been relieved. All men occupying clerical and staff positions have virtually a life tenure; for a man to be summarily "fired" is practically unknown.

The Pennsylvania goes to extremes to impress upon the men the fact that their positions are safe. In order to promote a general feeling of security, it will even refrain from dismissing men who, judged on the pure merits of the case, might possibly deserve it. There are, here and there, men in important positions whose voluntary resignations would be welcomed. They are not flagrantly derelict; they may even be conscientious; they do well enough their routine work, but add little to the vitality of the corporation. The survival-of-the-fittest principle might require their immolation. According to the Pennsylvania idea, however, it is cheaper to hire assistants to do the work of such men than to turn them out upon the sidewalk. It recognizes the fact that in promoting them, the corporation has made a mistake, and that the corporation must pay for the mistake, not the men themselves. It will not deprive them of their titles or cut their salaries; it must pay some one else really to fill the job. Summary dismissal might put the rest of the force into such a panic that a dozen efficient men would accept the first offers received from rival lines. There are few cases of this kind, of course, else the system would not be practical.

All Must Leave the Service at Seventy

There is an age, however, at which every man, from the crossing watchman to the president, must leave the service. The consummation of this whole system is the pension allowance. Every employee is retired at sixty-five, if he has worked for the company thirty years, and is physically incapacitated; at seventy he goes automatically upon the retired list, whether incapacitated or not. In a life insurance company, a man is technically dead at ninety-six and his policy is paid whatever his condition of vitality. Likewise, in the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, a man is superannuated at seventy, however mentally and physically alert he may be. This rule must be an inflexible one in order that it may accomplish its purpose, and to it no exception is therefore made. With all its trainmen, clerks, workmen, and executive officers retiring at seventy, the Pennsylvania can be reasonably sure that the whole property is being managed by men at their greatest period of efficiency. The pension system permits the company to get rid humanely of any drones who encumber the service and to keep the entire staff constantly fresh. The system naturally results in many incongruities. Every year in the neighborhood of one hundred and seventy-five men, having reached the age limit, go upon the pension rolls, among whom there are inevitably a certain number still capable and eager to continue in the service. A well-known railroad man, formerly a high Pennsylvania official, now draws a pension of several thousand dollars a year, and also a large salary as presi-

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dent of an industrial corporation. Mr. John P. Green, first vice-president of the Pennsylvania, will be seventy in a few months, and, notwithstanding the fact that his services are still extremely valuable, must go upon the pension rolls.

Had A. J. Cassatt lived three years longer, he would have retired on an extremely liberal pension. Mr. Cassatt looked eagerly forward to the time when he would become a victim of this inflexible seventy-year rule. No president of the Pennsylvania, however, has ever lived long enough to secure a pension. J. Edgar Thompson died at sixty-four, Thomas A. Scott at fifty-eight, George B. Roberts at sixty-five, Frank Thompson at fifty-eight, and Mr. Cassatt at sixty-seven. In the whole world there is probably no single position that so remorselessly grinds out the life of a man. The multitudinous details involved in the management of this enormous property center entirely on the president. He is the responsible head, as is the president of no other railroad. Unlike other railroads, the Pennsylvania is not controlled by any one family, or any one financial coterie; it is owned and controlled by a multitude of stockholders scattered all over the world. The president, therefore, is no mere dummy, with limited powers; he is the real, active, responsible manager of the property. Judging from experience, the man who accepts this position does so with a full realization of the fact that he must die before reaching his seventieth year.

All officers not only retire at seventy, but retire on relatively the same terms. For every year of service rendered the company, each pensioner gets one per cent of his average annual salary for the ten years preceding retirement. If he has received $3,000 a year, and has been employed forty years, he thus gets forty per cent of this, or $1,200; if he has seen fifty years of service, he receives fifty per cent, or $1,500. There are now about twenty-seven hundred men on the pension rolls whose average allowance is twenty-one dollars a month. Most workmen, on reaching seventy, do not have dependents and can live on this amount, and such a pension almost invariably makes them welcome members of the family of some relative. Moreover, the company permits its pensioners to engage in outside work, and many add materially to their incomes by keeping news-stands or cigar-stores, and by other light forms of employment.

The interesting fact is that the railroads having pension systems are the ones famous everywhere for the efficiency of their managements. The Pennsylvania is regarded by railroad experts as the most perfectly organized railroad system in the world. The Vanderbilt lines, on the other hand, whose management has always been subject to criticism, have adopted no regular pension scheme. Edward H. Harriman is one of the leading advocates of the idea; he has introduced it not only in the Union Pacific, but in the Southern Pacific, the Oregon Short Line, the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company, and other properties which he controls. George J. Gould, however,—several of whose railroads are now in the hands of receivers—has established no systematic pension plan. Mr. E. P. Ripley, who made the Santa Fé a dividend-paying property, included among his reforms an especially liberal pension plan; Mr. Marvin Hughitt, one of the greatest railroad pioneers of his time, spends $300,000 annually for this item on the Chicago & Northwestern; Mr. Stuyvesant Fish put the idea into practice on the Illinois Central in 1901. When Mr. George F. Baer took up the work of reorganizing the Reading Railroad, one of the first things he did was to adopt a pension system. Indeed, practically the only preëminent railroad man who has not fallen into line is Mr. James J. Hill. The Burlington and the Great Northern do have pensioners on their pay-rolls—as, indeed, do the Vanderbilt and the Gould lines—but have so far adopted no automatic plan.

Veterans of the Pension System

The calling in of old employees upon the adoption of a pension system sometimes discloses many interesting facts. When the Pennsylvania Railroad began paying pensions, it found two men ninety-six years old regularly reporting for work. One spent his time with a dust-pan and a brush in one of its large stations; the other filled a minor position in one of its machine shops. On the Baltimore & Ohio were found two shipping clerks who were rapidly approaching their ninetieth year, and who had sat side by side for fifty-four years on the same stools in the same office. The Baltimore & Ohio now has a crossing watchman on its pay-rolls who has been sixty-one years in its service. One of this railroad's most distinguished pensioners is "Pat" Higgins, seventy-six years old, who was bridge watchman at Harper's Ferry the night John Brown and his associates seized the Arsenal. The International Harvester Company has one workman whose two sons are college professors; and another veteran maker of pitmans, now approaching his eightieth year, who is a graduate of Yale. The Pennsylvania has on its pension list a man, now ninety years old, who started his railroad career as a mule driver on the Delaware and Raritan Canal in 1839. The United States Government has only forty-one men who have been fifty years in its employ;

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the Pennsylvania has three hundred and sixteen. Many of these old-timers do not regard the pension system as an unmixed blessing. They prefer to keep at work, not only because in that case they will receive higher wages, but because they have no inclination toward a life of idleness.

They particularly dislike the word "pensioner"; it smacks, to their thinking, too much of being laid upon the shelf; "retired list" is considerably more to their liking. This sentiment is not limited to mechanics; when the Carnegie Foundation for pensioning college professors became operative in 1906, two hundred and fifty-seven men were found eligible for retirement, and only forty-six retired. This inborn human tendency to retain one's grip is what has led the Pennsylvania and other corporations to fix arbitrarily an age, usually seventy, at which all their employees must drop work. Even then the men resort to many subterfuges; there is much deception about ages, for the sake, not of getting on the pension roll, but of keeping off. A loss of strength and of interest in life noticeably follows when one is placed upon the list. The sudden loosening of the hold tells upon one's mental and physical vigor.

For the greater part, pensioners avoid the old scenes; they do not like to come back and find the younger men doing their work. Nothing pains a retired engineer so much as to see an express train thunder by. The roar of the machine shops is too much for the once vigorous artisan. The old ledgers fascinate no more, but repel, the faithful old clerk. It is the same feeling that Charles Lamb has beautifully described in "The Superannuated Man." "I wandered about," he says, describing his sensations on becoming a pensioner of the East India Company, "thinking I was happy and knowing I was not. I was in the condition of a prisoner suddenly let loose after a forty years' confinement in the Bastille. I could scarce trust myself with myself. It was like passing out of time into eternity—for it is a sort of eternity for a man to have his time all to himself. It seemed to me that I had more time on my hands than I could ever manage. From a poor man, a man poor in time, I was suddenly lifted to a vast revenue. And here let me caution persons grown old in active business not lightly, not without weighing their own resources, to forego their customary employment all at once, for there is danger in it." A man with the resources of an Elia ultimately finds plenty of congenial employment. Among corporation pensioners, however, the breaking of the accustomed routine frequently leads to childishness, to mental and physical breakdown. It is a pathetic fact that many pensioners die soon after obtaining their pensions.

Pensions for College Professors

In 1900 only five American Universities—Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Cornell, and California—provided retiring allowances for their professors; now, thanks to the Carnegie Foundation, sixty-two institutions can assure their teaching force a decent and comfortable old age. These pensions, like those of railroads and industrial corporations, have, as their ultimate aim, the improvement of the service. The average professor's salary at the present time is $1,200 a year—less than that of a successful stone-mason or carpenter. The Carnegie Foundation has recently collected statistics showing the salary record of the hundred largest, richest, and most influential American universities. In these, the young man who is ambitious for the academic life, after spending several years in graduate work, begins his career at twenty-eight as an instructor on a salary of $1,250. If he succeeds, he is promoted, when about thirty years old, to an assistant professorship, which pays him $1,750. At thirty-three, if fortune continues to smile upon him, he becomes an associate professor at $2,250; and at thirty-five, if he "arrives," is installed in a full professor's chair at $2,500. This is not the record of a failure, but that of a successful man in the highest grade of American college. There are institutions, of course, that pay more than this; the average at Yale is $3,500, at Harvard $4,413, at Columbia $4,289. Nearly all incumbents of college chairs, however, are forced to eke out their sparse incomes in various ways. The few that can command a general literary market write for the magazines; others penny-a-line in the newspapers; others lecture, and many yearly give up the long summer vacation which is one of the attractions of the profession and teach summer schools. Even under these conditions, the average professor can seldom do more than scrape together money enough to pay his house rent and butcher's bills. Any provision for old age is entirely out of the question. His financial position is much worse than that of the average brakeman, for the latter has a far lower standard of living and thus can save a part of the wages upon which the college professor can barely exist.

In its attitude toward its old teachers, the university is in precisely the same position as a railroad. It cannot turn them out to misery and want, and, on the other hand, to keep them in positions for which they have long since exhausted their usefulness is a crime against the

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young generation. Until the Carnegie Foundation was established, most American colleges had to do their work handicapped in this way. A certain part of the force had become inefficient through old age, and brilliant young men were kept in subordinate positions.

Mr. Henry S. Pritchett, ex-president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, is the man who originated the Carnegie plan for retiring college professors. Largely owing to his efforts, the Carnegie Foundation now has a fund of something more than $15,000,000, the income of which is available for pensioning college professors. The trustees aim at accomplishing more than merely giving colleges a chance to freshen their staffs; their plan comprehends the advancement of the whole educational system. For this reason they have adopted a system of "accepted institutions." They have selected a certain number of colleges, that is, whose professors, on reaching a certain age and serving a certain number of years, automatically go upon the pension list. Of the nine hundred and fifty institutions in this country that call themselves colleges or universities, only sixty-three are on the accepted list of the Foundation. In selecting the colleges whose professors are to be pensioned, the trustees have adopted certain arbitrary requirements that, in their estimation, make for educational efficiency. To secure retiring allowances for its professors, a college must have an endowment of $200,000, must have at least six professors giving all their time to the college work, a course of four full years leading up to the academic degree, and must not be controlled by a religious sect.

The trustees believe that a college or university controlled by a particular sect and managed in its interests should be supported by that sect. The purpose of the Foundation is not missionary denominational work, but simply education. The Foundation, however, is so liberal in its interpretation of sectarianism that no great injustice is done. The fact that a college was organized by a religious body and that its general purpose, among other things, is the promotion of Christian ideals, does not necessarily put it upon the unaccepted list. Yale and Princeton might properly be described as universities of this class; but Yale and Princeton are both regarded by the Carnegie Foundation as unsectarian. An institution, however, that is owned directly by a religious body, or one whose trustees are appointed by a denomination and are responsible to it, is deemed sectarian and therefore not admitted to share in the Foundation. This anti-sectarian attitude rules out several institutions of high standing. All Catholic colleges necessarily are excluded, for nearly all are owned in fee by religious orders and are directly under their administration. The charter of the University of Chicago stipulates that two-thirds of the trustees must be Baptists; Chicago is therefore shut out. Brown University is excluded for a similar reason, Bryn Mawr because all its trustees must be Quakers, Syracuse because a majority must be Methodists, and Rutgers because two-thirds must be members of the Dutch Reformed Church. The Carnegie trustees, however, reserve the right of pensioning any professor, whether in the faculty of an accepted institution or not, who has rendered exceptional services to the cause of education.

Attempts of Teachers to Get on the Carnegie List

The scramble of teachers everywhere to obtain Carnegie pensions reveals the pathos of the professor's life. From the day the Foundation opened its doors, there has been an uninterrupted stream of what are virtually begging letters. Its purposes and plan of operation have not been clearly understood, and many have mistakenly regarded it as a dispenser of charity. Appeals for help have come from all over the world; notwithstanding the fact that the charter limits its operations to the United States and Canada, broken-down teachers in Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, and other foreign parts have applied for aid. The fact that the trustees can give pensions outside of the accepted institutions to men of extraordinary achievement has occasioned thousands of applications; there are few superannuated professors who, in their own estimation or that of their friends, do not belong to this class. Some triumphantly send in letters of recommendation from their State governor, senators, or congressmen, as conclusive evidence of scholastic distinction. One professor in a Southern college accompanied his application for a pension with a petition signed by a thousand fellow-citizens.

Many people who apply are not teachers at all. Clergymen who have lost their charges argue that their life work has been educational in the highest degree, and that they can therefore qualify. Newspaper men—in some cases, ex-editorial writers on large daily newspapers—put up a similar plea. The Director of the Smithsonian Institute and of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts made a long argument to prove that their institutions were universities in the truest sense. Primary and high-school teachers constantly besiege the trustees. Thus far only one man identified with secondary education, Dr. William T. Harris, ex-United States Com-

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missioner of Education, has received a Carnegie pension. Mr. Harris' exceptional qualifications for the distinction are at once apparent; the trustees, however, have received more than five hundred letters from teachers who could not see wherein their position differed from his. The most pathetic appeals are those sent in behalf of old "district school" teachers. As the "real builders of the American Republic," their defenders cannot see why they should not be favorably considered. One teacher writes that she began work when fifteen, and, although now seventy, has still to keep up the daily grind. One man, eighty years old, tells the Carnegie trustees that he has taught fifty years, and now, having become totally blind, has just entered the county poor-house. A veteran from West Virginia, who, although born blind, has taught all his life for forty dollars a month, and now, with a dependent wife, is about to be turned out to make way for a young man, asks for a pension. Sad as are such cases, they are not comprehended in the retirement list of the Carnegie Foundation.

Sectarian Colleges Try to Get Pensions

Interesting also, and sometimes amusing, are the attempts of sectarian institutions to get permanently upon the accepted list. Colleges in the Southern States, where sectarian education chiefly flourishes, are the most conspicuous offenders. Strangely enough, the trustees have not found the information in college catalogues entirely trustworthy evidence on this subject, and the direct statements of college presidents have also at times manifested strange powers of self-deception. Methodist and Baptist institutions are constantly making appeals to prominent members of their faiths and soliciting students on the ground that they are sectarian, and, at the same time, asking the support of the Carnegie Foundation on the ground that they are not. Presidents of sectarian colleges will sometimes send complete lists of trustees, instructors, students, and alumni, with a statement of the religious denomination of each. One sent a formal certificate of religious toleration and undenominationalism signed by practically all the clergymen in its neighborhood. Bates College in Maine, the charter of which provided that a majority of its trustees should be Free Baptists, secured an amendment from the legislature dissolving this sectarian connection, and was forthwith admitted to the Foundation. Bowdoin College in Maine also gave up an endowed professorship similarly restricted in order to get on the Carnegie list.

Other sectarian colleges have signified their intention of making a like move. The Carnegie Foundation will unquestionably exercise a strong influence in breaking up sectarian education in this country. It manifestly places these institutions in an embarrassing situation. Many have accepted endowments on the understanding that they were to be managed in the interest of a particular sect; thus Colby college accepted money for a professorship on condition that a majority of the faculty should always be Baptists. Most institutions chained in this way to some denomination cannot break the connection without giving up such endowments. Even if they can do so, they are likely to be accused of mercenary motives, if, in order to get pensions for their professors, they abandon a long-standing religious allegiance. If they remain outside, on the other hand, the quality of their teaching force is likely to deteriorate, since those institutions able to offer, among other inducements, superannuation allowances are likely to have the first choice of men.

The list of those already receiving Carnegie allowances includes many of the most distinguished names in the educational field. Harvard is represented by William James, the psychologist and philosopher; Yale, by Thomas R. Lounsbury, the great Shakespearian and Chaucer scholar; George Trumbull Ladd, distinguished for his numerous works on philosophy and as the leading adviser on public education to the Mikado of Japan; and by the widow of Professor Thomas Day Seymour, the Homeric student.

Charles A. Young, the well-known astronomer of Princeton, drew a Carnegie allowance for the two years preceding his death. Oren Root, brother of the Secretary of State, the well-known "Square Root" of Hamilton College, was also upon the list. Edward A. MacDowell, the composer, was a Carnegie annuitant for the two years preceding his death; his widow draws a pension now. Among the eminent educators not connected with accepted institutions, who receive allowances on the ground of personal merit, are E. Benjamin Andrews, ex-chancellor of the University of Nebraska, and Horace Bumstead, long identified with negro education.

Retirement funds for school teachers are another important extension of the pension idea. Largely owing to the efforts of Mr. Lyman A. Best—now principal of School 108—Brooklyn, in 1893, adopted a comprehensive plan for retiring its public school teachers. In 1900 New York, which then included Brooklyn, was the only American city whose system of public education regularly included this feature. Now practically all our largest cities—Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, Detroit, Al-

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bany, Buffalo, and Rochester—have adopted the New York scheme. In the last three years New Jersey, Indiana, Connecticut, and Rhode Island have established State funds for this purpose.

In New York City 16,000 secondary school teachers can look forward to a substantial pension. The sessions of the special board that administers the retirement fund, before which all candidates for pensions must personally appear, furnish many side lights upon the teacher's life. The rules do not make retirement obligatory at any age; old, white-haired women, therefore, past seventy, answer tremblingly the searching questions of the examiners. On the other hand, under these same rules, retirement is possible for a teacher under forty; and black- and yellow-haired young people frequently jostle these old timers. A little while ago a man eighty-eight years old, who had seen sixty-four years of service, appeared before the board and asked for a pension; a technicality, however, made him ineligible, and a special act of the legislature was necessary before he could qualify. A woman who had started teaching in 1857 at eleven years of age, and who had taught forty-eight years in the same school, recently came before the board. A few weeks after her pension started all her old friends received invitations to her wedding! Many teachers, indeed, obtain retirement allowances just before getting married, while those already married usually do not ask for pensions until just before the birth of the first baby. Many, after receiving pensions, spend the larger part of their time abroad. A few months ago a Scotchman who had given fifty-two years to the service of the New York public schools, appeared before the retirement board. Still bright, keen, and active, he was voted a pension of $2,000, and departed on the next steamer for his boyhood home in Scotland, where he planned to spend his remaining years. Many of those who appear show the physical and mental strain occasioned by thirty or forty years' work in the public schools. Sometimes commissions have to be appointed to examine them; insanity is not an unusual cause of retirement. Many are suffering from heart failure or apoplexy, and there have been several cases where the years' ceaseless grind has produced epilepsy.

A significant fact bearing upon the relation of sex to pension-psychology is that the death rate among the men retired is forty-seven per cent and among the women twelve per cent. The men apply for pensions, that is, only when they are about to die; whereas the women eagerly seize the opportunity. Under the retirement rules, any teacher who has served twenty years, and is physically disabled, can stop work and receive half pay for life; after thirty years, she can retire whether incapacitated or not. Since many girls begin teaching at eighteen, and since the Board has been rather lenient in deciding what constitutes physical disability, retirement, at a life salary of $700, is not unusual at thirty-eight or forty. Probably a majority of all women teachers are able to leave the service, with good incomes, under fifty.

This might seem an abuse of the pension idea, but for the fact that New York school teachers largely pay their own pensions. A compulsory law in New York takes every year one per cent from their salaries for the retirement fund. Whenever a teacher's pay is "docked" because of absence, the money goes to help pay pensions, and the fines levied upon teachers for dereliction of duty are also a considerable source of revenue. The most common offense is absence without leave, and the next is the infliction of corporal punishment. An inflexible rule against using the birch is enforced in the New York public schools. In spite of this, boys frequently have their ears cuffed, their knuckles hit with rulers, even, in outrageous cases, they have been knocked down. "Five days' pay!" is the usual punishment for these offenses; and thus the small boy, by becoming obstreperous, helps to contribute to the happy and peaceful old age of his tormentor. Another source of revenue is five per cent of all money received by New York for liquor licenses; nearly $300,000 comes this way. This "whiskey money," as the teachers call it, is a part of the retirement fund that is not popular; however, no one has yet been known to reject a pension because of the taint.

Manifestly, these several private pension schemes have not been in force long enough to justify absolute statements as to practical results. The significant fact, however, is that many corporations have found them so satisfactory that they have increased their annual appropriations for this purpose. When there are so many ideas abroad for governmental aid to the old, and when so conservative a country as England has adopted, in its recent old age pension law, a system of wholesale largess from the public treasury, it is a hopeful sign that private employers are doing so much in this country to solve the same problem.

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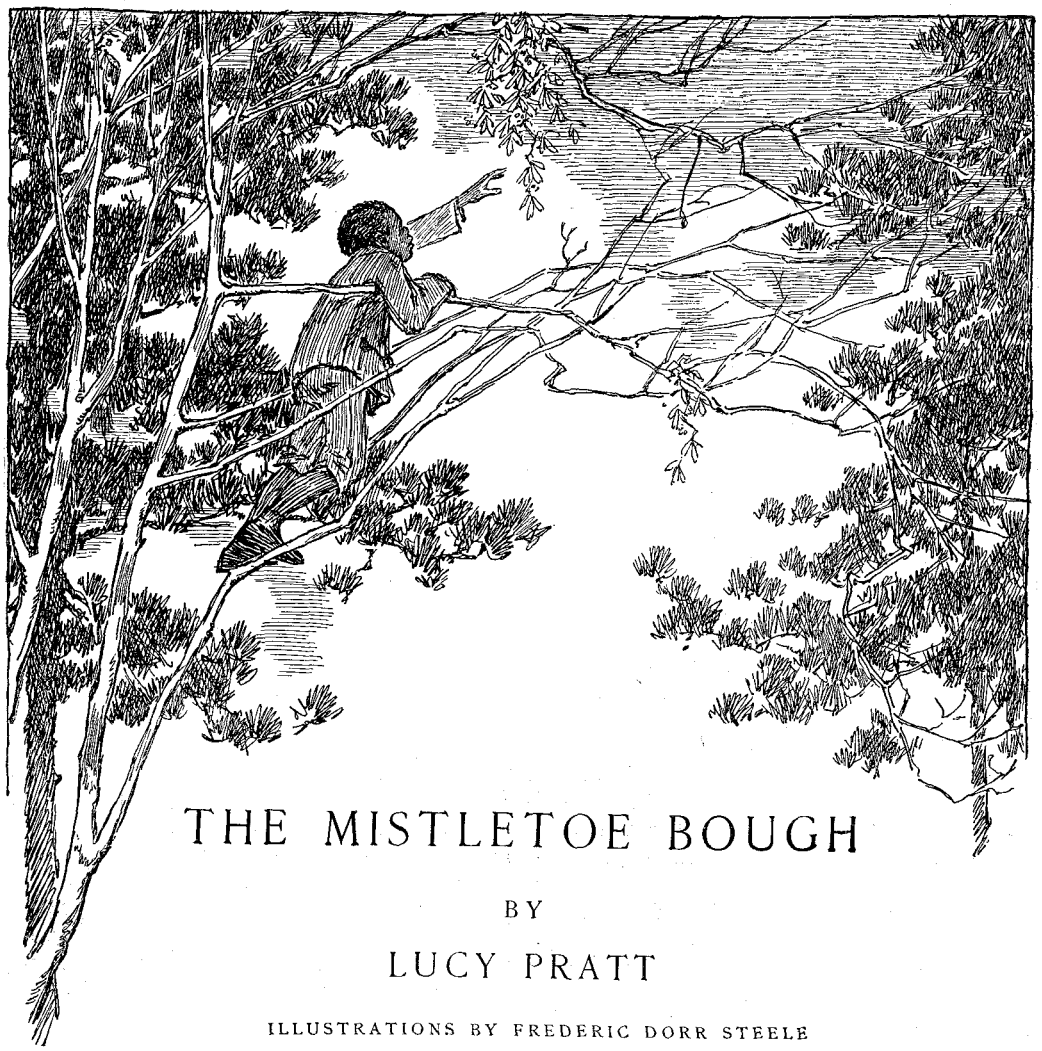

THE MISTLETOE BOUGH

BY

LUCY PRATT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE

"IS yer ever been out ser fur's dis, Miss No'th?" inquired Ezekiel, his eyes traveling from the long rows of tree-trunks beside the road up to the network of branches above them.

"No, I never have, Ezekiel"; and Miss North glanced around and up at the network of branches, too. "We have traveled a long distance, haven't we? Let's stop and rest a little."

They sat down on some dry, brown moss, and Ezekiel deposited a large, lacy branch of mistletoe which he had carefully carried in his arms.

"I think it's the most beautiful piece I ever saw," meditated Miss North. "I'm glad you didn't break your neck getting it, though. Have you ever climbed so high for it before?"

"Yas'm, time I gotten it fer Mis' Simons. An' I 'mos' broke my neck dat time, too! Ain't I nuver tole yer 'bout time I gotten it fer Mis' Simons, Miss No'th?

"Mrs. Simons? No, I don't think so."

"Yer know 'bout Mis' Simons, doan't yer, Mis' No'th? Mis' Simons she's de w'ite lady where I wuk las' year."

"Oh, yes, I know about Mrs. Simons! She was very kind to you."

"Yas'm, Mis' Simons cert'nly's r'al kine, an' it 'appen jes' dis-a-way 'bout de mistletoe. She come out in de gyarden one day, jes ez I'se cuttin' de flowers fer de house — say:

"'''Zekiel,' she say, 'I'se jes thinkin' 'bout walkin' out ter de W'isperin' Woods,' she say. 'Would yer like ter come 'long, too? I'se ve'y anxious ter git some mistletoe 'fo' Chris'mas.' 'Ve'y well,' she say, w'en I tole 'er 'Yas'm,' 'I'se 'blige stop a minit at Mis' Myers', but you come right along soon's you's fru wid de flow-

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ers,' she say; 'I'll wait fer you at de turnin' o' de road.'

"I'se done hyeah Mis' Simons speak 'bout de W'isperin' Woods befo', but I ain't r'ally nuver been dere, nudder. So, co'se, I hu'ied 'long wid de flowers fas' 's I kin, an' started 'long right soon, 'counten Mis' Simons waitin' fer me at de turnin' o' de road. Well, ef 'tain' been fer dat li'l' ole boy a-ridin' 'long drivin' a nanny-goat, reckon 'tain' been no trouble 'tall. But, yer see, jes soon's he seen me, he 'mence hu'yin' up de nanny-goat an' swishin' de reins an' flirtin' de whip an' holl'in' ser loud, dat praesen'ly de li'l' goat jes hump 'erself right up in de air an' frowed de li'l' boy clare 'way up ser high, reckon he mus' 'a' been r'al s'prise 'bout it 'isself. 'Cuz, fus', look like he ain' comin' down *'tall*, ole goat frowed 'im up ser high. But praesen'ly he 'cide he is, too, so he jes come righ' down a-settin' side de road, like he ain' jes 'zackly know w'at ter do nex'. So ole goat reckon she won't bother no mo' wid 'im nohow, an' jes start runnin' off down de road ser fas' yer cyan't see nuthin' 'cep'n' 'er tail a-whirlin' aroun' after 'er in de breeze. Well, co'se dat's kine o' mean on de li'l' boy, 'cuz he jes cyan't seem ter move 'tall f'um where he's settin', an' he look r'al bad w'en he seen 'ow 'twas, too.

"'Heyo, boy,' I say, 'I'll ketch yer goat fer you.' An' I start right off a-chasin' after 'er down de road. An' fus' she race 'long faster'n befo', an' den she jes stop an' flirt 'er tail 'roun' a li'l' an' 'mence nibblin' on de grass. So I come 'long r'al quiet, an' step right up in de li'l' cyart, an' nex' she knowed, I'se swishin' de reins an' flirtin' de whip an' holl'in' to 'er ter g'long, jes like de udder li'l' boy. An' nex' *udder* li'l' boy knowed, we jes driv right up 'side 'im, me an' de li'l' goat.

"'Well, now, I s'pose I'se 'blige ca'y yer home, ain't I?' I say, 'cuz he's a-settin' dere jes same, siden de road.

"So de li'l' boy he clim in de cyart well's he could, 'thout r'ally answerin', an' ole goat she start off ag'in wid 'er tail a-whirlin'. An' we's gwine 'long dat-a-way w'en I jes 'membered 'bout Mis' Simons. Yas'm, I did. An' I ain't 'zackly knowed jes w'at ter do 'bout it, nudder. So I kine o' slowed up de li'l' goat an' 'mence axin' de li'l' boy 'ow's he feelin'. Well, he ain't seem ter be r'ally feelin' no *wuss*, so nex' I tells 'im I reckon I'se 'blige be a-gwine — ef he kin 'range ter git 'long jes ez well. An' co'se I didn' wanter git 'im quar'lin' or havin' no words 'bout it, so I clim right outen de cyart, an' he jes tukken de reins an' driv right 'long 'thout sayin' nuthin' 'tall, an' de li'l' nanny-goat's tail's a-whirlin' aroun' same's befo'.

"Well, co'se 'tain't no use *wo'yin'* 'bout it, but I cert'nly wisht Mis' Simons ain't been waitin' ve'y long at de turnin' o' de road. An' I seem ter keep on wishin'— same way—twell I come 'long where I could r'ally see 'er, a-settin' off on kine of a li'l' risin' nex' de bushes. She seen me, too, I reckon, but she ain't say nary word; jes tuk out 'er watch an' look at me, twell I gotten along nare 'nough to ax 'er has she been waitin'—ve'y long?

"'Come right yere,' she say, 'thout r'ally answerin'; 'come right yere ter me.'

"'Yas'm,' I answer 'er. I ain't r'ally

"EZEKIEL DEPOSITED A LARGE, LACY BUNCH OF MISTLETOE"

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"'WE JES DRIV RIGHT UP 'SIDE 'IM, ME AN' DE LI'L' GOAT'"

skyeered, an' yit I is, too, 'cuz she cert'nly look like 'tain' no foolishness 'bout it.

"'Yas'm,' an' I'se stan'in' right in frent of 'er.

"'Now, jes *w'at* has yer been doin'?' she say.

"Mis' Simons 'mos' allays look kine o' bright an' smilin' w'en she talk, but 'tain' no smilin' 'bout it now.

"'W'at?' she say. 'I doan' seem ter hyeah. Jes *w'at* has yer been doin'?'

"Well, co'se, w'en she ax me dat-a-way, I start in an' 'mence tellin' 'er all 'bout it.

"An'—an' she listen at me r'al close fer li'l' w'ile; but den she seem ter kine o' smile an' turn 'er haid 'way, lookin' 'roun'.

"'Ya'as,' she say, same time lookin' off down de road, 'dat's enough. Ya'as, dat's enough! Now, de 'mount of it is, 'Zekiel,' she say, 'you's kep' me waitin' jes about a *hour*. Co'se, yer may 'a' been int'rupted fer a few minutes on de way, but you's kep' me waitin' fer jes 'bout a *hour*,' she say, 'an' I doan't reckon 'twuz nec'sary *'tall*. Now, please, we'll start 'long.'

"An' so we went along down de road, an' pas' all de fiel's, where's jes turnin' kine o' brown wid de cole, an' pas' all de li'l' bushes an' haidges, where's gittin' kine o' thin an' small wid de cole, too, twell praesen'ly we gits in de woods an' 'mence lookin' aroun' fer de mistletoe.

"'Oh, 'ow lovely 'tis!' she say, lookin' up at de li'l' shinin' be'ies on de trees. 'Look, 'Zekiel, ain't it butyful?'

"An' we keep on walkin' 'long.

"'It's a pretty day, too, ain't it?' she say. 'An' de woods smell ser swe-et!' An' she keep on sniffin' de air like she cyan' git enough.

"'Oh, look!' she 'mence ag'in, 'er cheeks gittin' r'al pink an' 'er eyes a-shinin'; 'jes look, 'Zekiel, right over yonder—'way up! Does you see de branch o' be'ies? Jes see it glisten in de sun!'

"'Yas'm,' I holler, runnin' 'long, 'yas'm';

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an', 'fo' she r'ally knowed w'at I'se doin', I'se jes climbin' right up de tree.

"'Oh, 'Zekiel! No! Doan't!' she holler. 'No! 'S too high!'

"But I holler back I'se gwine be right cyarful, an' keep on squirmin' up de tree; an' Mis' Simons she jes seem ter foller me, skyeered like, wid 'er eyes, twell I gotten clare up ter de tiptop, an' she ain' speak nary word—jes stan' dere lookin' up steady at me, like she cyan't move.

"Well, ef 'tain' been fer tekkin' my knife outen my pocket an' same time kine o' twis'in' myself a li'l' on de branch, I reckon 'tain' been no trouble 'tall; but, yer see, same time I 'mence twis'in' myself, same time—I 'mence slippin' back on de branch.

"'''Zekiel!' I hyeah some one call; only, I'se ser skyeered I didn' r'ally know whedder it's Mis' Simons or not.

"'''Ze-kiel!'

"But I'se los' my hole. I couldn' 'a' tole who's a-callin', or how it 'appen, but I'se slippin'—slippin'—oh, my! it cert'nly wuz tur'ble ter keep a-slippin'—slippin'—'thout knowin' 'ow ter stop!

"'Oh, I'se fallin', Mis' Simons!' I scream. An' den seem like de groun' flash up an' hit me tur'ble—an' I ain't know no mo' 'tall.

"I won'er w'en 'twas I 'mence ter open my eyes like I'se been 'sleep an' dreamin'. An' fus' I couldn' see nuthin' 'cep'n' de trees a-wavin' back an' fofe an'—seem like I mus' be dreamin' still—a gret big piece o' mistletoe high up, wavin' too, wid de be'ies still a-glistenin' in de sun. But I feels sump'n' cool tech my haid, an' Mis' Simons seem ter be dere, a-wavin' back an' fofe in front o' de trees an' de mistletoe.

"'Is you better?' she say; an' den she seem ter fade 'way, an' only de trees an' de mistletoe's lef' ag'in. An' I kin feel my eyes open—an' shet—an' open, an' sump'n' cool tech my haid ag'in. An' dere's Mis' Simons wavin' back an' fofe same's befo'.

"'You's been hurt, 'Zekiel,' she say, sof'; 'you fell—fum de tree. Does you 'member?'

"'Yas'm,' I answer 'er.

"'Try—look at me, 'Zekiel!' she say, ''Zekiel! look at me!' An' I kin see 'er han's flash w'ite, an' den sump'n' un'er my haid lif'in' it up slow.

"'Come,' she say, talkin' fas' an' sof', 'come! Look right up yere—'Zekiel! You's been hurt—a li'l', but you's better. Look! Look at me! Ya'as? Ya'as? Jes a li'l'? Raise yer haid? Jes a li'l'—dat-a-way?' An' 'er han's seem ter flash ag'in an' fade.

"'No! Try *not ter shet you eyes*. Look at me ag'in, 'Zekiel! Sh—sh! No—'tain' nuthin' gwine hurt you.'

"An' she keep on talkin' faster 'n' softer all time, like she's tryin' ter git me 'wake fer sho'. An' she is, too. 'Cuz praesen'ly I twis' 'roun' a li'l' an' tries ter raise myself an'—an' tell 'er w'at I'se thinkin' 'bout.

"'It's my arm—where hurts me mos'!' I say; an' same time, w'en I tries ter lif' it up, it 'mos' made me cry out loud, it hurt ser bad.

"She 'mence ter look up an' down de road un'er de trees, like she's studyin' 'bout it an' ain't jes 'zackly know w'at ter do. Den she turn an' look at me steady.

"'''Zekiel,' she say, 'we mus' git home. We's fur 'way f'um eve'ybody, an' we mus'—git home. It's gwine be hard,' she say, 'hard for you—my po' chile, but kin you—be brave? Kin you try ter walk?'

"She took hole o' me ter help me well's she could, an' we start off slow down de road.

"'We's 'blige leave de mistletoe on de branch, ain't we?' I say, lookin' up at it, still a-glistenin'.

"'Ya'as, we's 'blige leave it, but mercy, chile!' she say, smilin' at me r'al bright, like t' encour'ge me, 'we won't wo'y 'bout de mistletoe.'

"'No'm,' I say, 'but seem like it's w'isperin'

"'"IS YOU BETTER?" SHE SAY; AN' DEN SHE SEEMS TER FADE 'WAY'"

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to us 'bout it now. De trees is all a-w'isperin', too, ain't dey, Mis' Simons?'

"'Ya'as, dey allays w'isper,' she answer, an' we keep on down de road.

"'Twuz tur'ble long — seem like I ain't nuver knowed nuthin' ser long; an' my arm ached me so tur'ble! But Mis' Simons keep on talkin' like she's doin' it a-purpose, an' yit seem like it's achin' me wuss all time.

"'W'at is it, 'Zekiel?' she ask praesen'ly, r'al quick. 'Sit down right yere! We'll res' a li'l'. . . . Ya'as,' she say to 'erself like, 'we'll res'.'

"'I reckon we better keep on a-gwine long's — we kin,' I answer, but I couldn' seem ter hyeah my voice 'tall w'en I spoke.

"'I reckon so, too.' An' 'er voice soun' like it's w'isperin' far 'way wid de trees. 'I reckon so, too.'

"An' af' dat I ain't r'ally know nuthin', 'cep'n' I'se movin' along slow — wid my arm achin' me tur'ble, an' de trees a-w'isperin', an' holdin' me up an' helpin' me 'long, an' still a-whisperin', sof' an' gentle:

"'Only jes a li'l' furder, now; jes a li'l' — ya'as, you's a ve'y brave — li'l' boy. Only jes a li'l' furder — try — try? Ya'as, my chile — we's *'mos' dere!*'

"I ain't 'zackly know w'en de change come or w'en de w'isperin's stop; but nex' it seem ter be — *Sarah*, a-puttin' me in de baid, an' same time talkin' 'bout de doctor. He mus' 'a' come, too; 'cuz praesen'ly it's a r'al deep voice close 'side me, an' some one hurtin' my arm an' den fadin' 'way. Only look like I'se in de woods ag'in, 'cuz I seen Mis' Simons' han's flash w'ite — an' it's *Mis' Simons where's fadin' 'way!* An' dey come de w'isperin's ag'in like de trees:

"'Only jes a li'l' mo' now, jes a li'l' — ya'as, you's a ve'y brave — li'l' boy — a ve'y brave — ya'as, my chile — you kin res' — now!'

"An' seem like I jes drap off 'sleep ag'in — w'ile I'se lis'nin'. . . ."

"Yes; you had a pretty serious time, didn't you?" began Miss North, after a pause.

"Yas'm. An' it tukken right smart of a w'ile fer my arm ter git all well ag'in, too. But de stranges' thing 'bout it ain't come den, nudder. No'm. De stranges' thing 'bout it all ain't come twell — twell jes 'fo' Chris'mas.

"'Twuz dat tur'ble stormy night. Oh, 'twuz a tur'ble stormy night, Miss No'th. It start r'al early in de evenin', kine o' easy at fus', too, wid de win' jes stealin' 'roun' de house w'istlin' low, an' den w'iskin' away sudden, like it's laffin' to itself. But time I gotten in de baid it ain't w'istlin' low no mo'. No'm; it's jes screamin' an' holl'in' an' knockin' itself 'ginst de house an' bangin' de blinds, an' rockin' de baid back an' fofe jes like a cradle. Fus' I'se kine o' skyeered jes layin' dere lis'nin', but de baid keep on a-swingin' back an' fofe, an' praesen'ly I 'mence ter feel kine o' sleepy, too. But I ain't no sooner r'ally 'sleep 'n de stranges' thing 'appen! I dream I'se in de W'isperin' Woods, a-layin' un'er de trees, lookin' up. An' de sun's a-shinin', an' de same big piece o' mistletoe's still a-glistenin' up dere on de branch, an' de trees wuz all a-w'isperin' same's befo'. An' same time I lay dere, seem like de mistletoe 'mence ter w'isper all 'lone.

"'Turn me loose!' it say. 'I want ter drap down wid de snow.'

"An' w'en I look 'roun', sho' 'nough, it's snowin'; an' yit de sun's a-shinin' bright's ever, too.

"'Turn me loose!' de mistletoe say. 'I want ter drap down wid de snow.' An' all de trees seem ter w'isper back, but I couldn' understan' a word dey say.

"'AN' IT TUKKEN RIGHT SMART OF A W'ILE FER MY ARM TER GIT ALL WELL AG'IN, TOO'"

"'Turn me loose!' she call r'al loud; an' de trees call back, an' de sun went down, an' still she keep on a-callin' louder 'n' louder, an' twis'in' 'erself on de branch, an' de trees callin' back all tergedder — like a storm.

"I 'mence ter git skyeered, too, an' tried ter run. But 'tain' no use. I'se in de W'is-

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"'DERE'S A BIG W'ITE BUNCH O' MISTLETOE A-LAYIN' DERE—STILL AN' GLISTENIN' IN DE SNOW'"

perin' Woods, an' I couldn' git out. It's dark now, too; gittin' blacker all time. An' de mistletoe's still a-screamin' an' a-twis'in' on de branch, an' de trees a-screamin' back, an' a-bendin' an' whirlin' an' groanin' an' smashin' dey branches ——

"'*Oh, turn me loose!*' she scream 'bove all de res'; an', it's de trufe, she jes leap up an' twis' an' tear twell she tear 'erself right offen de branch an' drap down in de snow.

"An', same time, it all seem ter git kine o' quiet ag'in, an' de sun come out, an' de trees wuz all a-w'isperin', an' de big w'ite branch o' mistletoe's lyin' still an' glistenin' in de snow.

"An' it's ser quiet I reckon I mus' 'a' jes keep on sleepin' 'thout dreamin' 'tall. 'Cuz after long w'ile, w'en I wek up, it's mawnin', an' de sun's a-shinin' an' de groun's all kivered w'ite wid snow. It made me feel kine o' strange w'en I look at it, too, an' I'se still a-studyin' 'bout it w'en I went down-styairs.

"'Twuz a tur'ble storm, wa'n't it?' I hyeah Sarah say ter Marg'ret.

"'Ya'as,' Marg'ret answer 'er, 'twuz tur'ble.'

"I ain' tell 'em 'bout de dream, but after breakfus' I put on my things an' start 'long outen de house, thinkin' all time 'bout de W'isperin' Woods. De snow ain't ve'y deep, but it's blowed all 'roun', too, so some places it's li'l' drifts of it right 'fo' me in de road. But I run 'long jes same — right 'long — twell praesen'ly I'se in de woods. An' de w'isperin's wuz a-floatin' aroun' eve'ywhere, sof' an' gentle, an' yit, same time seem sump'n' like a dream, too. 'Cuz I keep on seein' lot o' branches on de groun', like dey's blowed off in de night.

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But de snow seem ter flash up f'um below, an' I 'mence ter look up fer de tree where de mistletoe growed.

"'Hyeah 'tis,' I say; 'dis is de one!' An' I look up ag'in, an' den I look down, an' seem like it's jes like de dream come back! 'Cuz dere's a big w'ite branch o' mistletoe a-layin' dere — still an' glistenin' in de snow. But I picks it up an' feels it, an' holes it up ter de light — an' I knows it ain't no dream! I knows it! An' I jes jump up an' down, I'se ser glad, an' laf right out loud — an' den turns 'roun' an' *run* 'long back ag'in down de road!

"An' seem like de trees wuz all a-singin' ez I went. . . ."

Miss North leaned forward and looked at him, waiting.

"And Mrs. Simons?" she questioned.

"Yas'm — I'se gwine tell yer! Yas'm! Yer see, I — I foun' 'er jes soon's I could! She's a-stan'in' in de lib'ry, by de fiah. An' I went in wid it hel' right out in my arms.

"She look at it r'al quick fus', an' den at me.

"'W'y — w'y, 'Zekiel! Where did yer git it?' she say.

"'In de W'isperin' Woods, Mis' Simons,' I answer. 'It drap down in de night — an' I foun' it dere jes now.'

"'In de night?' she ask, quick, 'but how come yer ter know 'bout it?'

"'I — I dream 'bout it,' I tell 'er; 'I dream all 'bout it in de night.'

"She look at me like she ain' jes understan', an' look at me quick ag'in. Den 'er eyes 'mence ter shine, an' she frow back 'er haid an' laf wid 'er teef glistenin' w'ite's de mistletoe be'ies.

"'You dream it?' she say. 'W'y, 'Zekiel, ain't we glad! W'y, 'Zekiel! Come yere!' she say. 'Come yere, you young s-seer!' she say, 'you young dreamer o' dreams!' Yas'm, dat's jes de way she talk. 'You young dreamer o' dreams!' she say, 'come yere ter me an' lemme see it!' An' she tukken it in 'er han's, still a-lookin' at me wid 'er eyes a-dancin'.

"'It's jes butyful, 'Zekiel,' she say, 'jes butyful! I'se sho' dey nuver *wuz* sech a butyful piece, an' you cert'nly wuz a nice li'l' boy ter git it fer me. W'y, 'ow s'prise' I wuz w'en I seen yer comin' in wid it! 'Ow *s'prise*' I wuz! '*Deed*, I'se glad we's got it, isn't you, 'Zekiel! Thank you — thank you, my chile! It's jes butyful!'"

Miss North looked down at a large, lacy spray which lay on the grass, and then up through the network of branches. Ezekiel's eyes followed hers, and they both became gently preoccupied — Ezekiel with the picture of Mrs. Simons standing bright and glowing before him, with the mistletoe in her arms; Miss North with one of a small, soft-voiced colored boy climbing, reaching, eagerly climbing for something beautiful away above him — falling, and yet dreaming still of the beautiful something away above him.

She felt as if she were gazing up with him, quivering with the sorrow and the truth of it — gazing at these wonderful, mocking spaces which stretched away to the beautiful something — wondering if it was only beautiful *because* it was above him——

"No," she murmured absently, "it came down — and it was just as beautiful — and you were so appreciative — and it was just as beautiful; it came down — and it was *just as beautiful.* Oh! why couldn't it come down — oftener? It would help — so much!"

"Wha'm yer say, Miss No'th?" His voice was an absent murmur too, and it came like a small, far away answering note——

"Yas'm — 'twould help ser much!"

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ONE HUNDRED MASTER-PIECES OF PAINTING

BY

JOHN LA FARGE

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS FROM PAINTINGS

SACRED CONVERSATIONS—PART II

RAPHAEL

PERHAPS the most celebrated of the ideal arrangements that we know under the name of Sacred Conversasations, is Raphael's Saint Cecilia. With the "Madonnas" whom he has represented in the meaning of the Great Lady Patroness surrounded by a court of worshipers, or beings influenced by her, the Madonna and the Child are so immeasurably important, that we do not at once classify these great paintings as belonging to the simpler idea of a meeting of people *outside of Time.*

Saint Cecilia is the principal personage in the picture that bears her name, not only because she stands in the center of a group of saints, and because every line of their movements helps to make her more important, but also because the subject of the artist is a listening to divine harmonies. As far as the artist has been able to effect it, the other saints unite with the musical saint in an absorption which has given to the picture its official title of "Ecstasy."

As we have explained before, the problem given to the painter by the pious donor was that of presenting together a certain number of saints, or holy people, for whom the donor had some veneration, or to whom was owed some tribute of respect on account of sharing names with these blessed ones, who were patrons in Heaven.

The problem has always been a difficult, almost an impossible one, but long custom made the artists of those days familiar beforehand with their probable task; and this work of deep sentiment, looking as if it were the voluntary expression of a beautiful thought, was nothing but a business task, such as to-day is given all the time to firms of "Art Decorators." It marks the degradation of to-day.

Similar facts, upon which I have insisted before, are necessary to clear our minds from the mistaken and barbarous modern commercial view of the *separation* of the arts of painting, one of which divisions is Church decoration.

We know, more or less, of the manner of the ordering of the picture. It is a form of memorial. Cardinal Pucci asked Raphael to paint this picture as a family memorial, and also as a work of personal devotion to Saint Cecilia.

The story goes that Pucci's voice was so bad as to be annoying when he celebrated Mass, and, as a person of importance, this was of consequence. He implored the intercession of Saint Cecilia; in six months of lessons from a choir-master the defects were cured. This is an anecdote of the time, valu-

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able as helping us to the origin of the picture, but not of necessity authentic.

What is certain is that the chapel near Bologna had been built by a member of his family to carry out a command received in a dream by a relative, a noble Bolognese lady, Eleanor Duglioli, who died in the odor of sanctity, and was afterwards beatified.

This chapel was to be consecrated to Saint Cecilia, and hence the natural family memorial.

Why Paul and the Magdalen and Saint John and Saint Augustine and Saint Lucy are there, I do not at this moment know, but they were probably chosen for the reasons given above for the choice of patron saints. And here they become of all importance as increasing the appearance of listening, and thereby carrying out the meaning of the picture.

A little detail is worth recording. In the usual habit of the day other artists were employed to help, and here we know that the famous John of Udine painted the organ in the hands of the saint and the other musical instruments which are at the feet of Saint Cecilia.

And there is a foolish, romantic episode connected with the success of the picture: namely, that it caused that charming painter Francia to die of grief because of his inferiority to Raphael. But he may have felt the weight of sixty-seven years, mostly devoted to painting, a sufficient excuse for departure, without the anomalous supposition that he had not yet known the superiority of this artist, who perhaps alone of all painters has always and at all times been admired by every rival. So that we know how important the picture already was at that time, to have so gathered a tradition.

This tradition determined the traveling of the picture to France when Napoleon gathered together as prizes of war the masterpieces of Italy, placing them in the Louvre, where they served to teach more easily the artists of that time, who came even from America, as did Allston, to admire and to learn.

The picture did this great good, but to its own existence the result was unfortunate, and it still bears on its surface the misapplied restoration that museums too often inflict on their most famous treasures. But with Raphael's paintings, usually, there is something in their make which resists the injuries of misapplied admiration, beyond what average reason could expect. The intention of such a design is so profound as to carry a special form of life with it. We have seen such things in literature, or in applied literature — for example, Shakspere as prepared for the stage.

If the engraving given here is fairly executed, the reader will be able to understand the value of the picture better than through any description of mine.

Still it may be well to quote the words of Vasari, the contemporary biographer of the Italian painters, whose simplicity of expression has a charm of its own: "The subject of the work is Santa Cecilia listening in ecstasy to the songs of the angelic choir as their voices reach her ear from Heaven itself. Wholly given up to the celestial harmonies, the countenance of the saint affords full expression of her abstraction from the things of this earth, and wears that rapt expression which is wont to be seen on the faces of those who are in ecstasy. Musical instruments lie scattered around her. (These she has abandoned from their failure in contrast with angels' singing.)

"In the figure of Saint Paul listening, the power and thought of the master are equally obvious: the saint is resting his left arm on his naked sword (the sword of Faith): the head is supported by the right hand (which caresses his beard, as is so natural in abstracted thought), and the pride of his aspect has charmed him to a dignified gravity. Saint Mary Magdalen also forms part of the group and holds a vase (the vase of ointment), made of a very fine marble, in her hand."

Vasari praises the attitude of the figures as "singularly graceful," but it is more than that; it serves to throw the entire meaning into the movement of the center figure, and in that way is a piece of intelligent subordination, where a less self-centered artist might have looked for more dramatic importance.

The heads of Saint Augustine and Saint John the Evangelist, which are both in this picture, are of equal excellence, and Vasari ends his account, of which I only give part, by quoting, among the tributes commendatory of the artist, some verses composed in his honor, the meaning of which out of the Latin is this: "Let others paint things one by one and bring back the faces by colors: Raphael has given us not only the face, but the soul of Cecilia."

CORREGGIO

The painting by Correggio, known as the Madonna and Saint Jerome, is a contrast, in every sense but that of perfection, of accomplishment in the art of painting. It has even more in that art, for a great part of its charm depends on the technical development of light and shade, of what is called chiaroscuro in the books — that is, the placing of the subject within an atmosphere, which is colored in a

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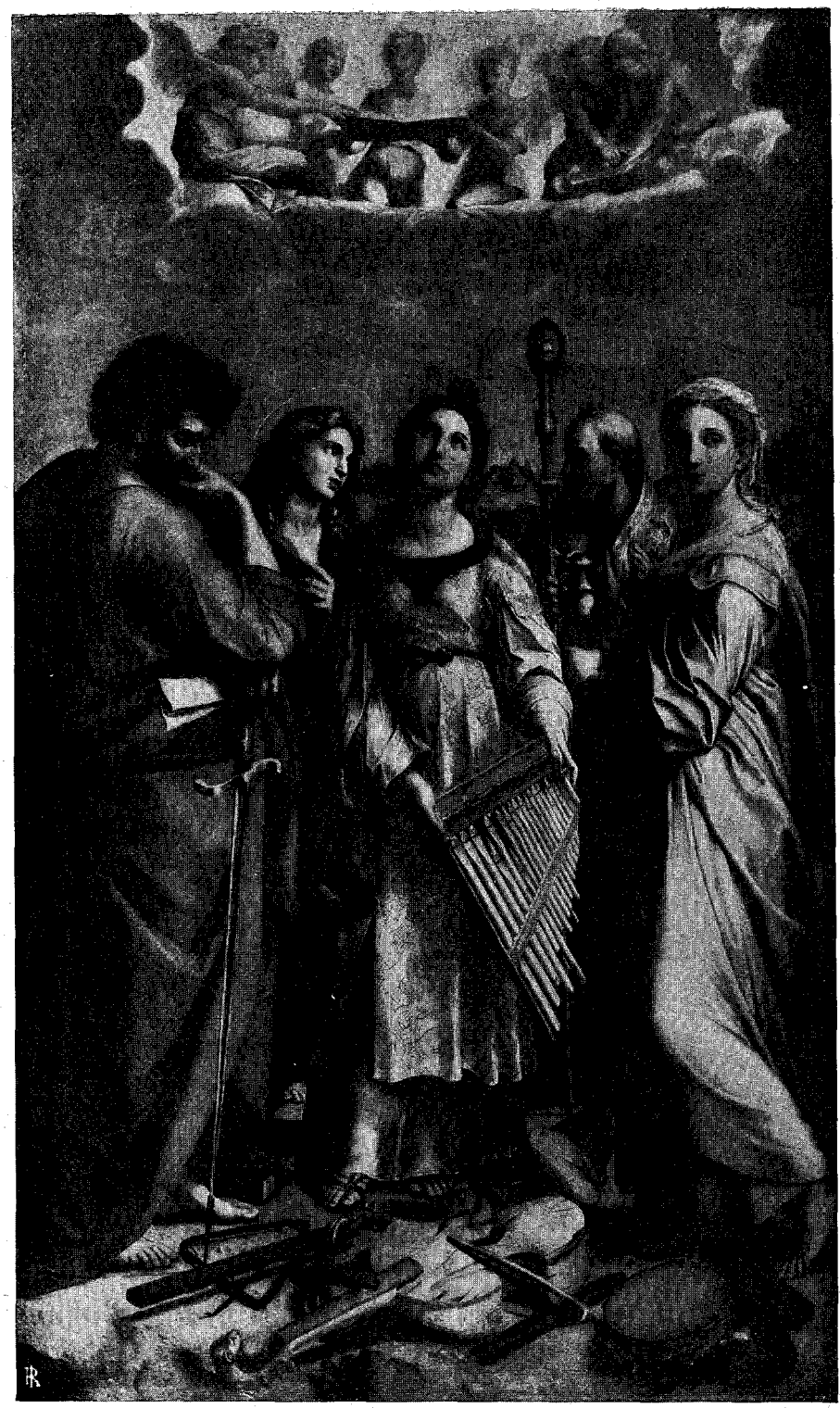

Photographed by Anderson

SAINT CECILIA, BY RAPHAEL

IN THE BOLOGNA GALLERY

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painting, or merely black and white and gray, as in our photograph of the colored original. It is, therefore, later; and already in many ways indicates that the end is near for the men of the Italian schools. A slight something of affectation, if one did not hesitate at using so gross a word, is felt in some of the details of movement, but it is an affectation all based on nature, on the ways of people. And perhaps in this case it inclines the painting more toward a manner of home life, an abandonment of any relation to the outside world, which always affects us somewhat. It is most decidedly a sacred conversation — a family incident in the imaginary poem of the Mother and Child's life with sweet and loving saints; a glorified angelic translation of home affections and home incidents and the importance of the baby. Every one has seen the same thing — but not perhaps so beautifully composed, with such flowery draperies, and with such a landscape of fable behind the intimacy of the nursery.

It may be, and it is, of course, the imaginary Saint Catherine who presses her cheek against the baby's leg, while he passes his fingers through her hair. It is Saint Jerome, half nude from his hermitage, who smiles benignantly at the baby's touching of the book: certainly that great book translated by him, the tremendous Bible, which we know as the Vulgate. We know that it is Saint Jerome because, among other reasons, his domestic lion has accompanied him as if accustomed to such friendly visits. But what is most evident is the kindliness and sweetness of liking for the Child shown by the aged and famous theologian. The angel turning the leaves of the book is an older cousin and enjoys the astonished pleasure of the Child. We know that all this is saintly because it is so beautiful, so far away from all evil, so much within the definition of art ascribed to Saint Thomas Aquinas, "the land of innocence."

MANTEGNA

Let us go back to an earlier date, not so far back in years as in spirit and in the development of the special art of painting. There is a delightful painting by Mantegna, owned by Mrs. John Lowell Gardner, of Boston, which offers a very different type of our subject from the lordly representations of Raphael and his circle.

It is more like the Conversation by Bellini given before, but it has that strange severity that never leaves the ancient painter, which persists in this pastoral scene, in this dream of sweetness and of light.

By the riverside in the foreground, filling almost the entire space, sit a group of women and two naked children, perhaps fresh from the bath, the Infant Christ, and the infant John. They are like a family party, or a number of friends well accustomed to each other's company. Here, in what might have been a conventional and frigid arrangement, the painter's sense of life has combined the separate characters, probably chosen for devotional reasons (as I keep explaining), in what seems an unpremeditated arrangement, which all the more looks as if it must have happened — as having been taken from an actual sight.

The Madonna sits in the middle, facing us, and in an abstracted way looks toward the little Christ, who stands between her knees, His bare feet protected by her cloak, upon which He stands. His foot rests upon her and forms the start of all the many folds which run through her drapery, and determines the arrangement of the draperies of all the figures to the right of the Virgin.

However natural the picture may be, it is a learned composition, and a beautiful study of the arrangement of folds, expressing the movement of the body and the character of the individual. The Madonna's dull blue mantle, lined with black, frames her head in dark and makes it the most important. All the folds of her dress are large and soft, benign and gentle. Saint Anne, her mother, next to her, draws up her hand to close her cloak upon her bosom in a manner suggestive of feeling and also of the protection necessary to age. Her gray cloak covers her head and falls in many folds of a certain severity, contrasting with the more gentle fall of the Madonna's dress and with the simpler gown of Mary Magdalen alongside, whose frock is merely twice girdled and is all of one color. Her drapery shows her form in a simplicity of attitude which the face above carries out. She and all but one of the women of the group look with varieties of meaning and expression at the Divine Child. The Magdalen's hand and arm rest in her lap, abstracted, and she holds a little pyx of red gold, which is her symbol. Near her, on the edge of the picture, sits some other saint in much more worldly dress, like that of the period, with hair in curls down her cheeks and in net behind, whose face expresses a quiet interest in the Child and Mother, but also appears to talk a little to the saint in the absolute foreground.

This one is reading, perhaps aloud, for her lips are open and a slight movement of the face seems to indicate something more than the silent reading to one's self. In the care-

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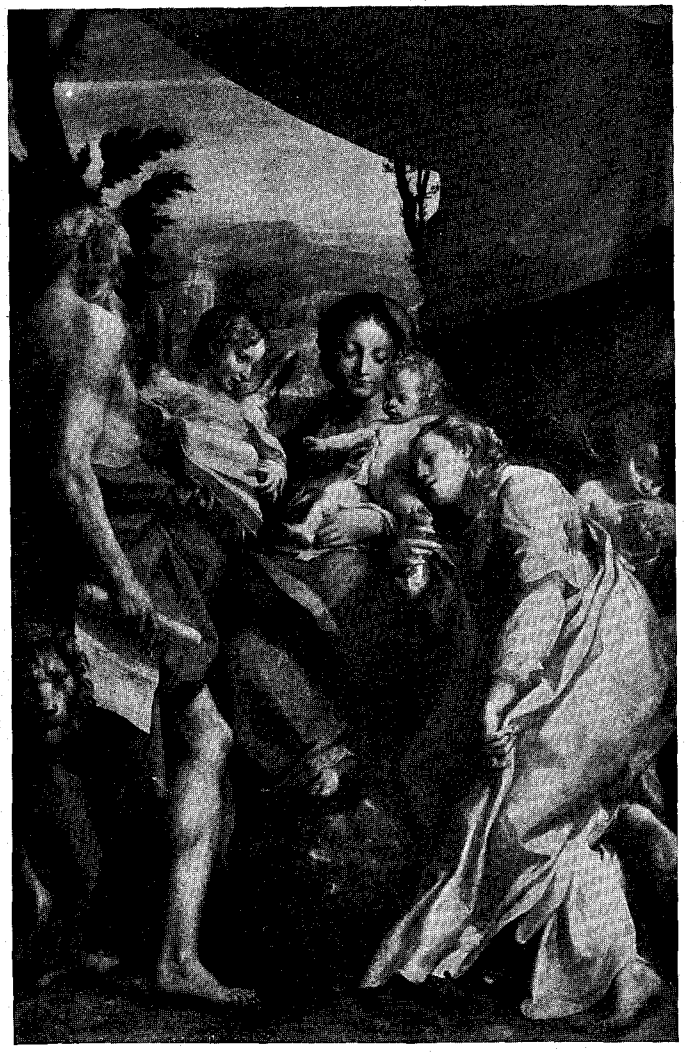

MADONNA AND SAINT JEROME, BY CORREGGIO

IN THE PARMA GALLERY

ful folds, dear to Mantegna, her dress, in many colors and complicated fashion, spreads out upon the rock on which she sits. Here in these folds, and in the whole figure of the saint, one sees that fondness for form and its strong statement, which is the mark of Mantegna. Indeed, from the Saint Anne a statue could well be built.

And as for the landscape which spreads behind the figures, it is made out, in its flat spaces and rising ground, as if to lead the spectator to a wish to wander into a land so full of stories. For here, not far off, Saint Christopher, carrying the Infant Christ on his shoulders, crosses the ford indicated by piles rising from the water, and distant figures wait near the continuance of a peaceful road on a farther bank.

There gallops Saint George in full armor, on the heavy horse that knights rode in action. He is about to strike with his lance the dragon that crouches behind rocks upon a little green sward, where lie the skulls and bones of his victims.

Farther on runs the road, up the hill and round the enclosure, a peaceful orchard fronting still higher ground, also planted with trees, wherein is laid out the scheme of a great garden in Italian way: and further back, crowning the hill, a mass of buildings, with arcades and

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pyramids and an aqueduct and a classical temple, closed in by the foot of a fortress and outflanking towers.

On either side of the river rise high and strange rocks. On our side the rocks rise suddenly, closing in the sense of garden that belongs to the name of the Madonna and to the idea of a Sacred Conversation.

Up in a great rock, that towers in the top of the painting, is a cavern of two openings. In one, Saint Jerome, long-bearded, kneels before a tall crucifix, and bares his bosom to strike it with the stone of repentance. In the other cavern his friend, the lion, watches him attentively.

Higher up again, on a platform, near another opening of cavern, Saint Francis stands in excited attitude before the winged crucifix of legend, the vision from which he obtained the wounds of his Saviour.

Some way nearer, a monk, with his back turned, waits patiently, without seeing the miraculous scene. One is reminded of that other lovely Sacred Conversation, attributed to Bellini, where outside the closed garden occur far-away scenes of the saints of the desert, emphasizing the perpetuity of the Church, the long continuance of the saints in Heaven with us of to-day, and the idea that all these accidents of Time and Place are but the events of a moment in the scale of Eternity.

As our eyes come down again to the nearer figures we feel all the more the presence of the two saints, the one seated, the other kneeling on the right of the picture. The one nearer to the Madonna looks pensively at the Infant Christ, having interrupted her reading and waking up from her dream. In front of her moves the little infant Baptist, as if he had just come from his bath. He offers some flowers to the other Child, resting his hand on the Virgin's knee. He does this with a gentle action of supplication and an upward look of the eyes, which the Divine Child meets in the manner of a young lord accustomed to worship.

Quite to the right, the kneeling saint, in a costume very much of the period, kneels and looks down, scarcely seeing the Infant Saviour to whom she prays, however, with hands pressed one against the other. Those hands and arms close the arrangement on that side of the picture, and we feel that there is nothing more even outside of the frame.

HERRERA

The examples that we could retain for this classification called Sacred Conversations are many or numerous, according to the strictness of the term. It was habitual in more old-fashioned days to give this title to many of the pictures which were really a representation of the Madonna and Child and certain saints accompanying the principal figure in some other way: usually in rather a formal manner or way of function. Many of these are of extraordinary beauty. There is much temptation to place some of them upon our list, but if we look strictly to representations of the imaginary meetings and conversations between these holy ideals of persons, we find that we are narrowed down.

I therefore take again here what is really meant to be a conversation between holy persons, an imaginary one and a choice very far from the beautiful quiet that pervades our pictures already chosen.

On the contrary, the painting that goes by the name of Saint Basil Dictating His Doctrine is a fierce and disagreeable representation of ecclesiastical authority and the harshness of reasoning. All the more, perhaps, that it makes one feel the essential difference of religious feeling which fills the paintings we have just looked at. Theology is, as a well-known theologian once explained to me, like botany compared to the living flower. And botanists and scientific men are usually decided in their views.

Here, then, sit Saint Basil and various saints of other times. They are of various types, but none of any other form than that of decision. No face indicates the possible softness of a dove. Clad in black and white, in his lap a big book on which he is about to write, he holds his hand uplifted in quiet abeyance. He frowns with eyes that look not, absorbed in meditation, listening to the Divine Voice of the spirit above him. Less important personages than Dominic, Bernard, Peter, the Dominican, Bishop Diego and others, wait for him to speak. These greater characters named wait impatiently about, ready to contradict or question. Something hard and imposing is forced upon us by the successive outline of these heads against the distant sweetness of the sky. The miters and the cowls accentuate still more this impression, evidently meant by the artist, who himself was a type of a peculiar severity amounting almost to ferocity. He was the first master of the great Velasquez, and had other pupils, but none who could long endure the ways of his madness, caused, it is said, by some treachery on the part of one of his sons.

Whatever may be true of the legends concerning Herrera, he has embodied here an ideal of the popular traditions of the "In-

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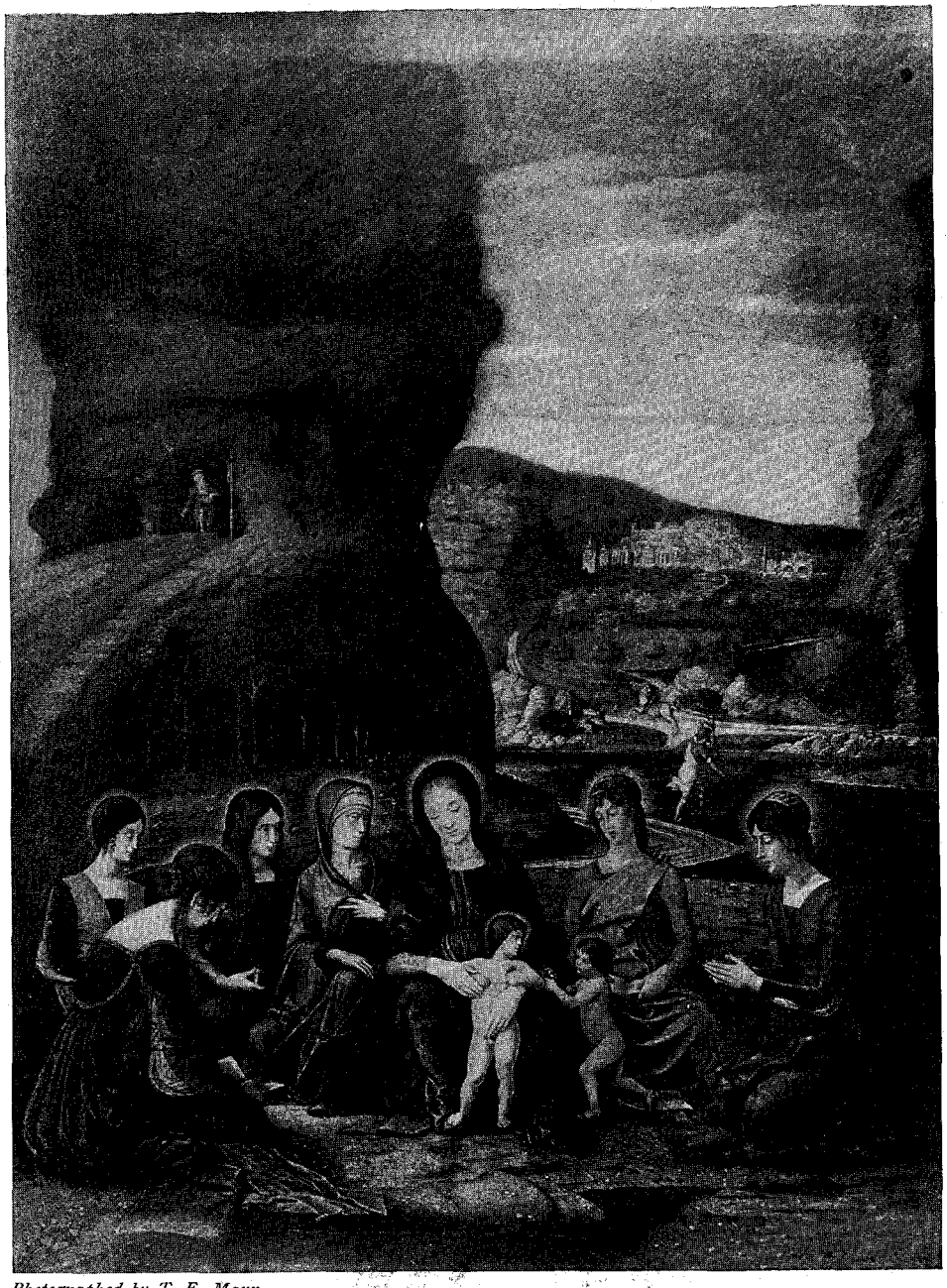

Photographed by T. E. Marr

MADONNA AND SAINTS, BY MANTEGNA

IN THE COLLECTION OF MRS. JOHN GARDNER

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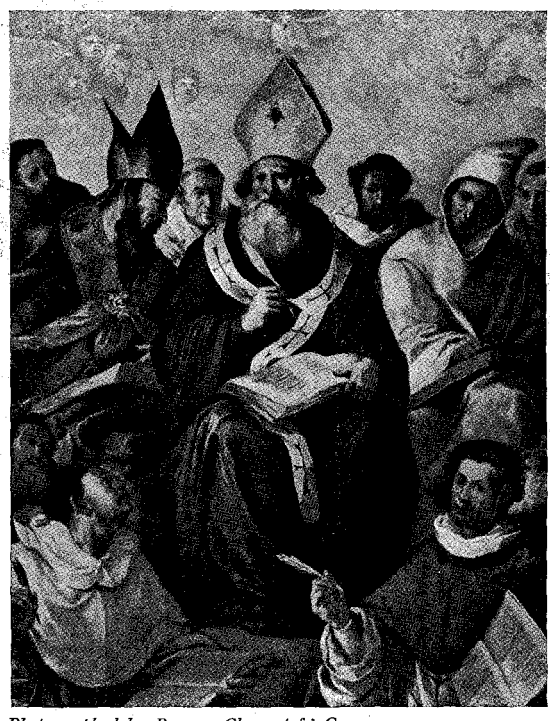
quisition"; an ideal, not a protest, nor a copy of fact. So that one can feel how such a painting might have dignified the great walls of some Spanish cathedral.

ANDREA DEL SARTO

RUBENS

We have in the "Dispute" (a discussion on the Trinity), by Andrea del Sarto, a picture whose theory of subject would resemble the one we have just looked at. It is an imaginary conversation between holy people of various dates. In that way it may be taken as a very complete type of the highest bloom of the art of the Renaissance, embodying all its aims and all its qualities; a very perfect work by a painter so excellent as to have been called the "faultless painter." With him the feeling for the newer problems, which when solved were handed down to us, is all the more splendidly represented that this great artist is one of the least dramatic of painters, and rarely moves the spectator to more than an admiration that cannot be refused. Here one feels the "art for art's sake" in its most successful form. Color, form, movement, line, the relief of light and dark, are all balanced in one great harmony of perfection.

Let us see who these personages are. There is the Bishop, Saint Augustine, his arm extended, arguing, and apparently closing the line of his argument, so correct and so just is the choice of the movement of his hand. Peter Martyr, the Dominican, is the personage addressed by the Bishop. His face, expressive of intellectual acuteness, follows the Bishop's argument, and his hand keeps the big book open, evidently at the place then in question. Next to him Saint Francis, who takes the subject in another way, absorbing it, as it were, places his hand on his heart as one might expect the gesture of the saint of sweetness and of light. Saint Lawrence behind them listens with a neutral expression, seeming perhaps to watch what the two monks may think. He holds the crucifix, as if Christ and Him crucified was all that he thought of. Mary Magdalen kneels in the foreground, listening also (a most feminine contrast to the expressions of the men), — with mouth slightly open and that motion of the forehead and eyebrow that be-



Photographed by Braun, Clement & Co.

SAINT BASIL DICTATING HIS DOCTRINE
BY FRANCISCO HERRERA
IN THE LOUVRE

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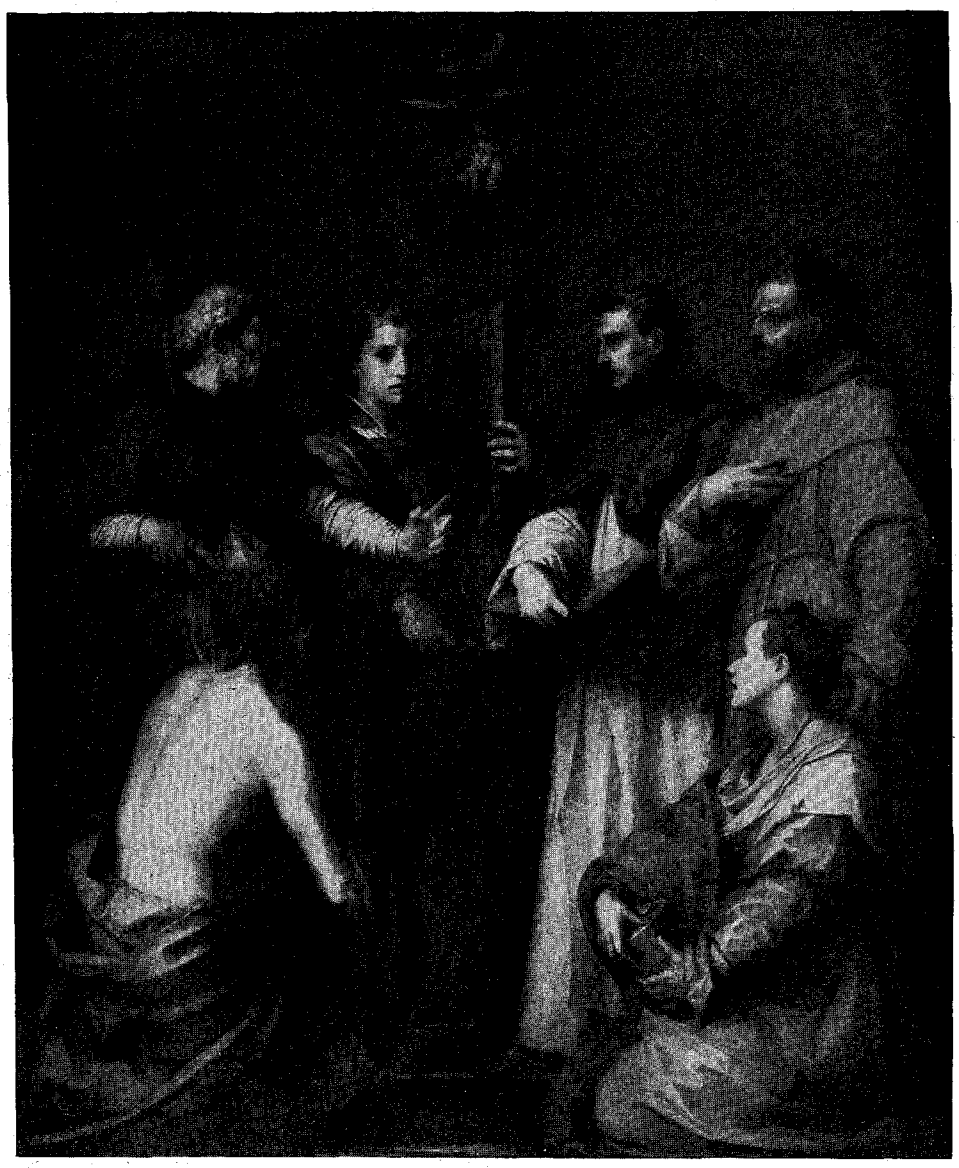

Photographed by Braun, Clement & Co.

THE DISPUTE ON THE TRINITY, BY ANDREA DEL SARTO
IN THE PITTI PALACE, FLORENCE

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Photographed by Braun, Clement & Co.

THE INFANT JESUS WITH SAINT JOHN AND ANGELS, BY RUBENS
IN THE BERLIN GALLERY

longs to the half astonished feeling that one understands the argument. Of Saint Sebastian who kneels opposite we know nothing except that he is very beautiful, and that his nude back represents what the painter of that time could do, now that he knew anatomy, and light and shade, and coloring, and had conquered for all time the representation of human form. Let us admire the beautiful rhythm of all the hands, each one of a separate character and beautifully drawn, and yet belonging to the new movement of that day, the pursuit of typical beauty. The hands of the Magdalen are also a wonder in their different expression, in the unconsciousness with which they hold the vase of ointment.

There can be nothing but words of praise for this bloom of the Renaissance, and in describing it I have been obliged to leave out the greater parts of its technical merits. And yet, perhaps, of the several examples of our subject, this is in reality the most indifferent, the one in which there is least feeling, as if we saw the art so much that the man somewhat disappeared. And this is not against the impression that this remarkable man has left in the world of art.

I feel inclined to close our collection with a subject painted by Rubens: the Infant Christ, Saint John and angels, which may be described as a *conversation without words*. To say much about it would perhaps be out of place. It is a beautiful Flemish picture, and in so far contrasts in its national characteristics with the Spaniard and the Italians at whom we have been looking.

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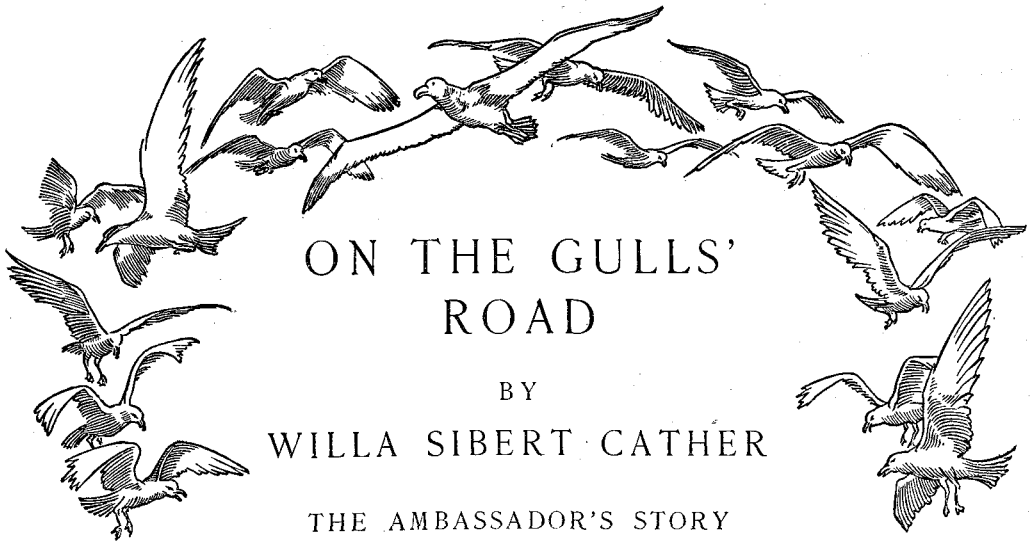

ON THE GULLS' ROAD

BY

WILLA SIBERT CATHER

THE AMBASSADOR'S STORY

IT often happens that one or another of my friends stops before a red chalk drawing in my study and asks me where I ever found so lovely a creature. I have never told the story of that picture to any one, and the beautiful woman on the wall, until yesterday, in all these twenty years has spoken to no one but me. Yesterday a young painter, a countryman of mine, came to consult me on a matter of business, and upon seeing my drawing of Alexandra Ebbling, straightway forgot his errand. He examined the date upon the sketch and asked me, very earnestly, if I could tell him whether the lady were still living. When I answered him, he stepped back from the picture and said slowly:

"So long ago? She must have been very young. She was happy?"

"As to that, who can say — about any one of us?" I replied. "Out of all that is supposed to make for happiness, she had very little."

He shrugged his shoulders and turned away to the window, saying as he did so: "Well, there is very little use in troubling about anything, when we can stand here and look at her, and you can tell me that she has been dead all these years, and that she had very little."

We returned to the object of his visit, but when he bade me goodbye at the door his troubled gaze again went back to the drawing, and it was only by turning sharply about that he took his eyes away from her.

I went back to my study fire, and as the rain kept away less impetuous visitors, I had a long time in which to think of Mrs. Ebbling. I even got out the little box she gave me, which I had not opened for years, and when Mrs. Hemway brought my tea I had barely time to close the lid and defeat her disapproving gaze.

My young countryman's perplexity, as he looked at Mrs. Ebbling, had recalled to me the delight and pain she gave me when I was of his years. I sat looking at her face and trying to see it through his eyes—freshly, as I saw it first upon the deck of the *Germania*, twenty years ago. Was it her loveliness, I often ask myself, or her loneliness, or her simplicity, or was it merely my own youth? Was her mystery only that of the mysterious North out of which she came? I still feel that she was very different from all the beautiful and brilliant women I have known; as the night is different from the day, or as the sea is different from the land. But this is our story, as it comes back to me.

For two years I had been studying Italian and working in the capacity of clerk to the American legation at Rome, and I was going home to secure my first consular appointment. Upon boarding my steamer at Genoa, I saw my luggage into my cabin and then started for a rapid circuit of the deck. Everything promised well. The boat was thinly peopled, even for a July crossing; the decks were roomy; the day was fine; the sea was blue; I was sure of my appointment, and, best of all, I was coming back to Italy. All these things were in my mind when I stopped sharply before a *chaise longue* placed sidewise near the stern. Its occupant was a woman, apparently ill, who lay with her eyes closed, and in her open arm was a chubby little red-haired girl, asleep. I can still remember that first glance at Mrs. Ebbling, and how I stopped as a wheel does when the band slips. Her splendid, vigorous body lay still and relaxed

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under the loose folds of her clothing, her white throat and arms and red-gold hair were drenched with sunlight. Such hair as it was: wayward as some kind of gleaming seaweed that curls and undulates with the tide. A moment gave me her face; the high cheek-bones, the thin cheeks, the gentle chin, arching back to a girlish throat, and the singular loveliness of the mouth. Even then it flashed through me that the mouth gave the whole face its peculiar beauty and distinction. It was proud and sad and tender, and strangely calm. The curve of the lips could not have been cut more cleanly with the most delicate instrument, and whatever shade of feeling passed over them seemed to partake of their exquisiteness.

But I am anticipating. While I stood stupidly staring (as if, at twenty-five, I had never before beheld a beautiful woman) the whistles broke into a hoarse scream, and the deck under us began to vibrate. The woman opened her eyes, and the little girl struggled into a sitting position, rolled out of her mother's arm, and ran to the deck rail. After putting my chair near the stern, I went forward to see the gang-plank up and did not return until we were dragging out to sea at the end of a long tow-line.

The woman in the *chaise longue* was still alone. She lay there all day, looking at the sea. The little girl, Carin, played noisily about the deck. Occasionally she returned and struggled up into the chair, plunged her head, round and red as a little pumpkin, against her mother's shoulder in an impetuous embrace, and then struggled down again with a lively flourishing of arms and legs. Her mother took such opportunities to pull up the child's socks or to smooth the fiery little braids; her beautiful hands, rather large and very white, played about the riotous little girl with a quieting tenderness. Carin chattered away in Italian and kept asking for her father, only to be told that he was busy.

When any of the ship's officers passed, they stopped for a word with my neighbor, and I heard the first mate address her as Mrs. Ebbling. When they spoke to her, she smiled appreciatively and answered in low, faltering Italian, but I fancied that she was glad when they passed on and left her to her fixed contemplation of the sea. Her eyes seemed to drink the color of it all day long, and after every interruption they went back to it. There was a kind of pleasure in watching her satisfaction, a kind of excitement in wondering what the water made her remember or forget. She seemed not to wish to talk to any one, but I knew I should like to hear whatever she might be thinking. One could catch some hint of her thoughts, I imagined, from the shadows that came and went across her lips, like the reflection of light clouds. She had a pile of books beside her, but she did not read, and neither could I. I gave up trying at last, and watched the sea, very conscious of her presence, almost of her thoughts. When the sun dropped low and shone in her face, I rose and asked if she would like me to move her chair. She smiled and thanked me, but said the sun was good for her. Her yellow-hazel eyes followed me for a moment and then went back to the sea.

After the first bugle sounded for dinner, a heavy man in uniform came up the deck and stood beside the *chaise longue*, looking down at its two occupants with a smile of satisfied possession. The breast of his trim coat was hidden by waves of soft blond beard, as long and heavy as a woman's hair, which blew about his face in glittering profusion. He wore a large turquoise ring upon the thick hand that he rubbed good-humoredly over the little girl's head. To her he spoke Italian, but he and his wife conversed in some Scandinavian tongue. He stood stroking his fine beard until the second bugle blew, then bent stiffly from his hips, like a soldier, and patted his wife's hand as it lay on the arm of her chair. He hurried down the deck, taking stock of the passengers as he went, and stopped before a thin girl with frizzed hair and a lace coat, asking her a facetious question in thick English. They began to talk about Chicago and went below. Later I saw him at the head of his table in the dining room, the befrizzed Chicago lady on his left. They must have got a famous start at luncheon, for by the end of the dinner Ebbling was peeling figs for her and presenting them on the end of a fork.

The Doctor confided to me that Ebbling was the chief engineer and the dandy of the boat; but this time he would have to behave himself, for he had brought his sick wife along for the voyage. She had a bad heart valve, he added, and was in a serious way.

After dinner Ebbling disappeared, presumably to his engines, and at ten o'clock, when the stewardess came to put Mrs. Ebbling to bed, I helped her to rise from her chair, and the second mate ran up and supported her down to her cabin. About midnight I found the engineer in the card room, playing with the Doctor, an Italian naval officer, and the commodore of a Long Island yacht club. His face was even pinker than it had been at dinner, and his fine beard was full of smoke. I thought a long while about Ebbling and his wife before I went to sleep.

The next morning we tied up at Naples to take on our cargo, and I went on shore for the day. I did not, however, entirely escape the

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ubiquitous engineer, whom I saw lunching with the Long Island commodore at a hotel in the Santa Lucia. When I returned to the boat in the early evening, the passengers had gone down to dinner, and I found Mrs. Ebbling quite alone upon the deserted deck. I approached her and asked whether she had had a dull day. She looked up smiling and shook her head, as if her Italian had quite failed her. I saw that she was flushed with excitement, and her yellow eyes were shining like two clear topazes.

"Dull? Oh, no! I love to watch Naples from the sea, in this white heat. She has just lain there on her hillside among the vines and laughed for me all day long. I have been able to pick out many of the places I like best."

I felt that she was really going to talk to me at last. She had turned to me frankly, as to an old acquaintance, and seemed not to be hiding from me anything of what she felt. I sat down in a glow of pleasure and excitement and asked her if she knew Naples well.

"Oh, yes! I lived there for a year after I was first married. My husband has a great many friends in Naples. But he was at sea most of the time, so I went about alone. Nothing helps one to know a city like that. I came first by sea, like this. Directly to Naples from Finmark, and I had never been South before." Mrs. Ebbling stopped and looked over my shoulder. Then, with a quick, eager glance at me, she said abruptly: "It was like a baptism of fire. Nothing has ever been quite the same since. Imagine how this bay looked to a Finmark girl. It seemed like the overture to Italy."

I laughed. "And then one goes up the country—song by song and wine by wine."

Mrs. Ebbling sighed. "Ah, yes. It must be fine to follow it. I have never been away from the seaports myself. We live now in Genoa."

The deck steward brought her tray, and I moved forward a little and stood by the rail. When I looked back, she smiled and nodded to let me know that she was not missing anything. I could feel her intentness as keenly as if she were standing beside me.

The sun had disappeared over the high ridge behind the city, and the stone pines stood black and flat against the fires of the afterglow. The lilac haze that hung over the long, lazy slopes of Vesuvius warmed with golden light, and films of blue vapor began to float down toward Baiæ. The sky, the sea, and the city between them turned a shimmering violet, fading grayer as the lights began to glow like luminous pearls along the water-front, — the necklace of an irreclaimable queen. Behind me I heard a low exclamation; a slight, stifled sound, but it seemed the perfect vocalization of that weariness with which we at last let go of beauty, after we have held it until the senses are darkened. When I turned to her again, she seemed to have fallen asleep.

That night, as we were moving out to sea and the tail lights of Naples were winking across the widening stretch of black water, I helped Mrs. Ebbling to the foot of the stairway. She drew herself up from her chair with effort and leaned on me wearily. I could have carried her all night without fatigue.

"May I come and talk to you to-morrow?" I asked. She did not reply at once. "Like an old friend?" I added. She gave me her languid hand, and her mouth, set with the exertion of walking, softened altogether. "*Grazia*," she murmured.

I returned to the deck and joined a group of my countrywomen, who, primed with inexhaustible information, were discussing the baseness of Renaissance art. They were intelligent and alert, and as they leaned forward in their deck chairs under the circle of light, their faces recalled to me Rembrandt's picture of a clinical lecture. I heard them through, against my will, and then went to the stern to smoke and to see the last of the island lights. The sky had clouded over, and a soft, melancholy wind was rushing over the sea. I could not help thinking how disappointed I would be if rain should keep Mrs. Ebbling in her cabin to-morrow. My mind played constantly with her image. At one moment she was very clear and directly in front of me; the next she was far away. Whatever else I thought about, some part of my consciousness was busy with Mrs. Ebbling; hunting for her, finding her, losing her, then groping again. How was it that I was so conscious of whatever she might be feeling? that when she sat still behind me and watched the evening sky, I had had a sense of speed and change, almost of danger; and when she was tired and sighed, I had wished for night and loneliness.

II

Though when we are young we seldom think much about it, there is now and again a golden day when we feel a sudden, arrogant pride in our youth; in the lightness of our feet and the strength of our arms, in the warm fluid that courses so surely within us; when we are conscious of something powerful and mercurial in our breasts, which comes up wave after wave

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and leaves us irresponsible and free. All the next morning I felt this flow of life, which continually impelled me toward Mrs. Ebbling. After the merest greeting, however, I kept away. I found it pleasant to thwart myself, to measure myself against a current that was sure to carry me with it in the end. I was content to let her watch the sea — the sea that seemed now to have come into me, warm and soft, still and strong. I played shuffleboard with the Commodore, who was anxious to keep down his figure, and ran about the deck with the stout legs of the little pumpkin-colored Carin about my neck. It was not until the child was having her afternoon nap below that I at last came up and stood beside her mother.

"You are better to-day," I exclaimed, looking down at her white gown. She colored unreasonably, and I laughed with a familiarity which she must have accepted as the mere foolish noise of happiness, or it would have seemed impertinent.

We talked at first of a hundred trivial things, and we watched the sea. The coast of Sardinia had lain to our port for some hours and would lie there for hours to come, now advancing in rocky promontories, now retreating behind blue bays. It was the naked south coast of the island, and though our course held very near the shore, not a village or habitation was visible; there was not even a goatherd's hut hidden away among the low pinkish sand hills. Pinkish sand hills and yellow headlands; with dull-colored scrubby bushes massed about their bases and following the dried watercourses. A narrow strip of beach glistened like white paint between the purple sea and the umber rocks, and the whole island lay gleaming in the yellow sunshine and translucent air. Not a wave broke on that fringe of white sand, not the shadow of a cloud played across the bare hills. In the air about us there was no sound but that of a vessel moving rapidly through absolutely still water. She seemed like some great sea-animal, swimming silently, her head well up. The sea before us was so rich and heavy and opaque that it might have been lapis lazuli. It was the blue of legend, simply; the color that satisfies the soul like sleep.

And it was of the sea we talked, for it was the substance of Mrs. Ebbling's story. She seemed always to have been swept along by ocean streams, warm or cold, and to have hovered about the edge of great waters. She was born and had grown up in a little fishing town on the Arctic ocean. Her father was a doctor, a widower, who lived with his daughter and who divided his time between his books and his fishing rod. Her uncle was skipper on a coasting vessel, and with him she had made many trips along the Norwegian coast. But she was always reading and thinking about the blue seas of the South.

"There was a curious old woman in our village, Dame Ericson, who had been in Italy in her youth. She had gone to Rome to study art, and had copied a great many pictures there. She was well connected, but had little money, and as she grew older and poorer she sold her pictures one by one, until there was scarcely a well-to-do family in our district that did not own one of Dame Ericson's paintings. But she brought home many other strange things; a little orange-tree which she cherished until the day of her death, and bits of colored marble, and sea shells and pieces of coral, and a thin flask full of water from the Mediterranean. When I was a little girl she used to show me her things and tell me about the South; about the coral fishers, and the pink islands, and the smoking mountains, and the old, underground Naples. I suppose the water in her flask was like any other, but it never seemed so to me. It looked so elastic and alive, that I used to think if one unsealed the bottle something penetrating and fruitful might leap out and work an enchantment over Finmark."

Lars Ebbling, I learned, was one of her father's friends. She could remember him from the time when she was a little girl and he a dashing young man who used to come home from the sea and make a stir in the village. After he got his promotion to an Atlantic liner and went South, she did not see him until the summer she was twenty, when he came home to marry her. That was five years ago. The little girl, Carin, was three. From her talk, one might have supposed that Ebbling was proprietor of the Mediterranean and its adjacent lands, and could have kept her away at his pleasure. Her own rights in him she seemed not to consider.

But we wasted very little time on Lars Ebbling. We talked, like two very young persons, of arms and men, of the sea beneath us and the shores it washed. We were carried a little beyond ourselves, for we were in the presence of the things of youth that never change; fleeing past them. To-morrow they would be gone, and no effort of will or memory could bring them back again. All about us was the sea of great adventure, and below us, caught somewhere in its gleaming meshes, were the bones of nations and navies . . . . . nations and navies that gave youth its hope and made life something more than a hunger of the bowels. The unpeopled Sardinian coast unfolded gently before us, like something left

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over out of a world that was gone; a place that might well have had no later news since the corn ships brought the tidings of Actium.

"I shall never go to Sardinia," said Mrs. Ebbling. "It could not possibly be as beautiful as this."

"Neither shall I," I replied.

As I was going down to dinner that evening, I was stopped by Lars Ebbling, freshly brushed and scented, wearing a white uniform, and polished and glistening as one of his own engines. He smiled at me with his own kind of geniality. "You have been very kind to talk to my wife," he explained. "It is very bad for her this trip that she speaks no English. I am indebted to you."

I told him curtly that he was mistaken, but my acrimony made no impression upon his blandness. I felt that I should certainly strike the fellow if he stood there much longer, running his blue ring up and down his beard. I should probably have hated any man who was Mrs. Ebbling's husband, but Ebbling made me sick.

III

The next day I began my drawing of Mrs. Ebbling. She seemed pleased and a little puzzled when I asked her to sit for me. It occurred to me that she had always been among dull people who took her looks as a matter of course, and that she was not at all sure that she was really beautiful. I can see now her quick, confused look of pleasure. I thought very little about the drawing then, except that the making of it gave me an opportunity to study her face; to look as long as I pleased into her yellow eyes, at the noble lines of her mouth, at her splendid, vigorous hair.

"We have a yellow vine at home," I told her, "that is very like your hair. It seems to be growing while one looks at it, and it twines and tangles about itself and throws out little tendrils in the wind."

"Has it any name?"

"We call it love vine."

How little a thing could disconcert her!

As for me, nothing disconcerted me. I awoke every morning with a sense of speed and joy. At night I loved to hear the swish of the water rushing by. As fast as the pistons could carry us, as fast as the water could bear us, we were going forward to something delightful; to something together. When Mrs. Ebbling told me that she and her husband would be five days in the docks in New York and then return to Genoa, I was not disturbed, for I did not believe her. I came and went, and she sat still all day, watching the water. I heard an American lady say that she watched it like one who is going to die, but even that did not frighten me: I somehow felt that she had promised me to live.

All those long blue days when I sat beside her talking about Finmark and the sea, she must have known that I loved her. I sat with my hands idle on my knees and let the tide come up in me. It carried me so swiftly that, across the narrow space of deck between us, it must have swayed her, too, a little. I had no wish to disturb or distress her. If a little, a very little of it reached her, I was satisfied. If it drew her softly, but drew her, I wanted no more. Sometimes I could see that even the light pressure of my thoughts made her paler. One still evening, after a long talk, she whispered to me, "You must go and walk now, and — don't think about me." She had been held too long and too closely in my thoughts, and she begged me to release her for a little while. I went out into the bow and put her far away, at the sky line, with the faintest star, and thought of her gently across the water. When I went back to her, she was asleep.

But even in those first days I had my hours of misery. Why, for instance, should she have been born in Finmark, and why should Lars Ebbling have been her only door of escape? Why should she be silently taking leave of the world at the age when I was just beginning it, having had nothing, nothing of whatever is worth while?

She never talked about taking leave of things, and yet I sometimes felt that she was counting the sunsets. One yellow afternoon, when we were gliding between the shores of Spain and Africa, she spoke of her illness for the first time. I had got some magnolias at Gibraltar, and she wore a bunch of them in her girdle and the rest lay on her lap. She held the cool leaves against her cheek and fingered the white petals. "I can never," she remarked, "get enough of the flowers of the South. They make me breathless, just as they did at first. Because of them I should like to live a long while — almost forever."

I leaned forward and looked at her. "We could live almost forever if we had enough courage. It's of our lives that we die. If we had the courage to change it all, to run away to some blue coast like that over there, we could live on and on, until we were tired."

She smiled tolerantly and looked southward through half shut eyes. "I am afraid I should never have courage enough to go behind that mountain, at least. Look at it, it looks as if it hid horrible things."

A sea mist, blown in from the Atlantic, began

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to mask the impassive African coast, and above the fog, the grey mountain peak took on the angry red of the sunset. It burned sullen and threatening until the dark land drew the night about her and settled back into the sea. We watched it sink, while under us, slowly but ever increasing, we felt the throb of the Atlantic come and go, the thrill of the vast, untamed waters of that lugubrious and passionate sea. I drew Mrs. Ebbling's wraps about her and shut the magnolias under her cloak. When I left her, she slipped me one warm, white flower.

IV

From the Straits of Gibraltar we dropped into the abyss, and by morning we were rolling in the trough of a sea that drew us down and held us deep, shaking us gently back and forth until the timbers creaked, and then shooting us out on the crest of a swelling mountain. The water was bright and blue, but so cold that the breath of it penetrated one's bones, as if the chill of the deep under-fathoms of the sea were being loosed upon us. There were not more than a dozen people upon the deck that morning, and Mrs. Ebbling was sheltered behind the stern, muffled in a sea jacket, with drops of moisture upon her long lashes and on her hair. When a shower of icy spray beat back over the deck rail, she took it gleefully.

"After all," she insisted, "this is my own kind of water; the kind I was born in. This is first cousin to the Pole waters, and the sea we have left is only a kind of fairy tale. It's like the burnt out volcanoes; its day is over. This is the real sea now, where the doings of the world go on."

"It is not our reality, at any rate," I answered.

"Oh, yes, it is! These are the waters that carry men to their work, and they will carry you to yours."

I sat down and watched her hair grow more alive and iridescent in the moisture. "You are pleased to take an attitude," I complained.

"No, I don't love realities any more than another, but I admit them, all the same."

"And who are you and I to define the realities?"

"Our minds define them clearly enough, yours and mine, everybody's. Those are the lines we never cross, though we flee from the equator to the Pole. I have never really got out of Finmark, of course. I shall live and die in a fishing town on the Arctic ocean, and the blue seas and the pink islands are as much a dream as they ever were. All the same, I shall continue to dream them."

The Gulf Stream gave us warm blue days again, but pale, like sad memories. The water had faded, and the thin, tepid sunshine made something tighten about one's heart. The stars watched us coldly, and seemed always to be asking me what I was going to do. The advancing line on the chart, which at first had been mere foolishness, began to mean something, and the wind from the west brought disturbing fears and forebodings. I slept lightly, and all day I was restless and uncertain except when I was with Mrs. Ebbling. She quieted me as she did little Carin, and soothed me without saying anything, as she had done that evening at Naples when we watched the sunset. It seemed to me that every day her eyes grew more tender and her lips more calm. A kind of fortitude seemed to be gathering about her mouth, and I dreaded it. Yet when, in an involuntary glance, I put to her the question that tortured me, her eyes always met mine steadily, deep and gentle and full of reassurance. That I had my word at last, happened almost by accident.

On the second night out from shore there was the concert for the Sailors' Orphanage, and Mrs. Ebbling dressed and went down to dinner for the first time, and sat on her husband's right. I was not the only one who was glad to see her. Even the women were pleased. She wore a pale green gown, and she came up out of it regally white and gold. I was so proud that I blushed when any one spoke of her. After dinner she was standing by her deck-chair talking to her husband when people began to go below for the concert. She took up a long cloak and attempted to put it on. The wind blew the light thing about, and Ebbling chatted and smiled his public smile while she struggled with it. Suddenly his roving eye caught sight of the Chicago girl, who was having a similar difficulty with her draperies, and he pranced half the length of the deck to assist her. I had been watching from the rail, and when she was left alone I threw my cigar away and wrapped Mrs. Ebbling up roughly.

"Don't go down," I begged. "Stay up here. I want to talk to you."

She hesitated a moment and looked at me thoughtfully. Then, with a sigh, she sat down. Every one hurried down to the saloon, and we were absolutely alone at last, behind the shelter of the stern, with the thick darkness all about us and a warm east wind rushing over the sea. I was too sore and angry to think. I leaned toward her, holding the arm of her chair with both hands, and began anywhere.

"You remember those two blue coasts out of Gibraltar? It shall be either one you choose,

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if you will come with me. I have not much money, but we shall get on somehow. There has got to be an end of this. We are neither one of us cowards, and this is humiliating, intolerable."

She sat looking down at her hands, and I pulled her chair impatiently toward me.

"I felt," she said at last, "that you were going to say something like this. You are sorry for me, and I don't wish to be pitied. You think Ebbling neglects me, but you are mistaken. He has had his disappointments, too. He wants children and a gay, hospitable house, and he is tied to a sick woman who can not get on with people. He has more to complain of than I have, and yet he bears with me. I am grateful to him, and there is no more to be said."

"Oh, isn't there?" I cried, "and I?"

She laid her hand entreatingly upon my arm. "Ah, you! you! Don't ask me to talk about that. *You* ——" Her fingers slipped down my coat sleeve to my hand and pressed it. I caught her two hands and held them, telling her I would never let them go.

"And you meant to leave me day after tomorrow, to say goodbye to me as you will to the other people on this boat? You meant to cut me adrift like this, with my heart on fire and all my life unspent in me?"

She sighed despondently. "I am willing to suffer — whatever I must suffer — to have had you," she answered simply. "I was ill — and so lonely — and it came so quickly and quietly. Ah, don't begrudge it to me! Do not leave me in bitterness. If I have been wrong, forgive me." She bowed her head and pressed my fingers entreatingly. A warm tear splashed on my hand. It occurred to me that she bore my anger as she bore little Carin's importunities, as she bore Ebbling. What a circle of pettiness she had about her! I fell back in my chair and my hands dropped at my side. I felt like a creature with its back broken. I asked her what she wished me to do.

"Don't ask me," she whispered. "There is nothing that we can do. I thought you knew that. You forget that — that I am too ill to begin my life over. Even if there were nothing else in the way, that would be enough. And that is what has made it all possible, our loving each other, I mean. If I were well, we couldn't have had even this much. Don't reproach me. Hasn't it been at all pleasant to you to find me waiting for you every morning, to feel me thinking of you when you went to sleep? Every night I have watched the sea for you, as if it were mine and I had made it, and I have listened to the water rushing by you, full of sleep and youth and hope. And everything you had done or said during the day came back to me, and when I went to sleep it was only to feel you more. You see there was never any one else; I have never thought of any one in the dark but you." She spoke pleadingly, and her voice had sunk so low that I could scarcely hear her.

"And yet you will do nothing," I groaned. "You will dare nothing. You will give me nothing."

"Don't say that. When I leave you day after tomorrow, I shall have given you all my life. I can't tell you how, but it is true. There is something in each of us that does not belong to the family or to society, not even to ourselves. Sometimes it is given in marriage, and sometimes it is given in love, but oftener it is never given at all. We have nothing to do with giving or withholding it. It is a wild thing that sings in us once and flies away and never comes back, and mine has flown to you. When one loves like that, it is enough, somehow. The other things can go if they must. That is why I can live without you, and die without you."

I caught her hands and looked into her eyes that shone warm in the darkness. She shivered and whispered in a tone so different from any I ever heard from her before or afterward: "Do you grudge it to me? You are so young and strong, and you have everything before you. I shall have only a little while to want you in — and I could want you forever and not weary." I kissed her hair, her cheeks, her lips, until her head fell forward on my shoulder and she put my face away with her soft, trembling fingers. She took my hand and held it close to her, in both her own. We sat silent, and the moments came and went, bringing us closer and closer, and the wind and water rushed by us, obliterating our tomorrows and all our yesterdays.

The next day Mrs. Ebbling kept her cabin, and I sat stupidly by her chair until dark, with the rugged little girl to keep me company, and an occasional nod from the engineer.

I saw Mrs. Ebbling again only for a few moments, when we were coming into the New York harbor. She wore a street dress and a hat, and these alone would have made her seem far away from me. She was very pale, and looked down when she spoke to me, as if she had been guilty of a wrong toward me. I have never been able to remember that interview without heartache and shame, but then I was too desperate to care about anything. I stood like a wooden post and let her approach me, let her speak to me, let her leave

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me. She came up to me as if it were a hard thing to do, and held out a little package, timidly, and her gloved hand shook as if she were afraid of me.

"I want to give you something," she said. "You will not want it now, so I shall ask you to keep it until you hear from me. You gave me your address a long time ago, when you were making that drawing. Some day I shall write to you and ask you to open this. You must not come to tell me goodbye this morning, but I shall be watching you when you go ashore. Please don't forget that."

I took the little box mechanically and thanked her. I think my eyes must have filled, for she uttered an exclamation of pity, touched my sleeve quickly, and left me. It was one of those strange, low, musical exclamations which meant everything and nothing, like the one that had thrilled me that night at Naples, and it was the last sound I ever heard from her lips.

An hour later I went on shore, one of those who crowded over the gang-plank the moment it was lowered. But the next afternoon I wandered back to the docks and went on board the *Germania*. I asked for the engineer, and he came up in his shirt sleeves from the engine room. He was red and dishevelled, angry and voluble; his bright eye had a hard glint, and I did not once see his masterful smile. When he heard my inquiry he became profane. Mrs. Ebbling had sailed for Bremen on the *Hohenstauffen* that morning at eleven o'clock. She had decided to return by the northern route and pay a visit to her father in Finmark. She was in no condition to travel alone, he said. He evidently smarted under her extravagance. But who, he asked, with a blow of his fist on the rail, could stand between a woman and her whim? She had always been a wilful girl, and she had a doting father behind her. When she set her head with the wind, there was no holding her; she ought to have married the Arctic Ocean. I think Ebbling was still talking when I walked away.

I spent that winter in New York. My consular appointment hung fire (indeed, I did not pursue it with much enthusiasm), and I had a good many idle hours in which to think of Mrs. Ebbling. She had never mentioned the name of her father's village, and somehow I could never quite bring myself to go to the docks when Ebbling's boat was in and ask for news of her. More than once I made up my mind definitely to go to Finmark and take my chance at finding her; the shipping people would know where Ebbling came from. But I never went. I have often wondered why. When my resolve was made and my courage high, when I could almost feel myself approaching her, suddenly everything crumbled under me, and I fell back as I had done that night when I dropped her hands, after telling her, only a moment before, that I would never let them go.

In the twilight of a wet March day, when the gutters were running black outside and the Square was liquefying under crusts of dirty snow, the housekeeper brought me a damp letter which bore a blurred foreign postmark. It was from Niels Nannestad, who wrote that it was his sad duty to inform me that his daughter, Alexandra Ebbling, had died on the second day of February, in the twenty-sixth year of her age. Complying with her request, he inclosed a letter which she had written some days before her death.

I at last brought myself to break the seal of the second letter. It read thus:

"My Friend:—You may open now the little package I gave you. May I ask you to keep it? I gave it to you because there is no one else who would care about it in just that way. Ever since I left you I have been thinking what it would be like to live a lifetime caring and being cared for like that. It was not the life I was meant to live, and yet, in a way, I have been living it ever since I first knew you.

"Of course you understand now why I could not go with you. I would have spoiled your life for you. Besides that, I was ill — and I was too proud to give you the shadow of myself. I had much to give you, if you had come earlier. As it was, I was ashamed. Vanity sometimes saves us when nothing else will, and mine saved you. Thank you for everything. I hold this to my heart, where I once held your hand.

Alexandra."

The dusk had thickened into night long before I got up from my chair and took the little box from its place in my desk drawer. I opened it and lifted out a thick coil, cut from where her hair grew thickest and brightest. It was tied firmly at one end, and when it fell over my arm it curled and clung about my sleeve like a living thing set free. How it gleamed, how it still gleams in the firelight! It was warm and softly scented under my lips, and stirred under my breath like seaweed in the tide. This, and a withered magnolia flower, and two pink sea shells; nothing more. And it was all twenty years ago!

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A CAROL OF BEASTS

BY

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

THE Ox and the Ass,
Tell aloud of them:
Sing their pleasure as it was
In Bethlehem.

Still as blowing rose, sudden as a sword,
Maidenly the Maiden bare Jesu Christ the Lord;
Yet for very lowlihood, such a Guest to greet,
Goeth in a little swoon, while kissing of His feet.

Mary, drifted snow on the earthen floor,
Joseph, fallen wondrous weak now he would adore,—
(O the surging might of love! O the drowning bliss!)
Both are rapt to Heaven, and lose their human Heaven that is.

From the Newly-Born trails a lonely cry!
With a mind to heed, the Ox turns a glowing eye;
In the empty byre the Ass thinks her heart to blame:
Up for comforting of God the beasts of burden came,

Softly to inquire, thrusting as for cheer
There between the tender hands furry faces dear.
Blessing on the honest coats! tawny coat and gray
Friended Our Delight so well when warmth had strayed away.

Crooks are on the sill; sceptres sail the wave;
All the hopes of all the years are thronging to the Cave.
Mother slept not long, nor long Father's sense was dim,
But another twain the while stood parent-wise to Him.

The Ox and the Ass,
Be you glad for them
Such a moment came to pass
In Bethlehem!

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ALCOHOL AND THE COMMUNITY

BY

HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS, M.D., LL.D.

THE preceding paper of this series* dealt with the effects of alcohol upon the individual. It showed that such widely varying bodily tissues as those of the brain, the nerves, the heart and blood vessels, the stomach and intestinal tract, the lymphatic system, the kidneys, and the liver, may become diseased as a direct effect of the habitual drinking of even small quantities of alcohol, whether taken in the form of beer, wine, whisky, or other beverage. It noted also that the deleterious consequences are not confined to the habitual drinker himself, but are passed on, variously modified or intensified, to his individual descendants of successive generations.

Such protean activities seem puzzling; but they become in a measure comprehensible when the rationale of the action of alcohol upon the organism is understood. The fact seems to be that alcohol has an affinity, not for any particular highly organized tissue of the body, but for protoplasm itself, which is the basis of all living matter. To gain a clear mental picture of its action on the body, one may liken the effect of alcohol circulating in the blood to that of a current of water coursing along the bed of a stream. Every portion of the bed of the stream is to some extent affected by the abrading force of the current. But some portions are affected far more than others. A granite boulder, for example, seems to escape almost unscathed; whereas a limestone surface is gradually cut and furrowed, and a sand bed or a muddy deposit may be swept away altogether. The difference is due not at all to the current of water, but to inherent differences in the surfaces acted upon.

In much the same way the alcohol circulating in the vascular currents of a human organism tends to attack one tissue and another. The precise effect, in the case of any given organism, depends upon the relative stability of the various tissues of that organism. If the cells of the liver, for example, chance to be relatively weak and susceptible, the liver will be the organ most conspicuously "attacked" by the alcohol. In other cases kidneys or heart or nervous tissues may be the ones to suffer most because they chanced to be the tenderest — the most easily abraded — tissues. It can hardly be said that alcohol singled them out for its attack; their inherent weakness is the cause of their destruction, just as the inherent softness of the sand-bank explains its abrasion by the stream.

*See McCLURE'S MAGAZINE for October.

How Alcohol Attacks the Brain

But note now an important application. It is a fact familiar to every student of evolution that, generally speaking, the most unstable tissues of an organism are the ones most recently evolved; that is to say, the most highly developed and complex tissues. Being interpreted, this means that the most delicate and unstable of all organic tissues are the complex central nerve-cells of the gray cortex of the brain — the cells directly associated with the exhibition of mental processes. These are the most delicately poised, the most easily disturbed in function, of all organic tissues. It follows that these are the tissues that come earliest and most persistently under the influence of the alcoholic poison. A given individual may have a highly susceptible liver or kidney or heart, through hereditary influences or through some peculiarity of his environment; but, in general, the brain — the organ of mind — is the organ whose tissues are most susceptible. So when the dissecting-knife reveals, post mortem, a hob-nailed liver or an alcoholic kidney, stomach, or heart, it will almost invariably reveal also a shrunken and "watery" alcoholic brain. And in numberless cases in which all the other organs have seemed to present a granite-like resistance to the poison, the brain alone gives evidence of having yielded to the strain.

Experiments upon animals have fully corroborated these observations of the pathologist. Dr. Berkley made microscopical examination of the tissues of many rabbits suffering from acute intoxication, the animals being those used in Dr. Friedenwald's experiments conducted at Johns Hopkins University in behalf of the Com-

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mittee of Fifty. Some of the animals had been given but a single large dose of alcohol. The one significant lesion that the microscope revealed in these cases was a lesion of central nerve cells and their processes. Within the substance of the affected cells, the granular matter normally present was visibly disintegrated. The delicate little fibrils that lead out from the cells showed irregular nodules or swellings not normally present, whereas their normal bud-like projections had partially disappeared.

Nerve cells thus demonstrably affected by acute intoxication have been found not only in various portions of the brain, but in the spinal cord, and in the ganglia of the sympathetic nervous system. Only a portion of the cells are affected in any given case; but the demonstrable changes begin to appear within a few minutes after the alcohol is taken. That such structural changes are associated with perversions of function, all along the line of the nervous and mental activities associated with the cells involved, no one can doubt.

Alcohol and Insanity in America

The first definite question that presents itself in this connection is whether alcohol, in attacking the brain cells, produces or tends to produce such mental changes as constitute technical insanity. For answer we turn to the statistics of institutions for the insane, and to the writings of alienists. There is nothing in the least uncertain about the character of the reply.

Here, for example, is the latest Annual Report of the New York State Commission in Lunacy. It presents a colored diagram showing at a glance the percentage of insane patients known to have a history of alcoholism who were admitted during the current year to the State asylums. The colored portion representing alcoholics covers a full third of the entire area in the case of patients from the rural districts, and more than a third in the case of urban districts.

The asylum statistics of other States reiterate the same lesson. Considering the United States as a whole, it is variously estimated that from 25 to 30 per cent of all the insane patients admitted to the asylums year by year owe their misfortune directly or indirectly to the abuse of alcohol. The statistics of other countries are closely similar. In England and Wales, according to the estimate of Dr. Robert Jones, alcohol claims 17,000 victims among an asylum population of 116,000. Dr. Clouston, Superintendent of the Royal Edinburgh Asylum, in Scotland, reports that 42 per cent of the men and 18 per cent of the women under his charge are victims of intemperance. He notes, it may be added, that these figures have more than doubled within the last thirty years; and in particular that drunkenness as a cause of insanity in women has increased of late years with unexampled rapidity — an alarming observation that is fully confirmed by Dr. Tuke's experience at the Royal Dundee Asylum.

Another famous British alienist, Dr. Theodore B. Hyslop, Physician Superintendent to the Royal Hospitals of Bridewell and Bethlem — the once notorious "Bedlam" — near London, comments as follows: "With regard to insanity there is some difference in experience as to the relative frequency of alcohol in its causation. This difference ranges from 10 to 30 per cent. When, however, we consider the effects of alcohol in producing poverty, in rendering an individual prone to acquire specific disease, and in bringing about the numerous other factors of the causation of insanity, and when we recall the frequent instances in which alcoholism in one member of a family has worried other members into a condition of insanity, we realize that it is well-nigh impossible fully to estimate its baneful influence. My own experience leads me to believe," concludes Dr. Hyslop, "that alcohol is either a direct or an indirect factor in the causation of at least 50 per cent of the cases of insanity." Speaking from a wide practical experience, Dr. Hyslop declares that "if we are to maintain our health, our morals, and our sanity, we must set ourselves with renewed vigor to the task of averting disaster by overcoming the curse of alcoholism."

Alcoholic Insanity in Europe

The testimony of Continental alienists is no less unequivocal, and the statistics upon which their opinions are based are no less suggestive as to the alarming increase in the ravages of alcohol in recent years. Thus the official returns from the Asylum of St. Anne, in Paris, for the period 1872–1885 show that of 31,733 insane patients, 28 per cent of the men and less than 6 per cent of the women owed their condition to alcoholism. But of the patients in the same institution in the year 1900, according to Dr. Legrain, no fewer than 51 per cent of the men and 22 per cent of the women were alcoholics.

Altogether similar are the returns from the asylums of Vienna. According to Tilkowski, 14,391 insane patients were under treatment there during the period 1871–1882; and of these 25 per cent of the men were the victims of alcohol. At the International Congress Against Alcohol, held in Vienna in 1901, it was shown that the corresponding percentages for these institutions had grown to over 31 per cent for the period 1885–1896. For the years 1894 and 1895 the figures rose to just over 40 per cent.

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"It is well known," comments Dr. Tilkowski, "that the abuse of alcohol constitutes one of the most important causes, and, indeed, in the large cities distinctly the most important cause, of mental diseases among men." Be it noted that these statistics and this testimony come from a land where the chief alcoholic beverage is a light and supposedly innocuous beer.

The returns from that other stronghold of beer, the German Empire, are no less conclusive. Drs. Baer and Laquer report that in the asylums for the insane in Prussia, in the years 1880–1883, the proportion of alcoholics among the male patients was 30 to 32 per cent. In 1886 the proportion had risen to 35 per cent; in 1887 to 37 per cent; in 1888 to 40 per cent. If cases of congenital idiocy were included in the estimate, the power of alcohol made itself felt, in the last-named year, to the extent of 45.5 per cent. The reports of individual asylums of Prussia are altogether confirmatory. Thus Dr. Nasse, at Siegburg, found alcohol a factor in the causation of insanity among 27 per cent of the male patients in the institution; Dr. Jung, in Lebus, places the figure at 25 per cent of all admissions; and Dr. Pelham, at Grafenberg, reports 22 per cent of male patients in the same category. From other parts of the Empire comes the same story; and it seems clear that Dr. Stark's estimate that at least 25 per cent of all the insane men in Germany are victims of alcoholism is a conservative estimate.

The Conservatism of Statistics

Let me add a word, however, about the significance of precise statistics. Few people who have not had practical experience in the matter can be aware how difficult it is to secure from the friends of patients brought to an institution for mental diseases a correct history of the patient's habits of life, when they have not been exemplary. Where alcoholism or the hereditary taint so often associated with it are in question, it is peculiarly difficult to get at the facts of the case. A reminiscence of the old idea that mental derangement implies, if not exactly a curse, at least a reproach, still lingers in the popular mind; and the friends appear to think it almost a point of honor to find some tangible cause for the affliction that will reflect no discredit upon either themselves or the patient.

The result is that in a very large number of cases where a history of alcoholism in the patient or his ancestors complicates a case of insanity, no knowledge of that history comes to the physicians of the asylum to which the patient is sent for treatment. The different degrees of zeal exercised by different physicians in striving to investigate these histories accounts in considerable measure for the varying statistics of different asylums. But the vital point I would have the reader bear in mind is this: Any error in the statistics as to the share of alcohol in producing insanity is sure to be on the conservative side, since many family histories will remain obscure after the fullest practicable investigation, whereas very few cases indeed will be ascribed to intemperance unless there is clear and positive evidence for such ascription. When, therefore, we find the investigators of many lands ascribing to alcohol a causative relation to from 25 to 50 per cent of all cases of insanity, we need not be very greatly concerned as to discrepancies in the exact figures of the various estimates, but may advantageously reflect that the lowest figures are quite startling enough, and that even so these figures, in any given case, are almost certain to understate rather than to overstate the truth.

It must be obvious that similar difficulties are to be met in determining the precise influence of alcohol upon other social conditions. The criminal and the pauper, for example, do not as a rule admit that their downfall was due to alcohol so long as they can conceal the fact; hence the statistics that deal with alcohol and crime and with alcohol and pauperism must be expected to lack something of complete reliability — but also to err only on the side of conservatism.

Alcohol as a Chief Cause of Crime

According to the modern view, criminality implies, to some extent, defective mentality. A man with normal mental vision realizes intuitively that a law-abiding course enhances his own interests as well as those of the community. If he departs from such a course, it is only under the stress of an unusual temptation, or at a time when his judgment is impaired — in particular, that judgment as to social relations which we commonly speak of as "moral sense." Now, it is a characteristic effect of alcohol to produce impairment of this highest mental faculty while at the same time stimulating various lower propensities and passions. We might infer almost without argument, therefore, that an agent which inflames the passions and lowers the moral sense must make for the commission of crime. This inference, as regards alcohol, is abundantly justified by everyday experience; yet perhaps few people fully appreciate the power of this agent to interfere with the orderly course of society. It is rather startling, for example, to read the declaration of the Lord Chief Justice of England that, "if sifted, nine-tenths of the crime of England and Wales could be traced to drink." But when we examine the

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abundant statistics and note the force of their unsifted and therefore highly conservative verdict, we are led to feel that the estimate is by no means unreasonable, and that it may be applied with equal justice to practically every civilized nation.

Thus the famous investigation of the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor Statistics revealed the fact that 84 per cent of all the criminals under conviction in the correctional institutions of that State owed "the condition which induced the crime" to intemperate habits. The investigation included the inmates of such minor correctional institutions as jails and workhouses, a very large proportion of whom were arrested for being "drunk and disorderly"; but if these were excluded, and attention confined to charges other than drunkenness, alcohol could still be made responsible for 50.88 per cent, or more than half, of all crimes. An almost identical result was reached quite independently by the investigators of the Committee of Fifty, who very carefully scrutinized the records of 13,402 convicts in seventeen prisons and reformatories scattered through twelve States. The investigation did not include ordinary jails, and therefore took no account of "persons convicted for mere misdemeanors, drunkenness, or violation of the liquor laws." The investigation was conducted with great care, in many instances by the chaplains, in others by the superintendents of the prisons and reformatories in question. The results showed such discrepancies as must be expected where comparatively small numbers of cases are investigated by different observers, the cases in which intemperance was a recognized cause of crime varying from 26.16 per cent in one institution to 72.47 per cent in another. The average, however, was 49.95 per cent, a percentage which the Committee puts forward with much confidence as representing "an approximate expression of the truth." It is very justly urged that the agreement between these figures and those of the Massachusetts Bureau (as just cited) "is too striking to need further comment."

It is of interest to note that the institution whose inmates showed the lowest percentage of intemperance in the above cited investigation of the Committee of Fifty was Sing Sing Prison. At first glance this seems surprising, since this prison is recruited so largely from New York City. The explanation is found in the fact that only first-term men are sent to Sing Sing, which therefore "gets an unusual class of prisoners; in fact, a great many are from the higher walks of life, men in business and the professions, as well as trusted employees, etc." It is a matter of course that intemperance should figure as a relatively infrequent cause of crime among this class of prisoners; yet even here, as we have just noted, one man in four owes his fall to alcohol. Moreover, it is reported that "of 233 cases of convicts in the Sing Sing and Auburn prisons, Mr. Dugdale found that of those who had committed crimes against the person 40.47 per cent were habitual drunkards, while of those convicted of crimes against property 38.74 per cent were habitual drunkards. Of the former about 38 per cent and of the latter about 43 per cent came from intemperate families. Among 176 habitual criminals, 45.45 per cent came from intemperate families and 42.46 per cent were habitual drunkards."

Results in Europe Parallel Those in America

These highly suggestive figures are closely paralleled by the statistics of European nations. Thus Dr. William C. Sullivan, Medical Officer in His Majesty's service, says: "Personal investigation directed to this matter in the English prisons indicated that about 60 per cent of graver homicidal offenses and about 82 per cent of minor crimes of violence could be attributed mainly to the influence of alcoholism. In the graver cases this influence was almost always due to chronic intoxication, except in some instances where an initial abnormality of mind had created a special susceptibility to the action of alcohol. In the less serious cases, on the other hand, as many as 15 per cent of the criminals acted under the influence of merely casual drunkenness."

"As far back as 1834," says Dr. T. N. Kelynack, editor of the British Journal of Inebriety, "a select committee of the House of Commons declared that to the traffic in intoxicants was due 'the spread of crime in every shape and form.' Later testimony (including that of numerous Select Committees and Royal Commissions) has affirmed the same contention. The Rev. Canon J. W. Horsley, formerly chaplain to His Majesty's Prison at Clarkenwell, estimates that 75 per cent of crime as he has seen it in prison work may be 'directly or indirectly attributed to intemperance,' and so experienced an observer as Mr. Thomas Holmes endorses the statement that '75 per cent of crime is in some way connected with drink.'" In Scotland, according to a report of the President of the Prison Commission, 90 per cent of the inmates of correctional institutions are directly or indirectly the victims of alcohol. Of 53,000 persons arrested for minor offenses in the year 1896, almost three-fourths were under the influence of liquor when taken into custody. In Ireland, it is similarly estimated (according to Baer and Laquer)

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that from 75 to 90 per cent of offenses against the law owe their origin to the use of alcohol.

Crime in Countries of "Light" Drinks

In France the association between alcohol and crime has long been officially recognized. The direct causative relation between one and the other was pointed out before the Anti-Alcohol Congress in 1889 by the Director of the Bureau of Statistics of the French Ministry of Justice. He showed that the consumption of alcohol per capita in France had increased in a single decade from 2.72 liters to 3.83 liters, and that the number of apprehended criminals had increased during the same period from 172,000 to 185,000 — with no corresponding increase of population. Enrico Ferri attempted to make the association between intoxication and crimes against the person clear by showing that, during the period 1850–1880, such crimes (including murder) increased and decreased in France from year to year in direct correspondence with the fluctuation of the grape crop. A large vintage was followed, according to his investigations, by an increase of crime; a small vintage by a distinct decrease; and the more extreme the oscillation in wine-production the closer and clearer seemed the correspondence.

A similar correspondence between increased consumption of alcohol and augmentation of crime has been observed in Belgium and in Italy. The same relation has been illustrated conversely in the more gratifying experience of Norway, where in five years the consumption of alcohol per capita was reported to have fallen from five to four liters, with an attendant decrease in the number of criminals in the proportion of 207 to 180 for 100,000 of the population.

Further to emphasize the dangers of even the mildest of alcoholic beverages, I may cite, very briefly, some prison statistics to show that the relation of alcohol to crime is much the same in beer-drinking Germany and Austria, and in wine-drinking France, that we have seen it to be in America and in England. Thus Baer investigated the histories of 32,837 prisoners confined in 120 jails and prisons of the German Empire. Of these 41.7 per cent were either occasional or habitual drunkards. Only 18.1 per cent of the women prisoners were drunkards, but among these the proportion of chronic inebriates was higher than among the men. Of male convicts, 43.9 per cent were alcoholics, and for certain types of crimes the proportion ran much higher.

In Vienna Löffler's analysis of 1159 convicts revealed 58.8 per cent as alcoholics.

At the Prison of St. Pelagie in Paris Marambat has compiled statistics covering a long term of years. His report, given before the International Congress at Budapest in 1905, shows that in the year 1885 among 2950 prisoners 72 per cent were alcoholics; in 1899 there were 2372 prisoners, 66.4 per cent of whom were alcoholics; in 1905 the prisoners were 1106, with 68.6 per cent of alcoholics. Of the murders, homicidal assaults, and assaults with bodily injury 83.6 per cent were chargeable to the influence of alcohol among the most recent group of prisoners; in 1898 the proportion was 88.2 per cent. Three-fourths of the entire number of convicts, in 1898, were recidivists, and of these 78.5 per cent were drunkards.

Whosoever is disposed to argue for beer and wine as harmless national beverages may advantageously consider the implications of the prison statistics just given. If it be said that many of the criminals in question were doubtless consumers of brandy or absinthe as well as of beer or wine, the contention may readily be admitted; but it is equally little in doubt that very few of the delinquents would ever have developed a taste for these stronger liquors had not the milder ones prepared the way. Considering the final results in their larger relations, there seems not much to choose between the beer of Germany, the wine of France, the ale of England, the whisky of Scotland, and the mixed drinks of America.

Dr. Gennat, director of the Hamburg prison, for instance, gives it as the result of his own personal observations in Hamburg that "at least 50 per cent of crimes of violence and 75 per cent of offenses against public peace and morals must be ascribed to the excessive use of alcohol; and that 80 per cent to 90 per cent of cases of habitual vagabondage as well as of prostitution are associated with alcohol in the rôle either of cause or effect." Such estimates are of course but general approximations; yet this one might serve as a fair enough summary of a wide range of detailed statistics.

Alcohol and Pauperism

It appears, then, that alcohol must be held responsible for about four-fifths of the anti-social propensities that make necessary the huge paraphernalia of police systems, criminal courts, jails, prisons, and reformatories that constitute so serious a blot upon present-day civilization. Were it not for the influence of alcohol, a vast army of delinquents who prey upon society, directly when at large and indirectly through cost of sustenance when confined in correctional institutions, might be living useful, productive lives as normal members of a normal society. Let us inquire to what extent the same thing may be true of that even more numerous body of unfortunates whose inadequate equipment for

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the battle of life brings them within the ken of charitable rather than of correctional organizations and institutions. In other words, let us seek to reduce to somewhat precise terms the relations existing between alcohol and the state of acknowledged dependency called pauperism.

The problem is an exceedingly complex and difficult one — quite impossible, indeed, of really accurate solution in the present state of sociological science. Nevertheless a considerable number of zealous and unemotional efforts have been made to secure accurate and scientific data among certain classes of dependents or in localized regions, and a comparison of these will give a fairly definite answer. Perhaps the most painstaking and comprehensive investigations in this line conducted in this country are those made quite independently by the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor Statistics and by the famous Committee of Fifty. The one took cognizance of conditions in Massachusetts only; the other secured returns from a large number of charitable organizations in various States. A comparison of the results of the two investigations is given in the report of the Committee of Fifty in the following words: "The results [of the Massachusetts investigation] show that in Massachusetts about 39 per cent of the paupers in almshouses had been brought to their condition by the personal use of liquor, and that about 10 per cent had come there through the intemperate habits of parents, guardians, or others. Our figures, based upon almshouses throughout the country, give an aggregate of a little less than 33 per cent of cases due to the personal use of liquor, and about 8.7 per cent due to the intemperate habits of others. While our figures are slightly below those of Massachusetts, they are much nearer to them than any other set of figures quoted, and this fact is an important evidence of their general accuracy."

It appears, then, that about two-fifths of the paupers cared for in the almshouses of this country demonstrably owe their condition to alcohol. Of that vastly larger company of dependents that are given outdoor or indoor relief by the almost numberless charity organization societies, it was found that fully 25 per cent were impoverished through the direct or indirect influence of liquor. An inkling of what this means when reduced to tangible figures may be gained from the reflection that New York City alone ministered officially, through the agency of its charitable institutions, to about 375,000 applicants in 1907.

The Destitute and Deserted Children

Yet another class of dependents came within the scope of the investigations of the Committee of Fifty — that most pitiable of all groups of human derelicts, the destitute and neglected children. "It is estimated that in this country about 16,000 children annually are deserted by their parents." But this group, after all, is small compared with the vast army of children whose parents, though not actually deserting them, are unable or unwilling to give them adequate attention. Many of these are never brought within the ken of the statistician; others receive attention from societies for the prevention of cruelty to children and from such organizations as the National Children's Home Society. From the records of these institutions the statistics of the Committee of Fifty were compiled. The result is startling, even if not unexpected. It is revealed that "nearly 45 per cent of the children harbored owed their destitution to the intemperance of parents, while nearly 46 per cent owed their destitution to the intemperance of parents and others [guardians, etc.] together. The worst phase of poverty occasioned by drink is thus seen to be in the fact, not that the drinker himself suffers, but that innocent persons suffer still more."

It is fairly demonstrable, then, that, as a minimal estimate, about two-fifths of the paupers in almshouses, one-fourth of the seekers of charity outside almshouses, and almost one-half of the dependent children in America owe their deplorable condition to alcohol. Few European countries afford dependable statistics for strict comparison with these; but the general relation between alcohol and pauperism is everywhere recognized, and in many localities studies have been made with the aim of determining the exact share of alcohol in producing the gigantic burden of incompetency with which every civilized society is handicapped. What is declared to be "much the most accurate investigation on record" in England was made by Alderman Alexander McDougall in the township of Manchester in 1883. The number of cases involved was relatively small, but the investigator himself interviewed each individual, and competent authority regards his results as absolutely conclusive for those particular cases, and therefore as typical of a large class. Pauperism was found to be brought about by causes directly arising from drinking habits in more than half (51.34 per cent) of the entire number of cases, which included "persons in receipt of indoor relief drawn from all classes, persons in receipt of outdoor relief, inmates of the female lock wards, and [a small number of] vagrants."

Collating the available statistics for England, Dr. Ralph H. Crowley, of the Bradford Royal Infirmary, reaches the conclusion that "were a careful inquiry to be instituted into the causes

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of pauperism throughout the country, it seems almost certain that drink would claim a proportion of one-third to one-half. When we remember," adds Dr. Crowley, "that the total cost of poor relief is in round figures twelve million pounds sterling [$60,000,000] per annum for England and Wales we realize what an enormous sum the taxpayer has to find under this heading due directly to drunkenness."

The Figures in Europe

Continental statistics as to the relation of intemperance to pauperism are less abundant than might be desired, largely, perhaps, because it is only in recent years that the temperance movement has gained a popular hearing in most communities. The oft-cited investigation of the German Imperial Statistical Bureau, conducted in 1885, is admitted to afford no reliable information as to this point, and various official reports as to local conditions are so at variance with universal experience — so contradictory of common knowledge — as not to be taken seriously in Germany or elsewhere. In Charlottenburg in 1898–1899, for example, among 4189 paupers only three individual cases are ascribed to alcoholism. Yet Charlottenburg is a suburb of Berlin, and in the great Charité Hospital of that city Dr. Siemerling reports from 43.3 to 51.9 per cent of alcoholics among all the patients admitted in two successive years. Referring to the Charlottenburg statistics, Dr. Georg Keferste, of Lüneburg, points, by way of contrast, to the statistics of sixty years' standing of the city of Osnabrück, where 56 per cent of all paupers were declared to owe their condition to drink. He cites also the reports of the German Labor-Colonies showing that of 44,539 men admitted in the period 1882–1891, no fewer than 77 per cent owed their condition directly or indirectly to alcohol; and he quotes with approval the declaration of Grumbrecht (a member of the German Parliament) to the effect that whoever has watched attentively for a term of years the work of applied charity in a fairly large city cannot escape the conviction that nine cases of pauperism in every ten must associate their condition with the use and abuse of intoxicants. "This observation," adds Dr. Keferste, "is confirmed by the experience of the city of Geneva, where 90 per cent of the cases in receipt of charity are reported to owe their condition to intemperance."

Of similar import are the declarations of Alderman Emil Münsterberg, of Berlin, that 50,000 cases owing their infirmity to drink are yearly cared for in the hospitals of Germany; and that of about 3,000 families left in need in Berlin alone through desertion, "in scarcely a single case is the severance of family ties due to any other cause than drunkenness and debauchery." Alderman Pütter of Halle reports that in that city of about 120,000 inhabitants, in the year 1902, the families of 175 drunkards received official aid, and 75 drunkards were confined in institutions, the total cost to the city being 215,000 marks. Pütter estimates that one-third of all the recognized poverty in German cities may be ascribed to alcoholism. Drs. Baer and Laquer accept this estimate as "not too high," and deduce the inference that the annual official expenditure of the German Empire in aid of pauperism due to alcohol is not less than fifty million marks. A widely quoted estimate published in a periodical devoted to the charities of Hamburg ascribes 50 per cent of the pauperism of that city (in the year 1902) to intemperance; and Picard, making universal application of a similar estimate, declares that misery and need follow intemperance like a shadow, and that the day which witnesses the abolition of drunkenness will witness also the disappearance of more than half the pauperism with which mankind is now afflicted.

By Way of Summary

It will be observed that these estimates, ascribing from one-third to one-half of the recognized poverty of the Fatherland to the effects of alcohol, are singularly in harmony with the estimates made for England by British investigators and with the careful statistics compiled for America by the Committee of Fifty. Such correspondences cannot well be accidental. They give secure warrant for the belief that at least one-third of all the recognized pauperism in the most highly civilized communities of Christendom results from bodily and mental inefficiency due to alcoholic indulgence. A similar correspondence of testimony shows, as we have seen, that the same cause is responsible for the mental overthrow of fully one-fourth of all the unfortunates who are sent to asylums for the insane; for the misfortunes of two-fifths of neglected or abandoned children; and for the moral delinquencies of at least half of the convicts in our prisons and of not less than four-fifths of the inmates of our jails and workhouses. We have previously seen how alcohol adds to the death roll through alliance with all manner of physical maladies. Did space permit, it might be shown how largely the same common enemy is responsible for suicides and sudden deaths by accident in many lands, for the universal prevalence of venereal diseases with all that they imply, and for a large proportion of such cases of marital infelicity as find record in the divorce courts. But these, after all, are only minor details within

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the larger scheme of human suffering already outlined. The insane, the criminals of various types, and the recipients of charity make up the great mass of abnormal members of the body-politic whose unfitness receives official recognition.

Let it be particularly borne in mind that the conclusions just presented as to the causal relation of alcohol to the production of each of these abnormal elements of society are as far removed as possible from mere sentimental estimates or pessimistic guesses. They are inductions based on careful surveys of evidence. Dealing with matters of great complexity, they are subject to a good deal of latitude, for reasons that I have given; but they are sufficiently precise to serve the purposes of reasonably secure scientific hypotheses. Considered as gages of the misery caused by alcohol, our percentages are utterly inadequate, to be sure. There is a vast host of victims of alcohol that cannot thus be classified, as a moment's consideration will show.

For every individual that dies prematurely of a disease directly due to alcohol, there are scores of individuals that suffer to a lesser degree from maladies which are wholly or in part of the same origin but which are not directly fatal.

For every patient that suffers complete mental collapse as the result of alcoholism, there are scores of patients that are the victims of epilepsies, neurasthenias, neuralgias, choreas, and palsies of alcoholic origin.

For every criminal that alcohol sends to prison, there are scores of persons whose moral delinquencies, induced or emphasized by alcohol, are not of the indictable order, yet are a source of suffering to their friends, and a detriment to humanity.

For every incapable who, weakened by alcohol, acknowledges defeat in the life battle and openly seeks alms, there are scores of individuals that feel the pressure of want in greater or less degree because the money that might have supplied necessaries and luxuries has gone for drink, yet that strive to hide their indigence.

But the members of all these vast companies of sufferers lie without the field of the statistician. They have no share in the estimates that have just been presented.

As we view this joyless pageant, the vast majority of its members impelled by a power they loathe yet must obey, a realizing sense comes to us of the tyranny exercised over humanity, generation after generation, by this arch enemy of progress. In the light of such a sequel there is ironical humor in the reflection that the medieval alchemist who introduced alcohol into the western world believed that he had discovered the long-sought elixir that would make man immortal, and thus was led in all seriousness to give to this most implacable of destroyers the grimly paradoxical name of "*Aqua Vitæ*," the Water of *Life!*

THE BUILDERS

BY WITTER BYNNER

WHERE that corner-house then stood,
Where your room was, and our talks,
Laths and doors and tumbled bricks
Pile their dust upon the walks.

No slow touch it is of time,
No quick blast of magic fire,
But the sure, destroying hand
Of the builders, building higher.

Yet these builders with their derricks,
They shall never reach so high
As a blue-ascending tower
We were building in the sky,—

Knowing not of us who builded
Higher than in all the lands,
Seeing nothing on this corner
Where a topless tower stands.

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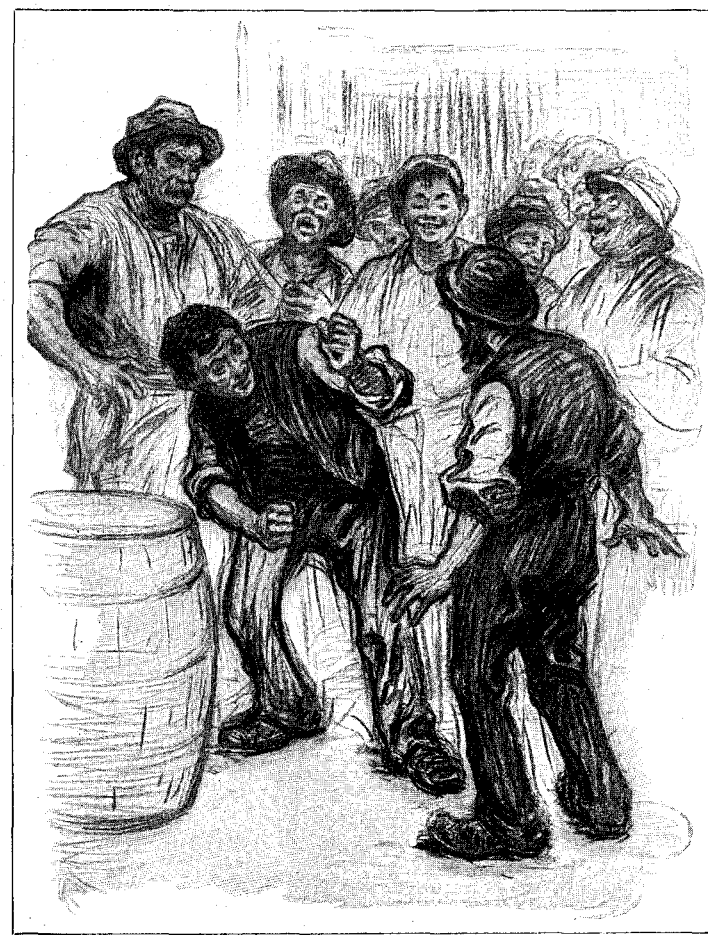

"GROGAN ADVANCED WITH A BURLESQUE SWAGGER. SIMON STOOD PETRIFIED"

SIMON THE GENTLE

BY

E. F. STEARNS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SIGISMOND DE IVANOWSKI

TANK-CARS, box-cars, a flat-car or two at the tail, the empty freight for Brandison's had been made up after much delay; she pounded along angrily now for the factory spur, fifteen miles away.

Forward, on the driver's locker, Kenny leaned from the cab and studied the crossing ahead. Some lively variety of foot-race seemed to be in progress along that Batesville highway — a single figure well in lead, a dust-hazed group running some hundred yards behind. Were they going to essay a flight across the rails before the freight? Kenny whistled warning and slowed down hastily.

On closer approach he gaged distances and

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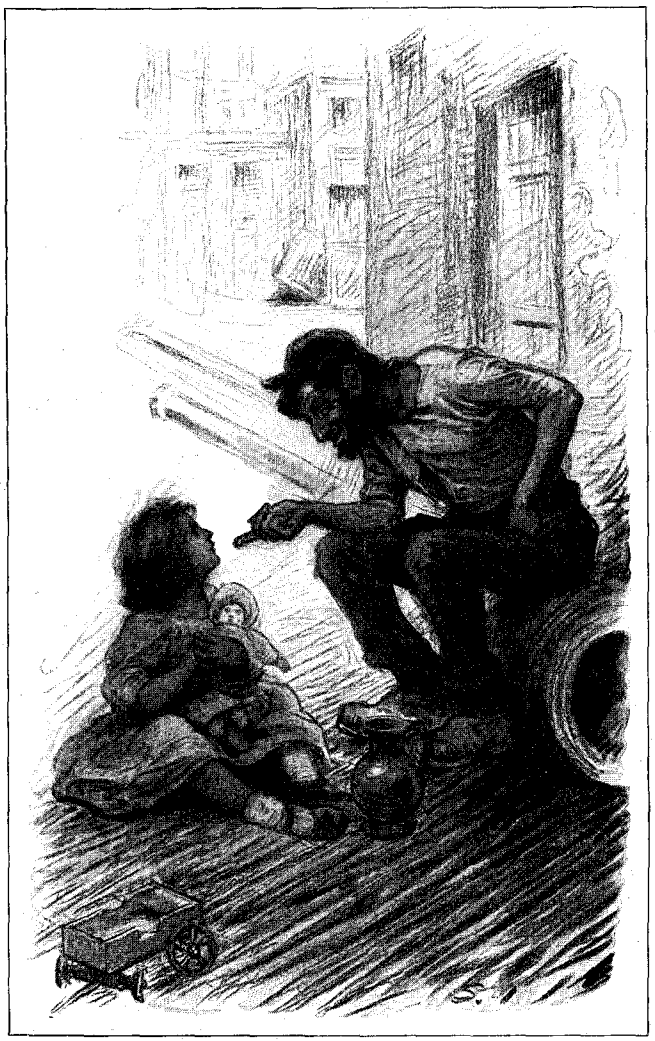
concluded that his empties could easily make the crossing ahead of the solitary leader of the chase, and after brief space his conclusion was justified. The engine rolled by, the pursued still too far distant for recognition. Kenny watched the odd figure with interest.

Head down, he was galloping madly, wasting energy with all the ill-judged exertion of the utterly untrained sprinter. Behind, the crowd traveled in like fashion, further losing breath in fruitless shouts. Whatever its cause, the affair tickled the engineer's sporting sense immensely; he craned to look backward; and then came the curve, and Batesville highway, the quarry, the pack, vanished.

Clegg, smoking on the last flat-car, remained unaware of the excitement until he was jarred from his doze by a shriek, rising faintly above the clatter of the train.

"Meester! Meester!"

He stared toward the sound, saw a wild arm clutching air above the car side. He ran to it, seized it, and dragged its owner aboard; and as the freight roared on, his astonished hands let the limp figure sink to the flooring, where it lay prone, face downward, catching its breath in hard, sobbing gasps. Off to the rear, he saw a dozen little spots on the track at the crossing, men, evidently, gazing after the train. So they had been chasing this dirty bundle on the floor?



"THEY TOLD EACH OTHER QUEER STORIES OF THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPENED"

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And he, in desperation, had leaped for the freight — and had made it alive!

Clegg studied the bundle curiously. It was a man — a tramp, probably. When they stopped to set the siding switch, they would drop him off again if he had his wind; meanwhile, he was company of a sort.

After a time the gasping ceased; the figure moved and finally sat up, and a pair of dazed black eyes fell upon Clegg. The brakeman grunted — a sheeny! Yes, sir, a sheeny tramp! He might have been anywhere between thirty and forty; his hair was matted and shaggy; his nose annihilative of doubt; his clothes were green in some spots and shiny in others. He was wholly unprepossessing, he had appeared under circumstances spectacular and hardly reassuring; yet even to Clegg's uncultivated perception there was something pathetic and almost helpless, though without a suggestion of appeal, in the ragged, round-shouldered, hard-breathing little Jew. His expression was intelligent, unwillingly suspicious, instinctively defensive; on every feature was written the patience of ages. In an oddly definite fashion, he gave the impression of a hunted thing, free again for a time, anxious only to go his way, so that he be allowed to go in peace.

Clegg grinned at him in friendly mood.

"Well, they didn't get ye, hey?"

The tired eyes lit up in sudden anger.

"Die! Ach, die Schweinen! S' haben's gesagt — die allen haben's gesagt ——"

"Hey! Hol' on!" Clegg's guffaw held up the cry. "Talk United States, Bill!"

"Vos iss? Ach, ja. Dey said I schwindled her — der voman in der vite house."

He caught his breath again in a long sigh.

"And I'll bet ye did, hey?"

"I tidn't! I schwindle nobody! Fife cent on der schange she say I do not gif her. She lie! Can I tell her dat? I say it is not so — I say I gafe it mit der rest. Vell? She call her husband — he schwear at me. He makes der shout — und den, plötzlich — dey all come, vun mans, six mans, feefteen mans! Dey hit me, der vun und den der udder vun, und I — I run avay und dey come aftervard, like you saw it. Dey take avay my pack — dey vant to kill me, yes!"

"Humph!" Clegg grinned his interest. "Peddling something, was ye?"

"Henderchuffs, shuspenders, liddle dings so, yes."

"An' they put ye out o' business, hey?"

"Vot?"

"I say, they took away yer pack?"

"Ja, all vot I had, dey got it. Middle in der road dey knocked it, und vun feller gave such a kick, und she busted! Gotte gerichte!"

"Well —" Clegg knocked out his pipe and straightened against the brake-bar. "That's a damn shame, sonny. Go back an' have 'em arrested."

"*Gerrested!*" The forlorn one laughed bitterly. "Vunce in Messachoozetts I did it. Dey put me in der schail for fife days!"

"Did, hey? Ye don't say!"

The conversation lagged. The little man took to picking off bits of soil from his hapless raiment. Clegg, after an interval, filled his pipe once more and doubled to shield the match from the rushing air. When he sat erect again, the refugee was waiting to propound a question.

"Vere goes der train, meester?"

"This here? Down to Brandison's works, if she has good luck."

"A fectory?"

"Yep."

"Does a feller get vork dere?"

"Huh?" Clegg grinned broadly. "Want a job?"

"Vot? Shooer!"

"You can search me!" The brakeman chuckled appreciatively as the vision of Brandison's brawny gang rose in contrast. "You can ask 'em when we get there."

When the freight jolted off the main line and headed down the spur, he went ahead to the brakes on the box-car, and the passenger sat alone. Thus he remained until, with a final clanking and rattling, the empty train came to a standstill beside Brandison's platform, and Clegg dropped down to his side once more.

The brakeman looked over the platform with twitching mouth; shortly he roared:

"Hey — Harry!"

"'Lo, Clegg!"

"Heard ye were short-handed. Brought a man for ye."

"Did, eh? Bully for you, Clegg!"

The foreman trotted briskly along the line of cars. Out there in the wilderness labor was almost as scarce as diversion, and this was the rush season. The accession of a good man was very welcome indeed, and the other's heart warmed toward Clegg.

But when, hands on hips, he had studied the new-comer for a matter of seconds, his gratitude appeared to ooze away.

"Well, fer God's sake, Clegg! Where 'd you dig that up?"

"Haw! haw! haw!" The brakeman buckled, jack-knife fashion. Knots of three or four sauntered down to see the fun. "Haw! haw! haw!"

The undersized one, albeit the point of the merriment missed him, smiled sympathetically.

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"You gif me a chob, meester?"

"Say, was you ever inside a factory in your life?"

"Vaat? Shcoer, I vas in a fectory — for pants in New York ——"

"Oh, yes! But that ain't this kind o' work. Look at them fellers rollin' salts up there! You got strength enough for that?"

"Meester, I got plenty strong genuff. You try me."

"Aw, . . . I dunno."

The foreman regarded him moodily. This five-footer was a thing of human shape, but was it a man as they regarded men out Brandison's way, during busy times? Could he put effective shoulder to a half-ton drum, or manage his end of a heavy vitriol carboy without disaster?

"You want to work for a dollar a day?"

"Yes, meester."

"Well — I'll swear you 're not worth a cent more. All right. Come along. What's your name?"

"Simon Meyer, meester."

"Gee! That's a new breed for this place. Get your coat off, Meyer. Hey, Mullen! You take this new man and give me Ryan for inside. Name's Meyer. Now, now, now, Mullen! That 'll do you. Well, I don't care whether you like it or not. This man can do all you need, and I want Ryan on the weak acid tank."

To a soul less inured to obloquy, such reception as Simon's might have been disconcerting. It worried him little enough, to all appearance. Remarks were made, chiefly in crisp Irish-American, that might warrantably have roused a wooden image. Simon remained unaffected. His philosophy, if not deep, included at least one great, sad truth: that a five-foot man has no claim to anger before the taunt of a six-foot man — and Brandison's crowd were mainly in the latter class.

Toward evening Hawes, the foreman, admitted to himself that Simon Meyer at a dollar a day might not prove altogether a loss to the Brandison people. For his weight, he was wonderfully strong and wiry; more than all, he was willing to a degree. When the skids were hooked for the loading of the box-cars, Simon did all of his share in heaving and pushing and tugging, and neglected to curse specifically each separate fraction of the load. Indeed, his words were few and very far between; his mien became one of thoughtful, solemn silence. He was working again and making money.

At the end of the week, his direct overseer had formed an estimate of Simon rather at variance with his first impression. Pound for pound of expended energy, the little man had struck an average rather above the rest. Hawes took to speculating on the manner of life of the new hand, and while speculating encountered him and asked a few kindly questions.

Meyer was living with Metzger's family — Metzger was the only German-born employee of the place. He paid the princely sum of two dollars a week for board, and when Hawes went curiously into detail, it appeared that Simon slept in the barn and tended his own cot. It was cheaper so, he explained, and he had to save all he could.

Not many days later Hawes mentioned his acquisition to Jimmy Brandison, the youthful under-superintendent; and Jimmy, who was fat and jolly and of an inquisitive turn, managed to run across Simon that afternoon, patching salt-bags in one of the sheds.

He watched the little Israelite in silence for a time, as he stitched deftly ahead with the heavy needle and coarse twine.

"You do that very neatly, Meyer."

"Ja, meester."

"Maybe you 've worked at the tailor business, eh?"

"Ja." Coming with a sudden drop of the under jaw and as sudden a return, the word was curiously short and sharp in utterance.

"New York?"

"Ja."

"Why didn't you stick to it?"

"All der time trouble, meester — inside der union, outside der union, oder so 'was."

"Aha! You're the fellow Clegg brought down, aren't you — the one that jumped the freight?"

"I come letzte Monday, ja."

"Those fellows in Batesville will be here looking for you," chuckled Brandison.

"Vot, meester?" The bag dropped quickly. Brandison laughed.

"I was only fooling, Meyer. Go on with your work."

The under-superintendent studied the patching process further, as he lounged against a post.

"Say, Meyer, what makes you look so infernally solemn?"

"Vot, meester?"

"I say, why don't you smile once in a while?"

The bag dropped and the little man stared ahead of him.

"I vant to go home," he said simply.

"Where — New York?"

"New York, na! Frankfort — Frankfort-am-Main."

"Oh, that's where you hail from, is it? People live there?"

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"SIMON AND HIS ONE FRIEND REMAINED BENEATH THE STAIRS, WAITING"

"Ja. My vife und dree childerrn."

"Good Lord, Meyer! Are you *married?*" cried Brandison, amazed, although precisely at what he could not have told. He sobered immediately, and the banter left his voice.

"Why don't you go home?"

"Got not genuff money."

"Pshaw! What's the passage?"

"It ain't dot, meester." Simon met his eyes with a faint, sad smile. "I can no go back same way like I come — vidout nodding. I go not back bis I take a t'ousand marks, German money."

"That 's the idea, is it? Got much toward it?"

"Hunnert dollar — liddle more, maybe — in der New York bank." He picked up the needle again and spoke rather to himself than the other. "Ach, if it gets efery veek four dollar more, it takes maybe not so long."

Simon had dropped into another of his periods of abstraction. Brandison stared thoughtfully at him, and walked away unnoticed.

In the yard he passed Hawes and stopped abruptly.

"Say, Hawes, that man Meyer's under you, isn't he?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, don't let the boys jolly him too much — I guess he's got troubles of his own — d' ye hear?"

"I hear all right, but the boys ain't stuck on Meyer's nationality. They don't seem to know whether to stand for it or not."

"They'll have to get over it — that's all. You keep tabs on 'em and make them let him alone."

But whatever good intent a superintendent or an under-superintendent may have, he possesses but a single pair of eyes. Many things occur beyond his ken.

Gentle, industrious, unobtrusive Simon Meyer, who labored hard by day and dropped to his cot in the barn hardly after nightfall, was a Jew and an oddity, and on both these counts legitimate game for the Brandison men. His presence supplied a rare bit of comedy; their appreciation of humor may have been elemental, but it lacked nothing in force; and one may add that in no case was the delicacy of its manifestation, either in speech or in action, carried to an extreme.

Perhaps big Halloran was the sorest thorn of all for Simon. Halloran dominated the rest by freely conceded right; when need came for a leader, in work or in deviltry, Halloran filled the gap. To Halloran, with his bull neck and rectangular chin, the scrubby dark person about on a level with his armpits made special appeal.

It was Halloran, for example, who, a month or so after Simon's advent, conceived an object lesson.

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He was passing the open door of the drying-room. Within, warmed by the endless system of sizzling steam-coil, the freshly crystallized salts lay on the shelves, dessicating in a temperature well above one hundred. Within, too, Simon raked them over and perspired and puffed; the intense heat was new to him and almost beyond bearing.

Halloran leaned upon the casing and smiled.

"Have ye lived a good life, Meyer, I wonder?"

The little man worked in silence.

"I spoke t' ye, Meyer."

No reply.

"Faith, ye've sinned!" sighed Halloran. "I see it in yer face now. D' ye know what comes t' thim that does wrong in this life, Meyer?"

"Better as you, maybe," issued from the corner where Simon raked.

"I doubt that sorely, me bye. Well . . . 'tis never too late to learn."

The sliding door was creaking along its track; with that closed, the heat would be intolerable. Meyer started frantically toward the exit, but Halloran's deep voice came solemnly through the last remaining crack:

"They burrn in the awful, blazin' depths o' hell, Meyer! Have a taste o' the sheeny kind on me, an' take warnin'."

The padlock snapped, and Halloran returned to the ground floor, happily conscious that this end of the works was likely to remain deserted for the day. Jimmy Brandison released the captive at dusk, in a state of pulp, and Simon hurried away, half dead but silent, with a silence that was one part mistaken honor and nine parts proved policy.

It was Halloran, too, who asked for Simon as a helper one day, because "he 's that careful, Hawes, a man kin trust him annywheres"; and, having snared the victim, led him away to another new and dreadful labor, the filling of carboys with strong ammonia. Various of the boys had been previously advised of the exhibition; they sat about mirthfully while Simon choked and gagged and strangled over the villainous rubber hose for the best part of an hour; and when Hawes finally dropped in and broke up the meeting, they dispersed cheerfully. It had been very, very funny.

A full three months had passed before the most palpable of all cruelties dawned upon Halloran.

At noon some three dozen were squatted about the acid shop, partaking of such lunch as circumstances provided. Halloran, a dubious mustard can unearthed from his closet, had opened a sandwich preparatory to anointment. He gazed at it long and thoughtfully; gazed then upon Simon; gazed once more at the sandwich. In the end he leaned politely across the cinder pile.

"Have a sandwich, Izzy. There 's more than I kin ate."

"Denk you." Amazement appeared above the black fuzz on Simon's unshaven face. He inspected the gift; and then extended it toward the giver, smiling and apologetic.

"I can't eat it."

"Ye can't eat it!" Halloran's thunder was terrifying. "Ain't it good enough fer ye?"

"It's ham." The smile was more apologetic still.

"Well? What o' that?"

"'Gainst my relichon." Simon returned to the black bread and herring from Metzger's.

Halloran arose lumberingly and scowled.

"Is — that — so?" he rumbled impressively. "Meyer, I offered ye a bit o' dacint food out o' the goodness o' me heart. Ye've offinded me! Ye'll ate it now whether ye like it or not. Wanst more, does it go down peacefully, or wid blood an' warfare attendin'?"

"I ain't allowed t' eat no ham," said Simon doggedly.

Over the cinder pile came Halloran, with a single stride. Simon foresaw trouble, rose to his feet, and backed violently against a post, and Halloran had him by the neck, the offending morsel in his free hand. The audience held its breath.

"Open yer mout'! Open — yer mout'!"

Simon wriggled hard, his lips compressed to invisibility.

"Put yer jaws apart now!" Halloran administered a fruitless shake. "Come on, do it aisy. She's goin' down yer pagan t'roat now, crust an' all! What! Have I t' squeeze yer nose!"

The scuffle was growing animated. But a lean hand shot upward suddenly, seized the greasy slab, and smeared it impartially over Halloran's broad countenance, while into his beplastered ears a shrill scream penetrated:

"I *von't* eat no traefe dreck!"

Simon, released, stood quivering. From the circle came a voice or two.

"Spank him!"

"He'd 'a' had ye licked in another minute, John!"

Halloran was able to see again. He shook his head at the excited little man.

"Nary a hand will I lay on the runt," he said. "An' there ain't a man here small enough that I kin ask him t' lick him fer me. But wan o' these days — wan o' these days, Meyer, I'll find somewhere in the length or breadth o' this country a dwarf o' yer own size, av wan exists, an' thin — aah!"

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The man appeared, a week or two later, as if sent for the specific purpose. Tommy Grogan came back from the West, where he had gone to one of the railroad camps — a midget man, almost, but a tight, hard bunch of sinews. Halloran had been his especial crony in the past, and toward evening of the day of his arrival, the happy and inevitable inspiration came to the big man.

A horde had been rushing the loading of cars during the afternoon. The work was over now, and the train had steamed out. Halloran, restfully yawning, shut his jaws suddenly and laid a heavy hand on Tommy Grogan.

"Wait, lad. McCray! Will yer ask Meyer t' step here?"

Reluctantly, and not without argument, Simon came. Halloran glowered down on him.

"Mr. Meyer, this is Mr. Grogan, the only grown man in America ev yer own height. I've brought him here at great expinse t' lick ye properly. Tommy, that brat insoolted me th' week gone — will ye kindly give him due an' sufficient warnin' an' soak him where it'll do the most good? Tek aff yer coat, Meyer."

"For vot?"

"Ye're goin' t' fight this bantam baby-bye here, t' wipe out the spot o' ham grease ye put on me face."

"I don't van t' fight!" Simon protested, wonderingly almost.

"Small doubt o' that, but ye're goin' t' do it. Git ready."

"I von't fight!" His eyes snapped toward the grinning antagonist.

"Hit him, Tommy," sighed Halloran resignedly. "Maybe that 'll stir him up!"

Grogan advanced with a burlesque swagger. Simon stood petrified. Grogan's fist poked him gently, and the humane crew laughed encouragingly. Simon's mouth opened to protest. The other fist closed it, and not quite so gently.

With electric suddenness the sequel came. A bung-starter from the acetic barrels lay on the floor. Simon ducked, seized it, swung it, brought it down upon the little Irishman's head with a crack that echoed through the long shed — stood then, panting, while Grogan reeled back into Halloran's arms.

A sudden roar of protest and condemnation arose. Grogan, coming around after a minute, groaned: "You lick your own sheenies, John," and staggered uncertainly for the water-tub. The rest gathered threateningly about Simon and chattered angrily, and in the midst of it came his own loud cry:

"It ain't fair? Vot ain't fair? Vill I stand und let him heet me so often he likes? If I smash him it ain't fair? Vy ain't it? Get out of der vay!"

And Halloran, mighty in disapproval, stayed the impending attack.

"Lave him alone, byes, lave him alone. Sorra the man here wants t' lay hands on a durrty cur like him!"

Their notions of fair play, if distorted, were firmly fixed; they sent Simon to Coventry after that. Far from resenting it, the little man offered thanks to his own particular God for the blessing. Their scorn and their condemnation were as much a matter of indifference to him as their former chaff and tolerance had been. They were not his kind; even with gentle treatment he could hardly have been less apathetic toward them.

Simon was then what he had been upon the day of his landing, years before — a solitary stranger, unable utterly to rejoice in the America that had assimilated so many of his like; a segregated atom, afflicted with an aching loneliness which only contact with his own immediate people could alleviate; the exceptional case to whom New World prosperity was mythical and Old World environment close to celestial.

But the end of the venture he had come to regard as sheer expatriation was becoming visible. Around his neck, suspended by a double leather shoe-string, hung a soft and ever-swelling bag. Three-seventy-five, three-eighty-five, even four dollars when it was physically possible, was the weekly tithe the bag exacted. The memory and the fingering of the little bag drew any small, infrequent sting from the isolation that was thrust upon him.

Yet Simon was not absolutely excluded from human society, for a time arrived when Mamie Halloran attained the age of six and claimed the right of lugging dad's dinner-pail across lots to the factory. Rather curious it was that Mamie Halloran should have been left to discover Simon's attractions, but so a mischievous fate ordained matters.

It was after Mamie's initial trip that she came upon the ex-peddler, sitting back against the factory wall, his meal munched to nothingness, in the mid-day sunshine supposed for him to constitute outer darkness.

The child considered him gravely from a safe distance, finally responded to his smile with a doubtful grin, and edged closer

"Hello, liddle girl."

"H'lo."

"Don't you vant to come here und see me?"

"Wha' for?"

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"Vy — so I tell you a story, eh?"

"What 'bout?"

"About . . . about der country vere I come from," said Simon.

"Ye — ah."

She made a final, satisfactory estimate of him, and risked it. When the whistle blew, she loitered away, puzzled and greatly interested. She mentioned him only in vaguest terms at home; and she being one of eight, her finding of a new playfellow received scant attention.

They became the greatest of friends, these two, the very best of comrades. They exchanged folk-lore bits, they told each other queer stories of things that never happened; they traded current gossip and commented according to their respective views. Halloran's attention was called to the affair a week later, by one of several who had waited patiently for him to make the discovery and exact fitting vengeance.

"Say, John, yer kid 's talkin' t' that sheeny every day — d' ye know that?"

"Is it so?" Halloran rose slowly and passed through the door. Simon and the child were giggling together over matters of purely personal interest. The Irishman stood above them for a while, unseen and silent.

"Ye have a good nerve, Meyer!"

The little man glanced up quickly.

"Ye have a good nerve, I say! Talkin' to a dacint Christian child!"

Simon smiled up at him queerly.

"Childerrn are childerrn, Halloran, if dey are Christians or Jews. She likes to play."

Halloran was silent. Simon's smile grew very wistful.

"Yust so big like dat must my liddlest vun be now — yust so big like yours. Und I ain't seen her in — Gott! how long?"

The father wheeled without comment and departed; and very shortly, as he settled to luncheon once more, an interested voice inquired:

"Did ye soak him, John?"

"Is that anny o' your damned business?" asked Mr. Halloran pointedly, and the issue died.

The friendship lived and grew in strength and beauty. Noontime was the bright hour for Simon; he found happiness unalloyed in the sandy pigtails and the freckled, uptilted nose — until the day of disaster.

Halloran had been working on the second floor that morning, and there he remained for the noon bite.

Out of the peculiar stillness that follows the rattling of many belts and the humming of big wheels, there rose without warning a high scream, pain and fright intermingled, a light crash, a series of poundings — and stillness settled again.

The crowd, running in, found Mamie Halloran at the bottom of the steep stair, white and silent and broken. The suddenly daft man who leaped down from above was dragged away in the very nick of time by Haverford, the superintendent, just as his frantic arms were reaching to crush the poor little wreck.

"Get back! Get back there, Halloran! Hang on to him, some of you men! Yes, I know she's your child, but can't you see her bones are broken? If you grab her like that the chances are you 'll kill her!"

They hauled him away, and Haverford bent down and gently felt over the lean, small body. An arm had gone — yes. And the right leg — broken under the knee and again in the thigh. He was not a surgeon, but his wits remained with him. He called for the carpenter and the unbleached muslin that was stored away for use in the filters.

When his job was done, he rose quickly and went outside to Halloran. The big man threw both arms around him wildly:

"My God, Mr. Haverford! Don't say she's dead — *don't say she 's dead, sor!*"

"She is not dead, Halloran, but she's very badly in need of a doctor. Take my buggy and go to Batesville — there's no engine, or I'd give you that. Get the first physician you find and bring him here. Meanwhile, some of you go for the child's mother."

"She 's not home, sor. She 's gone to town for the day."

"Well, we 'll have to do the best we can, then. That horse getting ready?"

The beating of hoofs died away; the long wait was on. Some of the men returned to work. Haverford remained by the little girl. She was coming back to consciousness now, moving. That was the worst of it; any single motion might send a bit of bone on its way to destruction. Haverford shook his head and called for a piece of planking; and when they rushed it down from the carpenter shop, he bound the child flatly upon it, gently as might be, but hard and fast. Even that seemed hazardous enough.

Her eyes opened slowly, and hardly a man but winced at the moan and the sharp scream that followed. They frowned, too; a woman's care was needed here.

Then out of the group hurried Simon Meyer and bent over the little one and talked. She grew quiet, and he nodded his shaggy head in firm decision.

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"Here, I sit down here. Gif her to me, in der arms. Ja, on der board, der vay she is."

He crouched under the stairs. Softly, with infinite care, they raised the board and laid it across his knees. A dirty, protecting arm wound about the child, nowhere risking actual contact, seeming without a single material touch to draw her to him. Mamie Halloran, fastening her glistening blue eyes upon his black ones, whimpering with the pain, obeyed when he told her not to move.

One by one the crowd dropped away. Haverford, the very last, left finally, conscious that matters were in hands more capable than his. Simon and his one friend remained beneath the stairs, waiting, waiting, waiting.

Wonderful were the tales he told that afternoon, wonderful the songs he sang in hoarse, comforting undertone. There were pangs of agony that came to rack the child; he crooned away their memory with strange, soft lullabies in a strange, soft tongue. There were intervals of suffering that brought a rain of pitiful tears, a hard contracting of the frightened face; he smoothed the lines with a flood of the jumbled English she had learned to know — and strained eyes and ears for the coming of aid.

It was long past four when the doctor finally did arrive. They lifted away the child, and Simon sat back and groaned with the pain of his stiffened limbs; and closed his eyes as the physician bent to the work he could not watch.

The end came at last, and the doctor arose and directed the placing of Mamie Halloran in the spring wagon that waited; but before he mounted to his place on the cart, he laid a hand on Halloran's arm. His words rose clearly in the hush.

"You're to stay here, my man; one excitable parent is all I care to manage when it comes to putting the child to bed. Before I go, I want to tell you something. Your youngster is apparently going to get well and be perfectly sound again, and it is more than a miracle. She can hardly have moved since the fall; any one of a dozen twists would have perforated an artery and put her beyond help long before I could have arrived. If that little chap who held her was the one who kept her quiet all that time, go over and give him all the thanks you know."

Halloran watched, statue-like, as the wagon rolled slowly away. Indeed, long after it had vanished, he moved no muscle. Nearly all the crowd were there, come to see the excitement; he turned on them suddenly.

"Byes!" They gave attention. "I have it from Hawes, who, I take it, got it from young Brandison, that this man Meyer is wantin' t' go back where he kem from, if iver he gets the price. Ye were paid last night, ivery wan o' ye. Is air a man here would rather have his neck broke by John Halloran than put two dollars in the hat here?"

His own small roll of bills, intact from the pay envelope, was dropped into the hat. He stalked down on them. Spontaneous or otherwise, contributions came readily. At the end of some five silent minutes of passing from one to the other, he walked straight to Simon Meyer, standing apart.

"Meyer," he said humbly, "av I've iver injured ye, forgive it. What ye've done fer me this day I ain't got the wurrds t' thank ye for; but the byes want t' give ye this bit o' coin. Tek it an' go back where ye 'll be happier, an' may the blessin' of God an' the Holy Virgin go wid ye! Here!"

The hat was thrust into his arms. Simon stared at the mass of green paper and silver, half stupidly.

"Vy — vy, I can't take dot!" he exclaimed. "I ain't no schnörer — I can't take no money dat vay!"

Halloran had fled for the door.

"Aaaah! Go chase yureself!" he directed over his shoulder.

After sunset, after the place was empty save for the small night-shift and the watchman, Simon lingered still upon the stair, alone with his happiness, in the faint light of the yard lamp.

"Ach . . . Gott!" He had bundled the treasure, well upon two hundred dollars, and crammed it into the bag only after great exertion. He clutched it with both thin hands and rocked back and forth on the stair and clutched it anew. He held it tightly — not money, but a dingy shop in a dingy little street, somewhere in an Old World city; a wife and a trio of black-eyed youngsters; a lifelong haven of gentleness and friendship in the colony of his own kind, his own people. He held — a home. And he rocked again, and the tears came suddenly, overflowing from a heart that had suffered long and unprotestingly; and the watchman above, stealing a pipe in the solitude of the upper floor, heard a queer cry, half wail, half shout: "Ihnen sei dank! Ihnen sei dank!"

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THE CLOSING OF THE RANKS

BY

MARGARET WILSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"AND this is Mary, I suppose?"

"This is M'ree, Grandpa. Kiss Grandpa, M'ree."

"How do you do, Mary? Your grandmother used to fret a lot because she couldn't go to see you when you were a baby. Her first grandchild — named after her, too."

"And here's Margareet Jones Eyling, called for her other grandma, and little Pearl, our youngest. Children, this is your dear Grandpa. Kiss him and say, 'How do you do, dear Grandpa?'"

Three gorgeously hatted little creatures piped up in a succession of overlapping greetings:

"How do you do, dear-Grandpa? Is there any little girls live near here?"

"'Do, dear-Gran'pa? Our piano won't come through *that* door. Will it, momma?"

"'r-Gran'pa? I don't like this place. I don't want to live here. It's not as nice as Jenkinville."

"Pearl, darling, I'm shocked at you. Would you have dear Grandpa live all alone? Of course you wouldn't. You're going to be real sweet and kind to him and cheer him up, and momma's going to keep house for him, and poppa's going to take care of his farm, and we'll all try our best to make him forget that poor Grandma's gone. She's tired, Grandpa, that's what's the matter. They were awful restless the last of the journey. I wonder what's keeping their poppa. He must have went round to the back to see after our luggage."

"Here he comes. Here's poppa," chorused the children.

John Eyling looked at his son with a slight chill of disappointment. It was somebody of his own he wanted, and this man seemed a stranger. What was it? The new way of trimming the beard? The shaving of the upper lip? Or was it only that the teeth were more in smiling evidence than of old?

"You've changed some since I saw you," he said, shaking hands with not quite his anticipated warmth of welcome.

"Well, father, it does brush a little of the hayseed out of a man's hair to go into business, and *that's a fact*," his son said complacently. He looked about him. "I can't see as things have changed here any, inside or out. It's the same old stand-still, before-the-flood place it always was, except —" the smile was in abeyance for a moment — "except it don't look natural without mother."

The old man's face softened; he gave his son's hand the pressure that had been lacking. "She knew you'd come, Gilbert. She said so. She said, 'I know Gilbert's kind heart; he'll sell the shop and come to you as soon as he hears.' That was the only time she gave in she didn't expect — didn't expect ——" he could get no farther.

"Now, Gilbert," chided Gilbert's wife, in an undertone, "you hadn't ought to keep Grandpa's mind dwelling on his loss. What he needs is cheering up. I hope you don't mind us not being in black, Grandpa," she said, returning to her ordinary tones, which were high and penetrating, but not altogether unmusical. "We'd just bought our new fall clothes, and Gilbert said it was the last thing poor Grandma would have wished, to have them go to waste. So I decided if I put a band on the sleeve of my ulster it would do."

"*I* wanted to go into mourning," M'ree pouted. "Vi'let Davis has been in mourning three times. Momma says she would have let me if poor-Gran'ma had passed away a month sooner ——"

"Sh-h-h! Yes, Gibbie, we'll have the trunks put here in the hall, and I'll get to work at the unpacking right away. I believe in making yourself at home in a strange place, Grandpa, and I always say there's nothing like seeing your own little belongings scattered about for that, if it's only a few photographs set up on your bureau drawers. We've brought

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quite a quantity of fixings along, and I'll get them put in place d'rec'ly dinner's over."

"She's always like that," Gilbert confided to his father, when the work of unpacking had taken possession of the house like a whirlwind. "The time most people are preparing to begin a thing, Emmeline has it done. I'll tell you right here, father, I've got the smartest woman on this continent for a wife. And as showy as she is smart — can grace a drawing-room equally with a kitchen, as I tell folks. Yes, sir, things are bound to hum when Emmeline's round. This time to-morrow you'll begin to wonder where you are."

John began to wonder already. He looked into the long, low "best room" with a bewildered sense of change; he missed the cloistered chill of the air; he missed the orderly arrangement of four books laid straight and four daguerreotypes cornerwise around the lamp on the big, one-legged center-table. The windows were open; in the flood of sunlight which poured into the room its treasures seemed shamelessly exposed.

"This is only a beginning, Grandpa," called Emmeline, from her perch on the step-ladder. "By the time I get it all completed, nobody 'll be able to tell it from a Jenkinville parlor. Folks take the good out of their parlors there; they don't shut them up and sit in the kitchen, the way you do in the country, and they don't have this stiff, old-fashioned look. You'd be s'prised to see how much style there is in Jenkinville, Grandpa."

"They don't have ugly black furniture in Jenkinville," M'ree chimed in. "They give parties. Are you goin' to give parties here, momma?"

"Not yet, my dear; it wouldn't be proper so soon after Grandpa's b'reavement. Momma 'll give a few quiet little afternoon teas to get acquainted. I hope you won't mind, Grandpa. We met with some real nice people on the train coming here, and we agreed we'd be sociable; he's the new postmaster over to the village — Simpson is his name. Now, Grandpa, you tell me if you don't think this is going to look real cute; see, I'm putting a big loose knot of libe'ty silk on the corner of the pitcher frame here, and there'll be another the same on the what-not, and several on chair backs. I always say there's nothing gives such an air to a house as a touch of libe'ty silk here and there. You wouldn't hardly know this for the same room; would you?"

"No, I wouldn't," the old man said blankly.

"Just wait till I get to the box with my rugs, though, and replace them for those rag mats. And my mantel drape — it's the sweetest thing you ever saw, Grandpa, made out of white wadding with wild roses trailing all over it. I hand-painted it myself. It's a pity you haven't a mantel to put it on, but we've a gilt-framed mirror, and it'll look just sweet under that. Now we come to the what-not. First thing is to throw these everlastings out."

She took a vase from the highest shelf.

"Leave that be."

"Why, Grandpa, folks don't use such things for ornaments nowadays."

"Leave it be."

"To be sure I will, Grandpa. To be sure I will."

She put the vase back in its place, and as he walked away he heard her explain condoningly:

"When people get to Grandpa's age, they're apt to be a little notional. Like as not poor Grandma plucked them everlastings and put them up there. I'll leave them till he forgets; then I can throw them away and he'll never miss them."

Margaret followed him to the kitchen.

"Dear-Gran'pa, did poor-Gran'ma pluck them everlastings?"

The old man turned away in silence. He went upstairs and shut himself into his bedroom.

Mechanically he set about his usual Saturday work of brushing his broadcloth suit for church. That finished, he laid out a collar and cravat. He looked at the cravat with puckered brows. It was his weekly recurring problem. He had not been in church since his wife's death, because he could not tie it; she had always tied it for him. And now he discovered in himself an unexpected reluctance to appeal for help to his son or daughter-in-law.

Half an hour later he was stealing shamefacedly out of the house and taking his way toward the village store.

"I'd like to look at your stock of black ties, Mr. Moore," he said to the proprietor.

He picked out a made-up necktie and examined its mechanism. He could put that on without help, but how could he appear among his old neighbors in it? He felt that it would declass him.

Some one came into the store.

"Good evening, Mr. Marler. That's a tie of good quality, Mr. Eyling," said the storekeeper with emphasis, looking curiously from one customer to the other. It pleased him to see that both countenances maintained an expression of the most unflinching indifference. He liked to point out the two men to newcomers and boast that they had not spoken for fifteen years. All the neighborhood took pride in the quarrel. John himself was proud of it.

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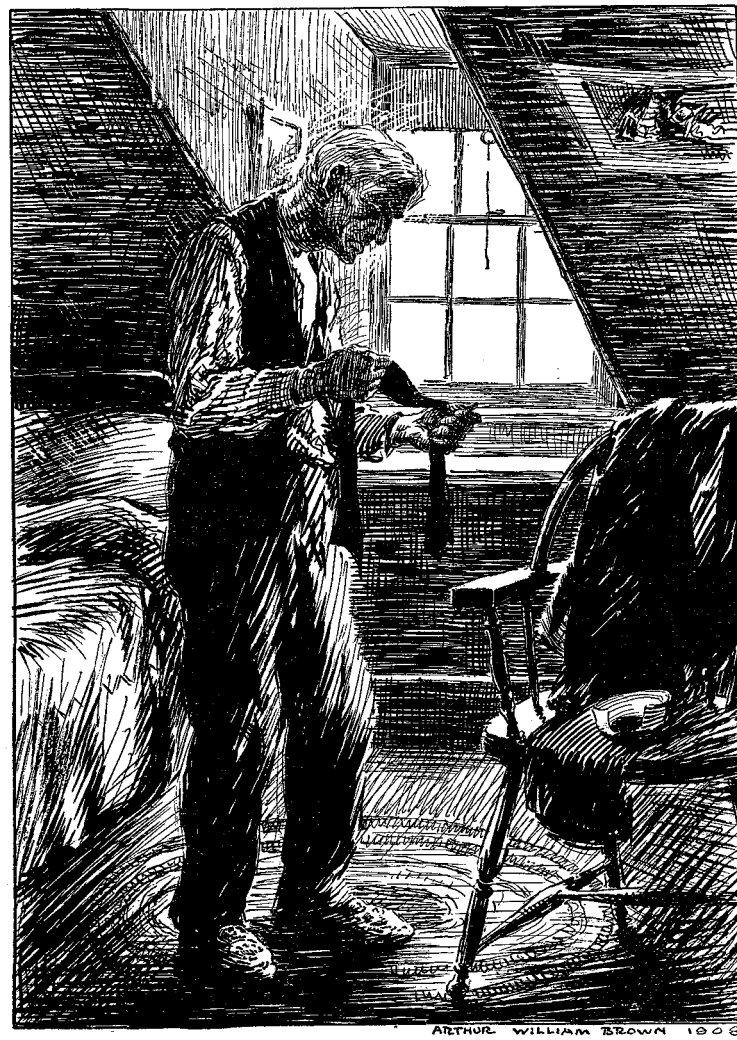
This evening, however, for some reason, it did not give him the usual glow of satisfaction to ignore Amos Marler's existence. He dropped the necktie abruptly, muttering that it did not suit, and left the store.

"Mr. Eyling has been looking over our newest fashions in neckties," the proprietor said to Marler, while he put the boxes back on the shelves. "Do you suppose he means to put on style to match those smart folks of his that came to-day?"

Marler had been gazing at John's back, with as little apparent interest as if it had been a hitching-post. He turned deliberately.

"It's no more my business what your customers buy, Mr. Moore," he said, "than it is yours *why* they buy it."

Mr. Moore was not offended. He was glad to have so characteristic a remark of Amos Marler's to repeat to later customers.



"HE LOOKED AT THE CRAVAT WITH PUCKERED BROWS"

Next morning John stood with the baffling cravat in his hand, trying to overcome his aversion to the thought of Emmeline's ministering fingers under his chin. He heard her step and half opened the door. She was drawing on her gloves as she went along the passage, with one elbow pressed against her side to hold up her skirt. A trail of musk was left in her wake.

"M'ree," she called back over her shoulder, "you can come with Grandpa when he's ready, and remember, darling, Grandpa can't walk very fast."

He could not make up his mind to appeal to her. He called softly to the over-dressed child following her.

"Do you think you could tie this cravat for me, Mary? Somehow I can't seem to get it quite right."

"Momma," the child called at the top of her shrill little voice, "dear-Gran'pa wants his cravat tied for him; he can't tie it himself."

The scanty blood of old age mounted into John's cheek. He stood still and awaited Emmeline's rustling return. He did not stir when, the deft fingers having finished their work, she patted him on the cheek, telling him he looked "real sweet" in his Sunday clothes and must put them on for her first afternoon tea. He had signed his declaration of dependence.

More and more as the days went on, he avoided the house. He pottered about outdoors, doing the odd tasks that had been left for late autumn, or wandered here and there over the stubble. But the fields, too, seemed gradually to alter their aspect; their old smiling welcome to him as master grew doubtful; they reflected Gilbert's hints of "what we've got to do next year."

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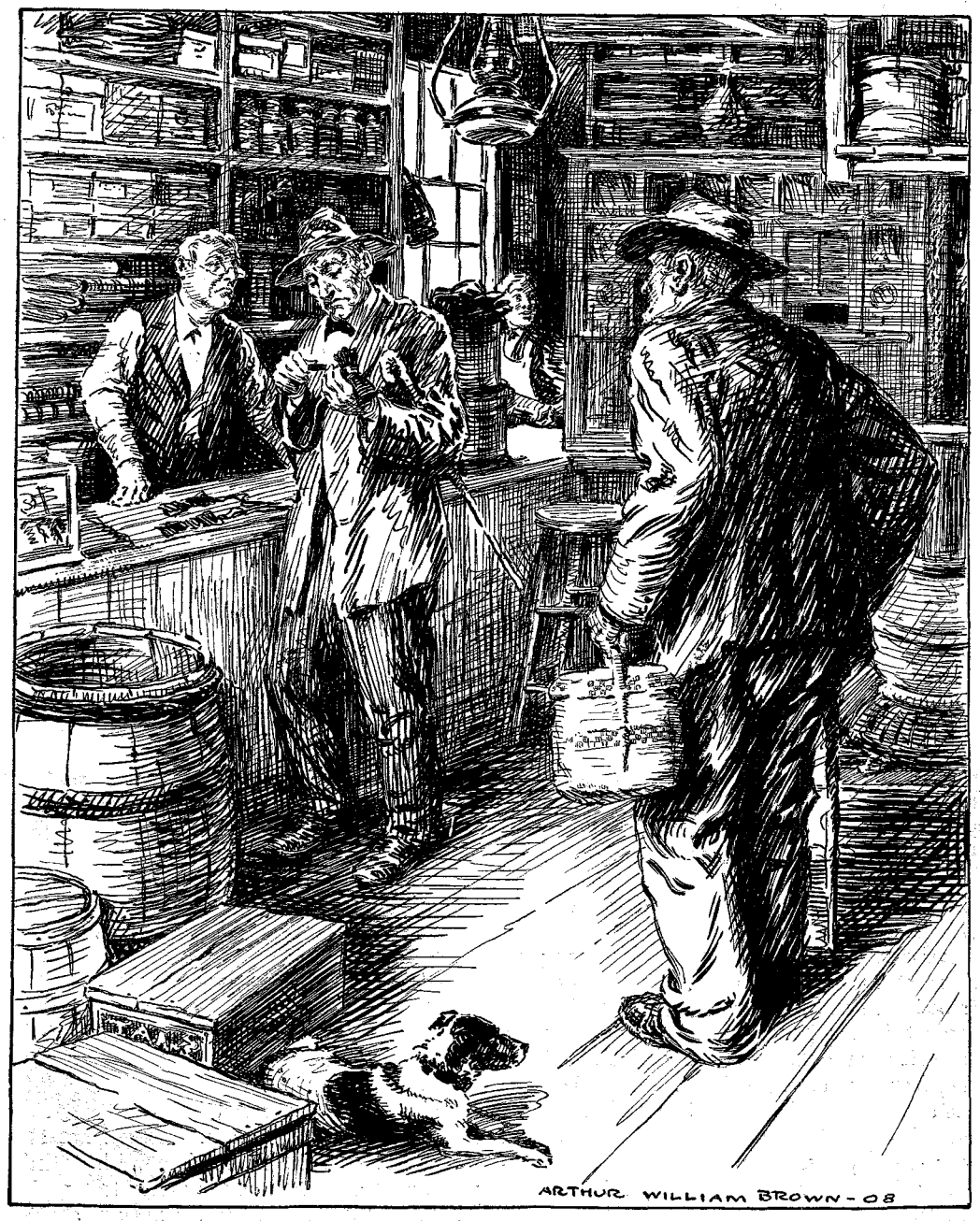

"'THAT'S A TIE OF GOOD QUALITY, MR. EYLING,' SAID THE STOREKEEPER WITH EMPHASIS"

"What these parts wants is modern methods — modern methods," Gilbert repeated, as if he liked the sound of the words. They were at tea, and while he talked his little white teeth were working as nimbly as a squirrel's. "I've been round talking to the neighbors, and I find they're all farming on the same lines they did when I left here. By the way, I got a rough welcome across the road."

John raised his head with a start. "You didn't go to Amos Marler's!"

"Why not, Grandpa? I know you and him had a misunderstanding, but I didn't propose to let that make no difference. When a man goes out into the world, he gets more liberal in his feelings."

"Misunderstanding! Why, man, we haven't spoke for fifteen year. What did he say to you?"

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"He told me to take my smug face out of his sight, he was on ill terms with all of my name."

John chuckled. "That sounds like Amos Marler. Your smug face! Was that all?"

"I told him I was aware you had had a difference with him, but I didn't desire to be bad friends with him on that account — that in fact I thought you might have acted a little foolish about it. I said I wasn't acquainted with the full facts of the case, but I'd always understood you'd fell out about some building sand you were drawing off of him, and for my part I thought it was a pity to let a few loads of sand make bad blood between neighbors, and if I could effect a reconciliation I'd be pleased to do so. Well, sir, if he didn't take the pipe out of his mouth and tell me John Eyling was ten times the man I'd ever be, and without he'd changed very much he wouldn't thank any such a high-bred popinjay for to patronize him."

"Hybrid," prompted John.

"Well, hybrid or some such term. 'I like a farmer,' says he, 'and I've no grudge against a shopkeeper, but I do hate most awfully to see a layer of shopkeeper spread over a subsoil of farmer.' "

"You brought it on yourself," said John, swallowing down a variety of emotions with his gulp of tea. "I hope you'll know better than to lay yourself open to such a snubbing again. You might wait till you get a little more experience before you go round teaching farmers how to farm. Where did you get so much knowledge, anyway? In the shop?"

"Gibbie, dear, Pearl is waiting for you to assist the pie," Emmeline interposed, making a face at her husband. He did not see it, and when he had attended to Pearl's wants he turned blandly to his father.

"Well, you see, Grandpa, it does sharpen up a man's wits to go into business, and of course I was in the way of meeting progressive people, and I talked to them all."

"I'll warrant you did," muttered his father.

"And the conclusion I've come to is that you're away behind the times here, and if we want to get in the front row, we've got to hustle. But enterprise ain't much use without capital, and the first thing we've to do, sir, is to raise money on this place."

"Not one cent!" John's voice was shaking with anger. "Do you hear? Not one cent! You may fool with your modern methods as much as you like till it comes to mortgaging the farm, but that you 'll never do while I'm alive."

Emmeline leaned forward and sent one of her audible asides the length of the table.

"HE LAID HIS ARMS ACROSS THE TOP OF THE GATE AND LEANED HEAVILY UPON THEM"

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"Now, Gilbert, what's the good of getting your father all riled up like that? I'm s'prised at you. Of course you're going to run the farm after your own ideas, and nobody can't blame you for it, but you take Grandpa the right way and he'll give you no trouble. A little management is all he needs. Old people have got to be humored."

John pushed away his plate and went out. Across the road he could see a figure passing backward and forward about a fodder heap.

"It would feel good to be quarreling with Amos again, man to man," he said to himself. "It would feel good to be treated equal!"

He laid his arms across the top of the gate and leaned heavily upon them. The wind cooled his hot cheeks, and by degrees the heat within cooled too.

The figure left the fodder heap and moved toward the road. John looked assiduously in another direction.

"Queer how folks are made," he mused wistfully. "They can quarrel, year in, year out, and be none the worse friends for it, and then some day they have a quarrel that doesn't seem of no more account than the others, but it lasts. What was there to make us both so mad that day? 'A few loads of sand!' Not likely." He chuckled. "I notice he didn't get out of Amos what the real trouble was. I guess neither of us haven't ever told anybody that."

The field was empty now. In a few minutes there was the figure on the bench at the front door of the opposite house, and the smell of tobacco came in wafts across the road.

"If it hadn't 'a' been for that day," John thought, "I'd likely be going over there now to smoke a pipe with him. He'd call me John — not Grandpa, just John. Grandpa! Grandpa! If anybody'd ever told me I'd get to hate that name so, I wouldn't of believed them." He stood at the gate till the wind chilled him. "Well, I guess I won't ever be called John again in this world," he said, turning his back upon his neighbor's house and going slowly toward his own, pricked by some compunctions because his heart yearned more toward his old enemy than his own people.

The sound of the piano met him. M'ree was playing. Her father and mother were sitting side by side on the sofa, gazing proudly at her. Gilbert's arm was thrown around his wife. Pearl nestled in his other arm, and Margareet was sitting on the floor with her head against her mother's knee. A happy, affectionate family, kindly disposed toward each other and all the world; and when they saw the lonely old man in the doorway, they smiled and beckoned to him. But the group was complete without him; he went to the kitchen and smoked his evening pipe.

The kitchen was his haven of refuge on the day of Mrs. Gilbert Eyling's first afternoon tea. He hoped to be forgotten there, but he soon heard his daughter-in-law's voice, high above the babble of conversation that came to him from the parlor:

"Where's dear Grandpa, children?"

"I think he's getting on his good clothes, momma."

"No, he ain't; he's sittin' by hisself in the kitchen."

"Grandpa will insist on sitting in the kitchen, though I tell him the best ain't none too good for daily use. Run out, Pearl darling, slip your little hand in his and tell him prettily that momma 'd like him to come in and see her friends. It's largely on his account I'm entertaining; I thought it would liven him up."

The little messenger returned, holding her grandfather by the hand, and led him into the room. He felt as if he were in the center of a big revolving kaleidoscope. Bright-colored silk waists were dotted over the room, moving about him in ever-changing combinations; the room itself seemed to whirl.

Emmeline stopped him to adjust his cravat.

"Why, Grandpa, what have you been doing to get your tie all round under one ear? I tied it straight half an hour ago. This is the only kind of necktie Grandpa 'll wear," she explained, making a laughing grimace over her shoulder. "I believe he'd as soon go to the village barber to be shaved as put on the kind like Gilbert wears. You prefer to stick to your old ways, don't you, Grandpa?"

She introduced him to Mrs. Simpson. It was she who wore the red silk waist, and the pink, mauve, green, and electric blue ones belonged to the grown-up daughters, to whom he was presented next. It was evident that they all thought him an old bore; and the grown-up son addressed him as Grandpa. John retired into his shell.

"And here are guests I don't need to make you acquainted with, Grandpa. You remember Mr. and Mrs. Waite, I'm sure," Emmeline said coaxingly. "They're neighbors of yours. Mr. Waite is an old chum that Gilbert looked up."

He sat down beside honest, stupid Tom Waite and his wife. "Come and have a cup of afternoon tea," was a new form of invitation in the neighborhood and had frightened these two simple people until Gilbert reassured them by explaining that it was merely a glorified form of the old haymaking "four o'clock." They were gazing about them in admiring wonder;

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every time Tom's eye fell upon Gilbert, his face broke into a broad smile of affection and pride.

"Man! it's fine to see Gib come back looking so brisk and spruced up," he said. "But I always knowed it was in Gib. Him and his will be great company for you in your loneliness, Mr. Eyling."

"Yes, Grandpa is living his youth over again in his grandchildren," said Emmeline sweetly.

"I'm sure," assented Mrs. Waite. She sighed and murmured the "Poor Mrs. Eyling!" required by local convention.

"There never was a kinder woman," said Tom in his big voice. "Many's the good word she said for me and Gib when we were boys. I mind how she interceded for us two the day I drove over for to see if you'd let Gib take a day off and come to the show fair at Ember. You wouldn't hear to it at first. When old Mr. Marler over there put in his word and said how young fellows hadn't no right to idle—how it made them discontented and all that — I thought it was all up with us; but next thing I knew, you'd turned right round and begun to argy on the other side, and the upshot was you let Gib go. Do you mind that, Gib?" he called across the room.

Gilbert looked up long enough to ask, "What's that, Tom? You and Grandpa raking up ancient history?" and resumed his conversation with Mrs. Simpson.

"He was an awful hard man to get on with — Mr. Marler," went on Tom. "I believe he used you pretty bad back there the time you and him had the quarrel over the sand you were drawing off of him. They tell me he tried to cheat you?"

"Do they, Tom?" said John Eyling caustically. "Do they? If folks knew as much as they told, this would be quite a knowing place."

Tom slapped his leg and burst into a hearty laugh.

"Well, now, if that ain't something like what Amos Marler answered back when Moore over at the store said how folks told him *you* tried to cheat *him!* I guess there's just two people in the world knows the rights about that sand, and I guess they don't mean to tell."

"That's so, Tom," the old man said more genially.

"But he was an awful man to argy, anyhow — Mr. Marler was. They say it's been the means of scarin' folks away from him, now that most of his own generation's gone — and not havin' anybody to argy with, his tongue's got bitter from keepin' it in, like. You remember the row him and Jim Gourlay had over nothing in the world but a tree. One said it was a spruce and the other said it was a balsam, and they had it back and forth till finally Marler told Jim he needn't go onto his grounds again till he give in 'twas what he said. Well, sir, Jim's had to go a half a mile around ever since, because Marler won't allow him to use a short cut across his place."

"You've got it wrong, Tom," said the old man slowly.

"Well, how was it, Mr. Eyling?"

"It was this way. Amos knows a spruce from a balsam as well as you know barley from oats, and if he didn't, it's not likely he'd argue with a boy like Jim Gourlay anyway. Jim just said to him, passing — I was out and heard it — 'If you'd take away this spruce, Mr. Marler, your place would look better,' and Amos answered back, 'If you'd learn a spruce from a balsam, Mr. Gourlay, your advice would sound weightier.' As to the short cut, it's more'n likely Jim didn't feel in a temper to use it after that."

"Was that the way of it, Mr. Eyling? That's not how I understood it, but of course if you heard ——"

"Oh, sometimes Grandpa don't remember things quite right, Mr. Waite," said Emmeline, with a meaning smile. Tom stared stupidly, first at her and then at his wife; and getting the cue from his wife, began slowly and uncertainly to smile too. A change had crept into his manner when he said:

"Well, maybe it's as you say, Grandpa. I dare say it is."

John stirred uneasily; then a sudden, strange patience took possession of him, and he said meekly, "You're right, Emmeline; my memory's not what it used to be. I'm an old man."

Emmeline was at the tea-table now, pouring the tea and giving the cups to the children to pass around.

"Do you see that?" Tom whispered to his wife. "I guess Gib has married a woman that knows what's what."

"Yes, Tom, and ain't she good to old Mr. Eyling?"

"Gosh, Jennie, I didn't realize the old man had gone downhill so fast. Judging from the way she talks, he must be quite childish!"

"M'ree," Emmeline called across the room, "that's momma's favorite bit of Limo-gees; don't give it to Grandpa. His hand shakes so, he might let it fall. I have a nice one here with 'For a parent' on it you can give him."

"I don't want any tea, thank you, Emmeline," John said.

His voice sounded high and quavering to his own ears. He seemed to himself to rise with a new stiffness and leave the room with tottering

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steps. When he went out and crossed the road, his shadow in front of him looked like the shadow of a bent old man. His eyes blinked in the sunlight. His lips moved.

One of his fields lay on the other side of the road; without conscious intention, he was going toward it. He heard a step approaching and looked up with a senile smile; but when his eyes encountered Amos Marler's face, the smile vanished. His memory might be failing, but the last thing he would forget in this world was that he and Amos Marler were enemies.

He found a gap in the fence and tried twice to get through it.

"I'm too old," he muttered.

He heard a sound behind him and turned. Amos was standing looking at him strangely. He drew himself up with an attempt at dignity and went around by the gate.

He followed the path that ran along the edge of his field and led to the river, walking with one hand laid across his back. His head was bent; he did not look where he was going. Sometimes he hurried for a few steps, then his feet dragged.

Once he stopped and looked over into Amos Marler's field.

"There's the sand pit I was drawing from when we quarreled," he said. "I don't believe it's been touched since. I'd like to see it again," and presently he found himself sitting on a ledge that ran from end to end half way between the top and bottom of the pit. He didn't know how he had got there.

"I can't get out," he said to himself. "I'm too old."

His head sank, and he fell into a kind of doze.

He was roused by his own name. "John!" Amos Marler was standing at the edge of the pit.

"What are you doing there, John?" he called. "You'd best come up."

"I can't," John answered with a tremulous smile.

"Of course you can. How did you get down?"

"I don't know."

"Well, it's no harder to get up. Go round to where you see them cart tracks and you can get up easy."

John cackled foolishly.

"You don't know anything about it, Amos. You don't know what an old man I've got to be. I can't drink my tea without spilling it now. I've got to have somebody put on my clothes for me. I don't remember things right. How could I climb out of a hole like this?"

He wiped his eyes — not tearful from sorrow but watery with age.

"Do you know who you make me think of, John?"

"Old man Grimby that we used to mock when we were boys."

"No. The last time I was in the city I went to see one of them hypnotizers, and he had a

"'THAT'S WHERE OUR QUARREL BEGUN, JOHN'"

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"'OH, SOMETIMES GRANDPA DON'T REMEMBER THINGS QUITE RIGHT,' SAID EMMELINE, WITH A MEANING SMILE"

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young fellow on the stage beside him doing all kinds of foolish things, and at last he says to him, 'You're an old man.' Well, that young fellow begun to walk with a stoop and talk with a squeak right away. 'You can't do this,' and, 'You can't do that,' the chap told him, and neither he could. You act just like that young fellow, John, — as if you'd been hyponotized into thinking you were an old man. You can get up out of that pit as easy as anybody could if you only thought so."

"No, I can't. I suppose maybe I could be lifted out, if you was to go for help. There's Gilbert and Tom Waite and some others up at the house, having an afternoon tea. I'd rather stay here, though. I don't like a lot of people staring at me just because I'm in my dotage," he quavered peevishly.

Amos stood silently looking down at him.

"Well, John," he said at last, "if that's the way you feel, just stay where you are and I'll come down and keep you company."

He jumped down and sat beside him.

"I don't know but you're in the right of it," he said. "I guess you and me are gettin' along to the time o' life when we'd be better company for each another than for company in general. I guess we're two old back numbers, John."

John edged closer to him. "It seemed to come on kind o' sudden, Amos. It's — it's ——"

"It's disagreeable till you get used to it — particularly if you're alone." It was not intended as a reproach; the stronger nature had adjusted itself to the weaker more than half a century ago. "It mightn't be so bad with an old crony along you'd knowed when you was young."

"Yes," John said eagerly, "yes, that's it — somebody I knowed when I was young. The others don't understand."

"John, do you mind the last time we were in this pit together?"

"I do well. I was drawing sand away. I dug all along this side of the pit, half way down. That's what makes the ledge we're sitting on."

"So it is."

"It wasn't a money bargain. I'd been giving you some help, and I said I'd take sand in return. I asked, 'How many loads?' You said offhand, 'Oh, you may dig half the *depth* of the pit and all the *length* of the pit.' 'How about the width?' says I. 'What you can clear at a jump,' you answered back, laughing."

"It was a fool of a bargain."

"Yes, but it was in fun. You didn't mean to keep me to it. Only, when I got finished, you pretended you were checkin' our account by measuring the width. You jumped it and called back 'twas all right, I hadn't took too much. Then I jumped."

"And your heels struck the edge."

"They didn't. I cleared it with a good six inches to spare."

"There was the two marks in the sand where your heels scraped. I showed them to you at the time."

"Not the marks of my heels. Yours, maybe."

"Now, John Eyling, you know I could always beat you at a jump from the day I was five years old, you runnin', me standin'."

"Maybe so. I'm not braggin' of my jumpin', but I could jump *that* — I could jump that *now!*"

"Let's see you do it."

John's eyes were flashing, and he was breathing hard. He slipped to the bottom of the pit and climbed out at the spot Amos had pointed out.

At the top he stood puffing out his cheeks and swinging his arms for some minutes. Then he jumped and reached the bottom — but dragged a little sand with him.

"I could do it with a run," he said, and climbed up again.

The second jump was successful.

"Well done!" shouted Amos.

"I'll do it standin' yet," said John.

At the end of the third jump he turned triumphantly to Amos. "What do you say to that?"

Amos clapped his hands.

"That's more than you could do fifteen years ago, John," he said.

"It's nothing of the kind! I tell you I *did* it fifteen years ago. Of all the pig-headed, cantankerous ——"

"Well, well, maybe I am, John — maybe I am. How do you feel now? Younger? You've climbed up out of this pit three times in the last five minutes, so I guess there ain't no need for us to stay down here any longer."

"It does kind of limber you up, jumpin'."

They climbed out side by side. Amos turned at the top and looked back.

"That's where our quarrel begun, John. I guess we'd better leave it down there — and you come home with me and we'll have an afternoon tea of our own."

"Have you remarked the change in Grandpa?" Emmeline asked her husband a week later. "He's been like another man since the day I held my tea. It did him a lot of good."

"It did so, and do you know, Emmeline, I believe he's the better of making up with old Marler, too. What this neighborhood wanted was somebody to introduce more liberal feelings into it."

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THE ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN

THE HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED ACCOUNT OF AN EYE-WITNESS

BY

E. R. SHAW

NOT an eye saw John Wilkes Booth shoot Abraham Lincoln. Of all the hundreds in Ford's Theater that fateful Good Friday night of April 14, 1865, not one saw the deed done.

Mr. Harry Hawk, the only actor on the stage at the time of the assassination, had noticed Booth near the President's box a moment before, but testified that though he was looking directly at the President almost at the instant the shot was fired, he only heard it — did not see it fired nor realize, until Booth jumped, who must have fired it.

Captain Theodore McGowan, who was sitting in the dress circle close to the entrance of the President's box, saw Booth go in, heard the shot, and saw the assassin leap from the box and cross the stage. But he could only infer what had happened in the intervening seconds.

James P. Ferguson occupied a seat in the dress circle directly opposite the President's box; he had bought his seat after hearing that General Grant was to be there, and Harry Ford had helped him to select one that would command a good view of the box. General Grant not having entered with the presidential party, Mr. Ferguson was still watching the entrance to the box hoping to see him appear, when he observed Booth, whom he knew well, enter the passage-way leading to the box. He saw the flash of the pistol, and saw Booth jump, but did not realize what had happened until he saw the President's head fall forward, and saw Mrs. Lincoln clutch his arm; "and," testified Mr. Ferguson at the trial of the conspirators, "I was satisfied then that he was hurt."

Major Henry R. Rathbone, the President's guest, heard the discharge of a pistol close behind him "and, looking round, saw, through the smoke, a man between the door and the President." He sprang toward the man, grappled with him, and was severely slashed by the assassin's knife. Unable to detain him, Major Rathbone cried out, "Stop that man!" Then he turned to the President, and concluded from Mr. Lincoln's attitude that he was mortally wounded.

Neither Mrs. Lincoln nor Miss Clara Harris, the other occupants of the box, saw more of the tragedy. Like the rest of those in the theater, they heard the shot, saw the leap, and after one look at the stricken President, deduced the murder.

William Withers, Jr., director of the orchestra, happened to be on the stage at the time, conferring with the stage manager, and he heard the shot. He was, like all those connected with the theater, astonished — knowing, as many in the audience did not, that there was no shooting in the play. A few seconds later Mr. Withers was knocked down by Booth in the latter's flight toward the stage door leading to the alley. After the door had closed on the fleeing assassin, the orchestra director heard from the excited people behind the scenes that the President had been killed, and, stepping to the front of the stage, "saw him in the box, apparently dead."

Joseph B. Stewart, from a front seat in the audience, heard the shot, saw the leap, guessed what must have happened, and was the only man in the house quick enough in his jump at a conclusion to leap in pursuit of Booth. He chased Booth across the stage and into the alley, and saw him escape.

Walt Whitman was in the audience, but, like all the others, he was made aware of what had happened only by the hue and cry that followed.

Of all the scores of witnesses who were called to testify in the trial, which began May tenth, not one was able to say that he saw Wilkes Booth fire his revolver at the President. There was no need, of course, that any should so testify. Booth had declared his own deed as he cried, "*Sic semper tyrannis!*" and, "The South is avenged!" He confessed it many times to persons he met in his flight. And long before

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the trial began, those in authority had read the poor, mad boy's diary, taken from his pockets after his death, in which he expressed himself so piteously about his crime. But it was curious that, of the hundreds present in that small space, on an occasion when as much attention was focused on the President in his hour of triumph as was directed toward the stage, no one actually saw what happened.

No evidence was needed to convict Booth. By the time of the trial he was already dead, and lying beneath the stone floor of the prison where his fellow-conspirators were lodged, unconscious of his secret grave beneath their feet. But, so great was the desire to unearth the roots of the plot of which Booth was felt to be but a part, that every one who could give the least evidence about those fateful moments in Ford's Theater, was called to testify, and was questioned and cross-questioned minutely by prosecution and defence; for on this evidence, proving or disproving complicity, many lives depended. On it, eventually, four persons were hanged and four others were sentenced to long imprisonment.

In all this gathering of testimony, however, two persons were overlooked — two persons who saw and heard as much as any one in the theater, with the exception, perhaps, of Major Rathbone, and who witnessed more fully than any others in the theater the scenes that followed in the house of death across the street.* One of these persons was Captain Oliver C. Gatch, of Company G, 89th Ohio.† The other was Dr. Charles D. Gatch, his brother, who had been for four years an army surgeon in the hospital at Camp Dennison.

These young men rendered a service in a time of historic importance, but when they were no longer needed they melted quietly away into the obscurity from which they had come, without so much as giving their names to any who had shared with them the experiences of that momentous night.

Now, forty-two years after the tragedy, Captain Oliver Gatch breaks his long silence, and gives the completest narrative of any person connected with the events of that night.

Oliver Gatch was twenty-five years old at the breaking out of the Civil War, and lived on his father's farm at Milford, Ohio. In August, '62, he enlisted in Company G, 89th Ohio, as a private. His active service ceased soon after his promotion to the captaincy of his company. At Chickamauga he and his entire company were captured. This was on September twentieth, '63, and Captain Gatch remained a prisoner of war until the first of March, '65. He was taken first to Libby Prison, where he remained seven months and seven days. From there he was transferred successively to prisons at Macon, Charleston, Columbia, and finally to Charlotte, North Carolina, whence he, with two other captains, escaped by bribing a Confederate guard. After nearly three weeks of exhausting and dangerous travel, during which his two companions were retaken, he arrived in Knoxville on March twentieth and was received by General Stoneman, who gave him transportation to Washington, with instructions to report to Secretary of War Stanton. Before going to Washington, however, he was allowed to visit his family in Ohio, with whom he had had no communication for nearly seventeen months. His brother Charles was home on a furlough, and when Captain Gatch's leave expired, the two set out together for the Capital, reaching Washington on Friday morning, April 14.

Great stir and excitement prevailed in Washington. On Tuesday evening, the eleventh, a multitude had gathered before the White House and called loudly for the President, who, in a few simple, generous words, disclaimed honor for the victory the people were celebrating, commended General Grant and "his skilful officers and brave men" to the nation's praise, and besought for the conquered South a magnanimous treatment.

There were a number of illuminations throughout the city on Thursday night, the thirteenth, but many persons preferred to make Friday the day of special celebration, it being the fourth anniversary of the firing upon Fort Sumter. Although it was Good Friday, the solemnity that ordinarily attends that day was forgotten in the general rejoicing.

The two young soldiers from Ohio registered

* Of the accounts given at the time, of what took place immediately after the shooting of the President, the most comprehensive in detail was that of Major Rathbone, who said that after the escape of Booth he "rushed to the door of the box for the purpose of calling medical aid. On reaching the outer door of the passageway, I found it barred . . . so securely that it required considerable force to move it. Persons on the outside were beating against the door for the purpose of entering. I removed the bar, and the door was opened. Several persons who represented themselves as surgeons were allowed to enter. I saw there Colonel Crawford and requested him to prevent other persons from entering the box. I then returned to the box, and found the surgeons examining the President's person. They had not yet discovered the wound. As soon as it was discovered, it was determined to remove him from the theater. He was carried out, and I then proceeded to assist Mrs. Lincoln, who was intensely excited. On reaching the head of the stairs, I requested Major Potter to aid me in assisting Mrs. Lincoln across the street to the house where the President was being conveyed." Major Rathbone's wound from Booth's dagger was bleeding profusely, and on reaching the house across the street he fainted, and shortly thereafter was removed to his home. Miss Harris corroborated his statement, with no important additions.

William T. Kent testified that he entered the box "about three minutes after the President was shot. There were two other persons there, and a surgeon, apparently, asked me for a knife to cut open the President's clothes. I handed him mine, and with it he cut the President's clothes open. I then went out of the theater."

† Captain Gatch, who lives on his fine farm near Aurora, Indiana, is a handsome, ruddy old man of seventy, and in his community there is not a man more respected or beloved.

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at the Pennsylvania House, on F Street, and went out to mingle with the enthusiastic throngs that filled the streets. About noon, Captain Gatch was admitted to the presence of that extraordinarily busy man, Secretary Stanton, and made his report. After that, he had but one duty in Washington, and that was to collect nearly two years' pay.

It was late in the afternoon when the brothers reached the paymaster's office, and, as they were going in, they met that official coming out. He pleaded an important social engagement, and asked Captain Gatch if he would not come again, in the morning. To this Captain Gatch good-naturedly assented, though he had expected to complete his business in the afternoon and leave Washington that night.

The young men were not unwilling, however, to stay a little longer in Washington, with its many sights and its intoxicating air of jubilation, and seeing in an evening paper that President Lincoln and his wife were to attend Ford's Theater that night, they at once decided to go too. Both men had a strong feeling of devotion to Lincoln, and a chance to see him at comparatively close range was not to be missed.

Ford's Theater, on Tenth Street, between E and F Streets, was a new and handsome playhouse where the most brilliant audiences in Washington were to be seen. The management had offered Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln for that night the use of boxes seven and eight, known as the President's box and, when used by him, thrown into one by the removal of the partition between them.

The performance was to be a benefit to Miss Laura Keene, on the occasion of her nearly one-thousandth performance of the part of Florence Trenchard in "Our American Cousin," a play which had brought fame not only to her, but to Joseph Jefferson and E. A. Sothern—both of whom were in Miss Keene's stock company when the play began its enormously successful career in New York, in '58, but neither of whom were with the company playing in Ford's Theater. Miss Keene was making this her farewell performance in the play, and the occasion was one of some consequence among her many admirers, quite apart from the distinguished presence in the President's box. It is an insignificant but interesting fact that on the night in 1860 when the Republican Convention in Chicago that had nominated Lincoln adjourned, a considerable number of the delegates betook themselves, after the excitement of those stormy sessions, to see Miss Keene in this same play.

Shortly after supper Captain Gatch and his brother left their hotel and sauntered to the theater, enjoying to the full their progress through the crowded streets where, in the balmy softness of a mild spring evening, people were swarming to see the sights and mingle in the excitement that followed on the news of victory.

At the box office, Captain Gatch bought two tickets for unreserved seats in the balcony. Although the strangers were early in arriving, the best seats, in the center of the house, were already occupied, and they had to content themselves with seats rather far to one side — the right, as one faced the stage, or O.P. (opposite prompter) side, as those behind the scenes would designate it. The seats they took were near the end of a row and close to a handsomely decorated upper box which they did not know was intended for the President's use.

"From where we were seated," says Captain Gatch, "we could see the rear of the box, but had no view of the front. The passage that led to the box-entrance was at our right, and we could almost, had we reached over, have touched the sentry stationed there.

"The play was well under way when we heard a hearty cheering, which commenced at the rear of the house, and in a moment we saw the presidential party enter. The President came first, followed by Mrs. Lincoln, Miss Harris, and Major Rathbone. General Grant and his wife were not of the party, as it had been announced they would be. Lincoln walked slowly, his great body bent forward, his shoulders wearing a noticeable stoop. He carried his high silk hat in his left hand and held it in front of him, with its top down. His smile was a sad smile, we thought, for a man responding to such a deafening ovation as came from every part of the house. He entered the box first, closely followed by the others of his party. Then the sentry closed the door and shut off our view of them. As the crowd continued its wild cheering, the President stepped to the box rail and acknowledged the applause with dignified bows and never-to-be-forgotten smiles. In a moment he sat down, and the performance was resumed.

"I was fascinated by Miss Keene's fine acting. She seemed bent on doing her best that night, and the play was thoroughly absorbing. Now and then I could hear Mr. Lincoln chuckle, but I could not see him.

"It was during a lull in the action of a scene that my brother and I, cramped from long sitting in one posture, rose from our seats to stretch ourselves. While we were standing in the aisle close to the wall, my brother called my attention to a young man who seemed to be

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watching the play from a position against the wall near the entrance to the President's box. My brother remarked this young man's striking appearance, and I agreed with him, thinking him the handsomest man I had ever seen. He had a haughty demeanor, but his face was so calm that one would never have thought of suspecting him of any dreadful purpose. I noticed, though, how his eyes flashed and how sharp was their contrast to his pallid countenance.

"Presently I saw him edge toward the box without changing his attitude, and then enter the passage-way and close the door behind him. Almost instantly the house was startled by the loud report of a pistol shot. People leaped from their seats, only to resume them again when cries of 'Sit down!' 'Down in front!' came from different parts of the house, where the auditors thought the shot was part of the play. The men in the orchestra, who knew better, looked around, bewildered. The thing had occurred when there was but one person on the stage, and he, like the members of the orchestra, seemed startled. Then the bluish-white smoke drifted slowly out of the President's box, there came a woman's heart-rending shriek, and in the same instant I saw the handsome young man leap from the box, catching his spur in the flags that decorated the front as he fell. He was thrown heavily to the stage floor, alighting on his left side. It was evident that he was injured by the fall, but as quick as a flash he sprang to his feet and darted across the stage in full view of the audience. In his flight he brandished a dagger and shouted in a loud voice and in a melodramatic manner, '*Sic semper tyrannis!*'

"Then the crowd went mad. A wilder sight I never saw, not in battle, even. Stunned at first, the people awoke and blazed with fierce passion against the murderer, yelling, 'Hang him! Hang him!' They shouted and screamed and shrieked hysterically in every conceivable tone and key. While this bedlam was going on, there began the mad, terror-stricken clambering of the people toward the exits.

"In less than a minute after the shot was fired some one called to me to bring a doctor. I answered that my brother was a surgeon, and a man literally dragged us into the box where the wounded President sat, unconscious, his head fallen on his breast. On entering, we found Miss Harris and Major Rathbone opening Lincoln's collar and examining his breast in an effort to locate the wound. My brother introduced himself as a physician and made haste to find the wound. He raised the President's head to a more erect position, and in so doing his index finger on the left hand came in contact with a jagged hole in the back of Mr. Lincoln's head near the left ear, from which the brain was oozing. Turning to Major Rathbone, my brother said, 'Here is the wound and it is fatal.'

"While my brother and I laid the President on the floor and held a handkerchief over the wound, Major Rathbone sent a messenger for Surgeon-General Barnes. No one seemed to know just what to do. Major Rathbone was suffering from his wound and nearly prostrated by the awful calamity. Miss Keene, who had hastened to the box, was with Miss Harris occupied in ministering to poor, distracted Mrs. Lincoln.

"It seemed, for a few moments, as if we were all paralyzed. Then my brother broke the silence in our little group around the dying President, so sharply contrasted with the tumult all about us, by calling Major Rathbone's attention to the fact that while Mr. Lincoln was in a critical condition to be moved, he ought, if possible, to be got to a private house, or some more fitting place, for the end that was so imminent. Accordingly, we two — my brother and I — with the aid of a couple of others, raised the President from the floor and carried him through the passage-way, down the stairs, and out of the theater. There was silence as we passed. No one spoke. As we moved slowly across the street, the only sound that was heard above the sobbing of the people was the hoof-beats of cavalry already approaching to guard the street.

"The crowd parted to let us through, and we carried the President up the steps of a house, where a man who was standing outside looking on at the commotion said we might come in. He showed the way to his own room, a small one on the first floor, and we laid the President on this young man's bed. The young man was William T. Clark of Company D, 13th Massachusetts; he was detailed to duty in the Quartermaster's Department, and was lodging in this house, which belonged to a tailor named Peterson.

"Soon there was a gathering of great physicians, and a hopeless battle against death began. No hope was entertained at any time, but Mrs. Lincoln was not told so.

"Then, as the great men of the nation began to assemble around the death-bed, my brother and I withdrew to the windows of the parlor, where we kept silent watch through the night. Mrs. Lincoln was there most of the time, and Captain Robert Lincoln and others, coming and going. Stanton came, and spent the night between the little room where Lincoln

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CAPTAIN OLIVER C. GATCH

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT ABOUT THE TIME OF LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION

lay and the back parlor, where, sitting at a little table, he began the work of inquiring into the tragedy by calling together those of us who knew anything of the evening's events and asking us for our account of them. He assumed charge of everything, in the absence of Mr. Seward, who was wounded, mortally, it was thought, by Booth's accomplice, Payne.

"Hour after hour I stood looking into the street. Cavalry patrolled both sides of Tenth Street, as far in either direction as I could see, and the steady hoof-beats of the horses fell with a rhythmic regularity.

"About two hours before sunrise the doctors realized that the end was approaching. The moans that had harrowed us all night were hushed now, and silence fell upon us. Outside, a dreary rain began to fall in the gray of breaking dawn, which ushered in that sorrowful day.

"Two hours after Lincoln breathed his last— which was at twenty-two minutes past seven o'clock — I assisted others in putting his body into the hearse. Then, when the mourning party had left the street, my brother and I crossed over to the theater and re-entered it. Everything within was confusion. We climbed to the stage and measured the exact distance of Booth's jump; it was fourteen feet.

"Later that same day my brother and I left Washington. We thought Secretary Stanton knew our names and would call on us if we were needed further. Perhaps he did remember us; more probably he forgot. It never occurred to us, as we read of the trial, that our evidence could be of any value — as, indeed, it could not have been. Only, as the years go by and those who are left of the witnesses to the tragedy become fewer and fewer, I have been prevailed upon by my friends who have known my story these forty years and more, to talk about it for publication."

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"OUR AMERICAN COUSIN"

BY

CLARA E. LAUGHLIN

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

FORTY years ago he was a poorly informed playgoer who was not fairly conversant with the history of that play which Lincoln witnessed the night of his assassination. But to most readers of this generation it means little or nothing that Good Friday night, April 14, 1865, was nearly the one thousandth performance of Miss Laura Keene as Florence Trenchard in "Our American Cousin," and the occasion of a benefit to her. And yet, quite apart from its connection with the tragedy of that night, Tom Taylor's play has a history of surpassing interest and variety. In brief, it is somewhat as follows:

During the years 1850–51, when the World's Fair in London was drawing throngs of visitors to the Crystal Palace, no nation was more strongly represented in the exhibits and among the sight-seers than the United States. "Yankees" were the rage in London, and Yankee products took precedence of all others. As one American newspaper writer said, in describing the Yankee mania:

"Hobbs' locks were placed on the doors of the Lord Chamberlain's offices; Colt's revolvers were in the holsters of every British cavalry officer; Connecticut baby-jumpers were in the royal nursery; and Massachusetts patent back-acting, self-adjusting, rotary-motion, open-and-shut mouse-traps were the terror of even aristocratic rats. Lord John Russell 'guessed' and 'calculated' on the Papal Aggression Bill; Palmerston and Disraeli 'whittled,' one on, the other around the Woolsack; and through the columns of the elegantly worded Court Circular we learned that at a particular fraction of an hour, on a particular day of the week, her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, aided by the Royal Consort, His Highness Prince Albert, together with the whole royal family, indulged in three half-pints of 'peanuts' and four and two sixteenths of our genuine 'pumpkin-pies,' while Cardinal Wiseman and the Bishop of London were seen playing 'poker' over two stiff 'Bourbon whisky-slings.'"

In those days the versatile Tom Taylor was a young barrister who had recently emancipated himself from his professorship of English at University College, London, and was just beginning to establish for himself that position as dramatic critic and adapter, humorist and all-round journalist, that led him, more than twenty years later, to the editorship of *Punch*. Taylor saw the humorous side of the Yankee craze, and wrote a play about it which he called "Our American Cousin." The leading character, *Asa Trenchard*, was virtually written to fit a Yankee comedian named Josiah Silsby, then playing in London, and when the play was sold by Taylor to Mr. Ben Webster, lessee of the Adelphi, for eighty pounds, it was with the distinct understanding that Silsby was to be featured in it.

But before an opportunity to put the play on presented itself, the Yankee mania rapidly declined, and Mr. Webster, instead of producing "Our American Cousin," made a present of the piece to Silsby, who, on re-reading it, decided that it was ineffective and laid it aside. Some years later, in California, he found himself in need of a play, and rehearsed the Taylor comedy; but it was again deemed unlikely to please and he did not put it on.

It came to the ears of Taylor, in 1858, that Silsby was dead, and also that he had never used the "American Cousin" play; and having a copy of it among his manuscripts, Taylor put it in the hands of his friend, John Chandler Bancroft Davis, secretary of the United States legation in London. Mr. Davis, on arriving in New York, took the play first to Lester Wallack. That admirable manager saw in it no possibilities for his company, but advised Mr. Davis to take it to Miss Laura Keene, then managing a theater of her own on the east side of Broadway, between Bleecker and Houston Streets, and to say to her that there

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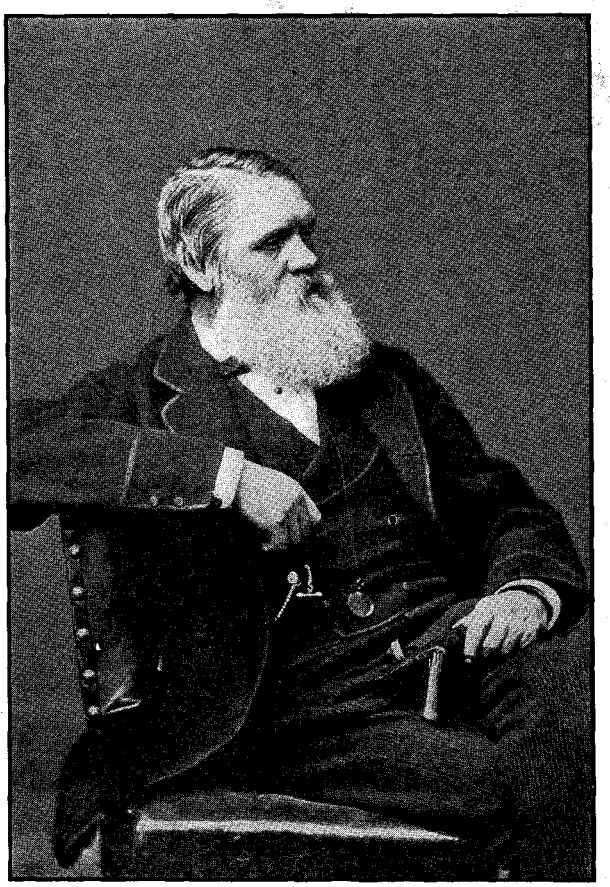
was a part in the play that might be excellently adapted to Mr. Jefferson, of her company.

Mr. Joseph Jefferson, although of distinguished stage ancestry and a personal stage experience covering nearly his whole life, had not yet made any considerable mark for himself. He was not far from thirty years old, and most people thought he had ability,— as for him, he felt sure of it!— but, so far, his chance had not presented itself.



TOM TAYLOR

THE AUTHOR OF "OUR AMERICAN COUSIN"

Miss Keene, when approached with the Taylor play, was not much interested. She was preparing a production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and all her energies and resources were directed thereunto. It happened, however, that work on the Shakspere play went forward tardily, and, owing to some disappointments by costumers and scene-painters, the date of the first performance had to be postponed two weeks. Miss Keene was sufficiently in need of something to fill the interim to buy — on the recommendation of her business manager and of Mr. Jefferson — the Taylor play outright for one thousand dollars.

Jefferson, in his "Autobiography," has vividly described the scene when the stop-gap play that was to make fame and fortune for three of those present was read to Miss Keene's company.

"The reading," he says, "took place in the green-room, and many were the furtive glances cast at Mr. Couldock and me as the strength of *Abel Murcott* and *Asa Trenchard* were revealed. Poor Sothern sat in the corner, looking quite disconsolate, fearing there was nothing

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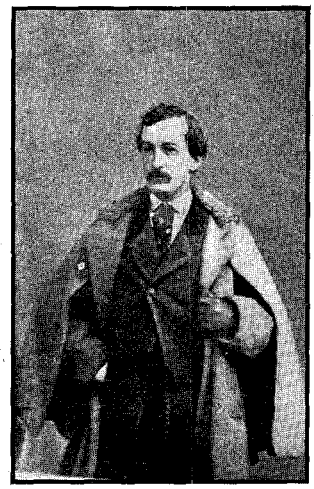

From the collection of F. H. Meserve

LAURA KEENE EDWARD A. SOTHERN OHN WILKES BOOTH

in the play that would suit him; and as the dismal lines of *Dundreary* were read, he glanced over at me with a forlorn expression, as much as to say, 'I am cast for that dreadful part' — little dreaming that the character of the imbecile lord would turn out to be the stepping-stone to his fortune. The success of the play proved the turning-point in the career of three persons — Laura Keene, Sothern, and myself."

Perhaps it is not quite comprehensible to the play-going world how the play-acting world is ever alert for that "chance" which every actor feels is all he needs to make him rich and famous. Each new play is full of potentialities — until it is read or the parts are apportioned; then it is seen to be quite fiendishly calculated to keep nearly or quite every one in the company from doing what nature designed him for and art calls him to do. Either the playwright went malevolently about this repression business, or the stage-manager schemed it out and achieved his ends by giving everybody exactly the wrong part.

"Poor Sothern," as Jefferson called him, may well have been disconsolate over the forty-seven silly lines allotted him. It was only one more disappointment in a long list, but Sothern felt that the list was already too long, and that the profession he had chosen for himself against all the traditions of his family was ill-chosen and were better abandoned. He had been acting for nine years — all but two years of the time in America — and had met with small success indeed. About the time of that reading in Laura Keene's green-room, Sothern was writing home to one of his English friends about "a long, struggling tear" that forced its way down his "cheek, that fate had done naught but cuff for years," and telling of gray hairs which "have been forced through the hotbed of my weary skull."

It was to this ambitious, hard-working, but almost through-hoping young Englishman of two-and-thirty that the silly lines of *Dundreary* fell. At first he said he could do nothing with the part; "and certainly," as Jefferson testifies, "for the first two weeks it was a dull effort and produced but little effect." Then Sothern asked permission to rewrite *Dundreary*, and, this being granted, he began to feel his way with his audiences by introducing little extravagances of speech and action. Some of these were the result of marvelously minute studies he had made from real types,— he used to contend, when charged with the exaggerations of *Dundreary*, that there was nothing in the portrayal he had not taken direct from life,— and some of them were happy accidents, like the famous skipping walk. Of this walk it is told that at a rehearsal of the play, Sothern, to keep warm in the cold theater, was hopping and skipping about the outer confines of the stage, to the no small amusement of his fellow-actors, when Miss Keene called sharply to him and asked if that were part of his rehearsal. He replied promptly that it was, and in a spirit of bravado kept on. In the same spirit, he introduced the skip into his entrance that night, and found that it was an instantaneous success, bringing a tre-

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EDWARD SOTHERN THE YOUNGER, IN HIS REVIVAL OF LORD DUNDREARY

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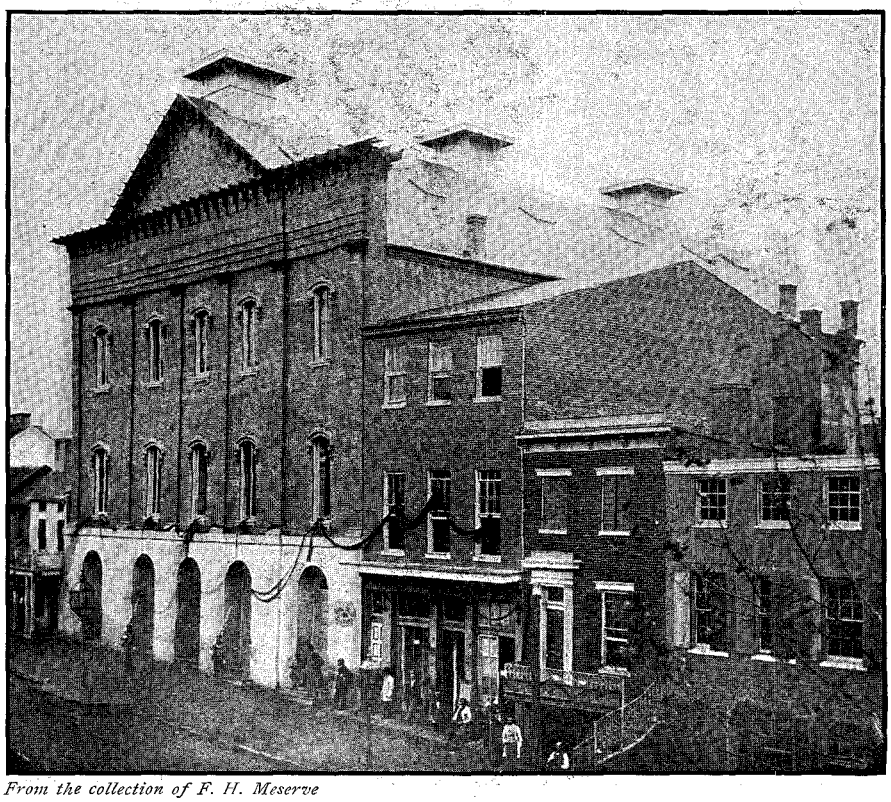
mendous laugh for *Dundreary* where before there had been only tolerance. Cautiously, artistically, he proceeded to elaborate the part until, as Jefferson magnanimously says, "Before the first month was over he stood side by side with any other character in the play; and at the end of the run he was, in my opinion, considerably in advance of us all."

The piece, put on for a fortnight, ran for one hundred and forty consecutive nights — a phenomenal run for that epoch — and thoroughly established, in New York at least, the fame of Jefferson and Sothern, and transformed them both from more or less discouraged young "members of stock" to men with ambition — and confidence — to "star."

When the curtain descended the first night on Jefferson's immediately successful presentation of *Asa Trenchard*, "visions of large type, foreign countries, and increased remuneration" floated before him, and he was already resolved to be a star.

Accordingly, when at the end of March "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was put on,— not because the demand for "Our American Cousin" had abated, but because Miss Keene had grown tired of her part and tireder of hearing her two comedians praised above herself,— Jefferson, who had not got on well with Miss Keene and who was of no mind to abandon *Asa Trenchard*, told her that he would not rejoin her company next season. She reproached him with lack of gratitude; to which he replied that he thought the honors were about even, and that, "anyway," he was going to "star"; at which Miss Keene sniffed her contempt and inquired in what play he would storm the country. He replied that, with her permission, he purposed to act "Our American Cousin." Miss Keene indicated that he "had another purpose coming to him," so to speak. And there the matter rested for a time, until she deputed her business manager to speak to Mr. Jefferson — she herself not being on speaking terms with that hoity-toity young man — and require him to resign the part of *Bottom*



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FORD'S THEATER, WHERE LINCOLN WAS ASSASSINATED

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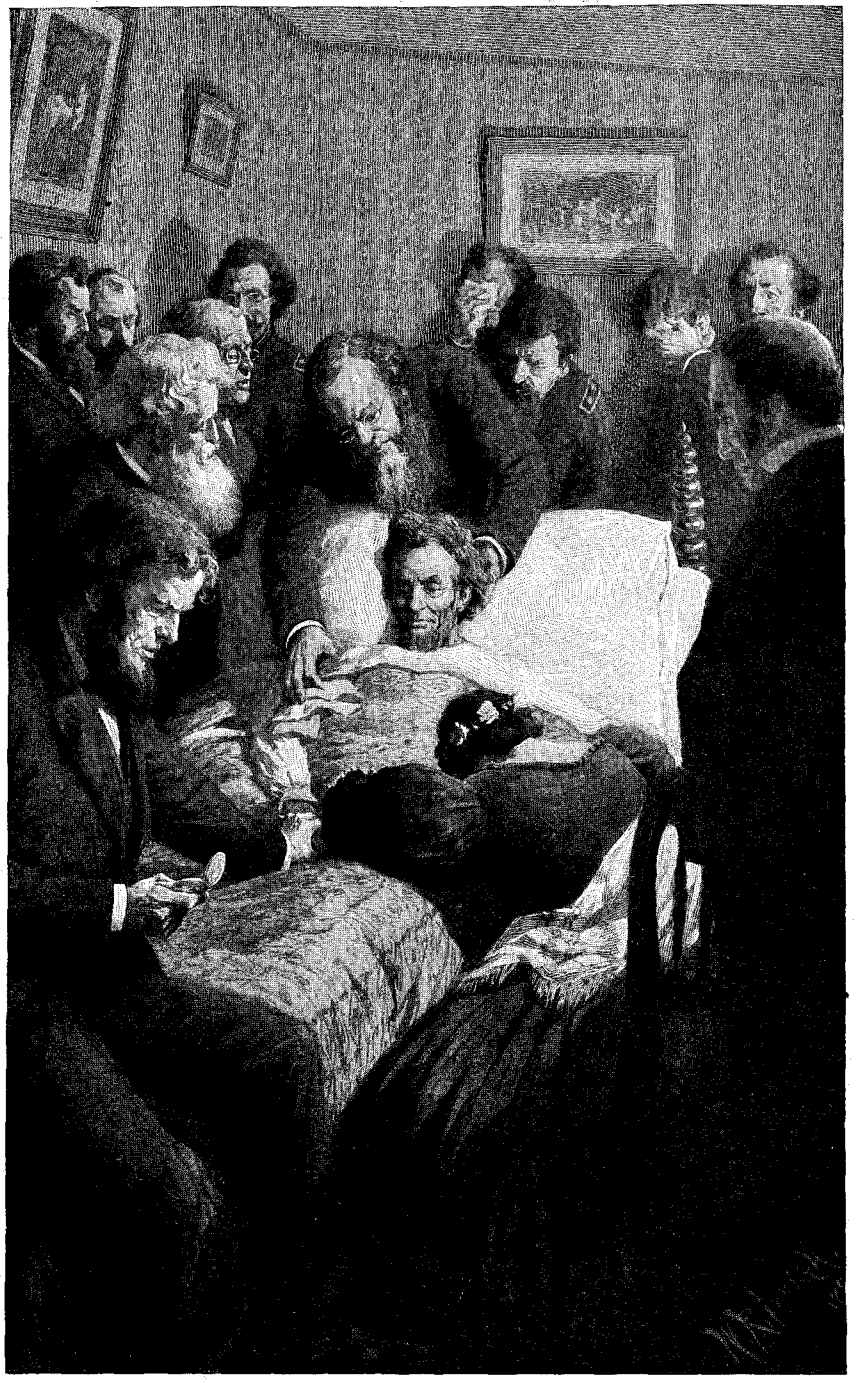

WATCHING AT THE BEDSIDE OF THE DYING PRESIDENT ON THE NIGHT OF APRIL 14, 1865

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in favor of Mr. Blake, a comedian of her company who had had no part in the Taylor play. This Jefferson refused to do, saying that if Mr. Blake wanted to play in "A Midsummer Night" he could play *Puck*. As Mr. Blake weighed two hundred pounds or thereabouts and was unwieldy to boot, this suggestion did not meet with favor in any quarter, and there was a bitter quarrel, which finally came to an end by Jefferson's offer to lend his far slenderer and sprightlier person to *Puck* if Miss Keene would let him star in Taylor's play, and give her, for the use of it, one half the profits. His starring venture was not a success, and in September he joined Boucicault's forces at the Winter Garden. But during the years 1861–65 he toured Australia and South America, playing *Asa Trenchard* with some little success.

The part was never again so prominent in his career as during that first run in New York; but *Asa* had done something for him which put his performance of that character, and even the confidence it gave him in his abilities, quite among the lesser results, for him, of Tom Taylor's play: it led him to Rip Van Winkle! The success he achieved as *Asa* was of a sort he longed to duplicate, and in his attempts to analyze it he evolved the idea of a Rip Van Winkle play, three or four bad dramatizations of which had already been acted without any considerable success. So much for Jefferson's fortune as indebted to Taylor's play.

I have not been able to find out by just what arrangement with Miss Keene Sothern got the rights to *Dundreary*, but he played it in this country for months after she discontinued the piece, and in November, 1861, he opened with it at the Haymarket, London, where, after a month of discouraging business, it suddenly caught on, and played to crowded houses for four hundred consecutive nights.

The part continued to be Sothern's most famous characterization, and he acted in it with undiminishing success until he died. Nothing else he ever did created such a furore; indeed, few things that anybody ever did on the stage have been so great popular achievements or have belonged so solely to their creators. The fortunes *Dundreary* earned for Sothern were princely; the fame he made for Sothern was not eclipsed by that of any other comedian of his day; the fashions he set for all the world were comparable to nothing in recent stage history: Dundreary coats, Dundreary whiskers, Dundreary vests and monocles, had almost as universal vogue as "Dundrearyisms" — some of which latter remain to us yet in the oft-quoted "Birds of a feather gather no moss" and similar perverted parables.

It was amid the laughter of this piece — which he knew by heart — that John Wilkes Booth planned to accomplish the murder of Lincoln. When, on the morning of April 14, as he sat reading his letters in Mr. Ford's office, he heard that the President was going to attend the performance that night, he determined on a plan of action that came incredibly near allowing him to affect his escape and leave the deed, done in the sight of hundreds, shrouded in mystery.

I am indebted — after having interviewed every discoverable survivor of the audience at Ford's Theater that fateful Good Friday night, and being told that the presidential party arrived at 8.30, at 9.00, at 9.30, and at all the times between — to Mr. George C. Maynard for a definite statement. Mr. Maynard, then of the War Telegraph Office and now of the National Museum, was in the habit of keeping his theater programs. On the margin of the long play-bill of that night he made a note of the point in the play at which Mr. Lincoln came in, and wrote down the lines being spoken as the presidential party entered the box. *Florence Trenchard* was trying to tell a joke to *Dundreary*, who — of course — did not see it.

"Can't you see it?" she said.

"No, I can't see it," he assured her.

Just then Mr. Lincoln entered the state box on the upper right-hand side of the house, and Miss Keene, catching sight of him, said, "Well, everybody can see *that!*" nodding toward the box. And the orchestra struck up "Hail to the Chief," the audience cheered, and the play was at a standstill for a minute.

In the elder Sothern's prompt-book (preserved by his son) this incident occurs late in the first act; whether it was the same in Miss Keene's version I have been unable to learn, but it probably was, and that would fix the time of Mr. Lincoln's entrance at about half-past eight or a quarter to nine.

The shot was fired during the second scene of the third act. It was during the scene when *Asa* is alone on the stage that Booth fired, jumped, and made his frantic rush across the front of the stage to the "prompt entrance" on the opposite side and out through that to the stage door.

The play, interrupted at that point, was never again presented in Washington until December 12, 1907, when the younger Sothern revived it at the Belasco Theatre, on the site of the old Seward house where Secretary Seward was nearly done to death by Booth's accomplice, Lewis Payne, on the same fatal night of Lincoln's murder.

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BEAST

BY

ADELINE KNAPP

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE A. SHIPLEY

BEAST became our boon companion the year that Mrs. Greek Roots and I persuaded G. R. to try what the desert might add to that structure of good health which he was slowly building up to replace the fabric shattered by New England blasts. Our camp was an adobe hut beside the dry-bed of a river. Three or four cottonwoods grew here, and a tiny trickle of water, not a foot wide, came thus far from the mountains, to disappear beneath a boulder and run underground for a matter of a dozen miles. It yielded water for household purposes, however, and made residence possible there. Also, it fed the cotton woods, the shade of which was a joy.

The river-bed was some thirty feet wide at this spot. Around us on every side swept the desert, vast, vivid, inscrutable; beautiful, with a weird, impressive beauty that must be seen to be understood. The mesquite thicket came close about us on one side, and at night we could hear the little wild burros browsing on its thorny herbage, hiccoughing their dreadful song at regular intervals the while. The sound is very like what one imagines the desert's voice might be, were it suddenly lifted to cry forth the region's ache for fruitfulness.

Other growths there were, besides the mesquite and the cottonwoods. Giant cacti, many branched, like huge candelabra, or sending serrated columns upward like great cathedral organs, towered in the mystic landscape. The slender ochotilla, with its scarlet blossoms; the round nigger-head cactus, with its store of water for the traveler; the prickly-pear, whose broad leaves make poultices for his wounds; the hateful fishhook cactus, were all there. So, too, was the spectral corolla del Cristo, with its long, sharp thorns, white with the dust of the desert. It bears no leaves; the vicissitudes of its life in that arid region are too great to permit of such extravagance: but it stores up such vitality from the air, and pours it out so generously, that every growth its shadow falls upon partakes of its bounty.

The coloring of the desert is the coloring of Algiers. The red and yellow sands reflect back the light against a sky of literal blue. The grays and greens and blacks of the weird vegetation take on their own glories in the intense sunlight. The mountains, some thirty miles from our camp, glowed blue and green and scarlet, with the shifting hours. Tree-crowned, copper-ribbed, they tower against the turquoise sky. This, at night, turns to cobalt, star-studded, intensely alive, and on moonlight nights its beauty is transcendent.

It was a color scheme that showed us our camp. We had driven out over the desert in search of a location, when we came upon old Manuela, in a white camisa and brown petticoat, with a dark blue rebosa over her head and shoulders, sitting on the yellow sand, against the wall of her mud hut, shaping with her brown old hands an olla of wet red clay. We forthwith bargained with her and her spouse, Gervaise, until, for an inconsiderable sum, they rented us the hut and went to live in a wickiup, amid a settlement of their people, five miles away. Our goods were unpacked within an hour, and the guide took the wagon back to the city that afternoon.

Our adobe hut had two rooms and not one window. Each room had an outer door, however, and these stood open day and night. The roof was of long stems of the ochotilla, most useful of the cacti, overlaid with mud; the

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floor was the desert sand. Outside was the desert itself, and the little trickle of water.

Old Gervaise was a chieftain of the Papagos, and he became our friend and a comrade of sorts. He taught us desert craft, and went with us on long desert tramps. Every two or three days he traversed the miles between our homes. He brought us mesquite wood packed on the back of the smallest and most ancient-looking burro I ever saw.

The sun was just touching the desert into barbaric splendor one morning, when, as we sat at breakfast in front of the hut, we saw old Gervaise coming over the crest of a cactus-grown hummock. He was walking very slowly and seemed to be half dragging, half leading something by a cord of willow wythes.

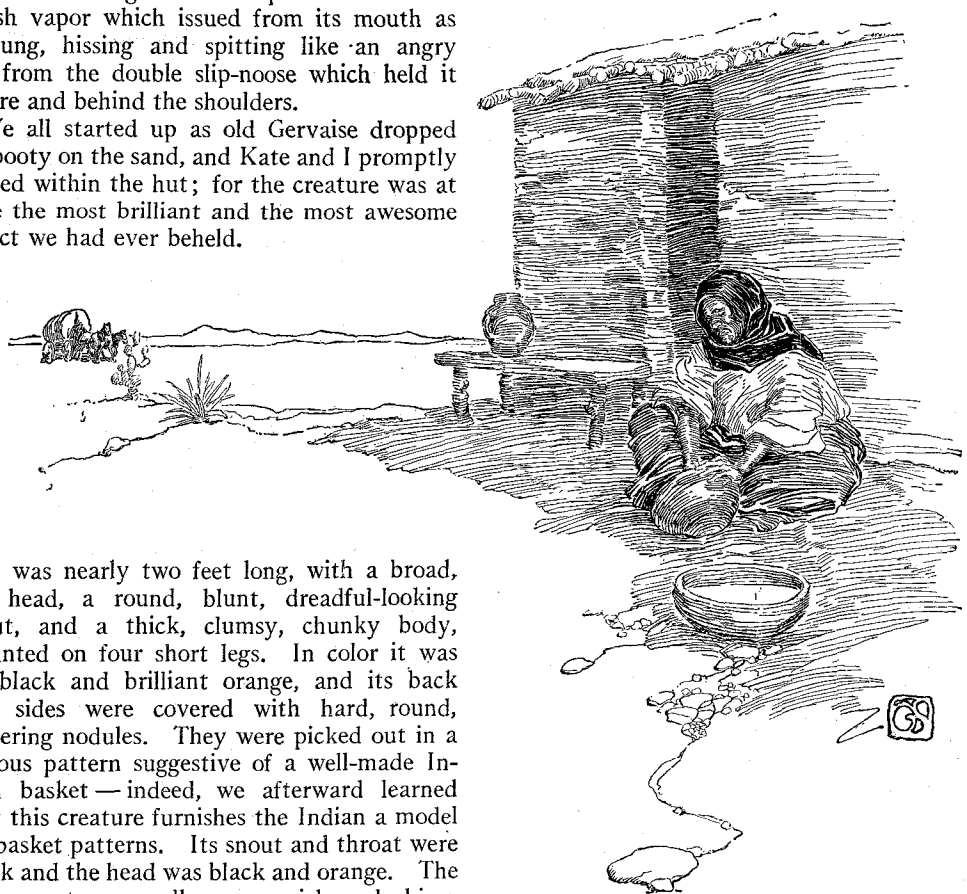
As he came nearer, he picked the something up bodily, by the cord, and advanced, holding out at arm's length what looked like a small blue whirlwind. We could make out a threshing, twisting tail and two hind legs kicking like the drivers of an engine, but the rest of the thing was enveloped in a cloud of bluish vapor which issued from its mouth as it hung, hissing and spitting like an angry cat, from the double slip-noose which held it before and behind the shoulders.

We all started up as old Gervaise dropped his booty on the sand, and Kate and I promptly retired within the hut; for the creature was at once the most brilliant and the most awesome object we had ever beheld.

It was nearly two feet long, with a broad, flat head, a round, blunt, dreadful-looking snout, and a thick, clumsy, chunky body, mounted on four short legs. In color it was jet black and brilliant orange, and its back and sides were covered with hard, round, glittering nodules. They were picked out in a curious pattern suggestive of a well-made Indian basket — indeed, we afterward learned that this creature furnishes the Indian a model for basket patterns. Its snout and throat were black and the head was black and orange. The under parts were all orange, rich and shiny. It was quiet now, all its wild wrath having subsided as soon as its feet touched the ground. Old Gervaise assured us that the thing was exceedingly gentle, and would not harm us, but a creature so hideous could hardly look anything but wicked, and we kept at a safe distance.

We knew instinctively what it was. No other living thing could, we were sure, more thoroughly deserve the designation of monster; and this thing could not possibly have been called by any other name. It was the Gila monster, last of the saurians, a monarch in the days when the reptiles ruled this earth; now, a degenerate stock, rare, and growing rarer, it lives only in those Pacific Coast regions that are the happy hunting ground of all that crawls and wriggles and creeps.

Old Gervaise had captured the monster in the river bottom, but when he would have kept it Manuela would none of it. The desert Indians, even the baptized ones, have beliefs and ideas that it is not given to white men to understand, and the Gila monster, it seems, was Manuela's patron saint — her inti-



"OLD MANUELA, SITTING AGAINST THE WALL OF HER MUD HUT, WAS SHAPING AN OLLA OF WET RED CLAY"

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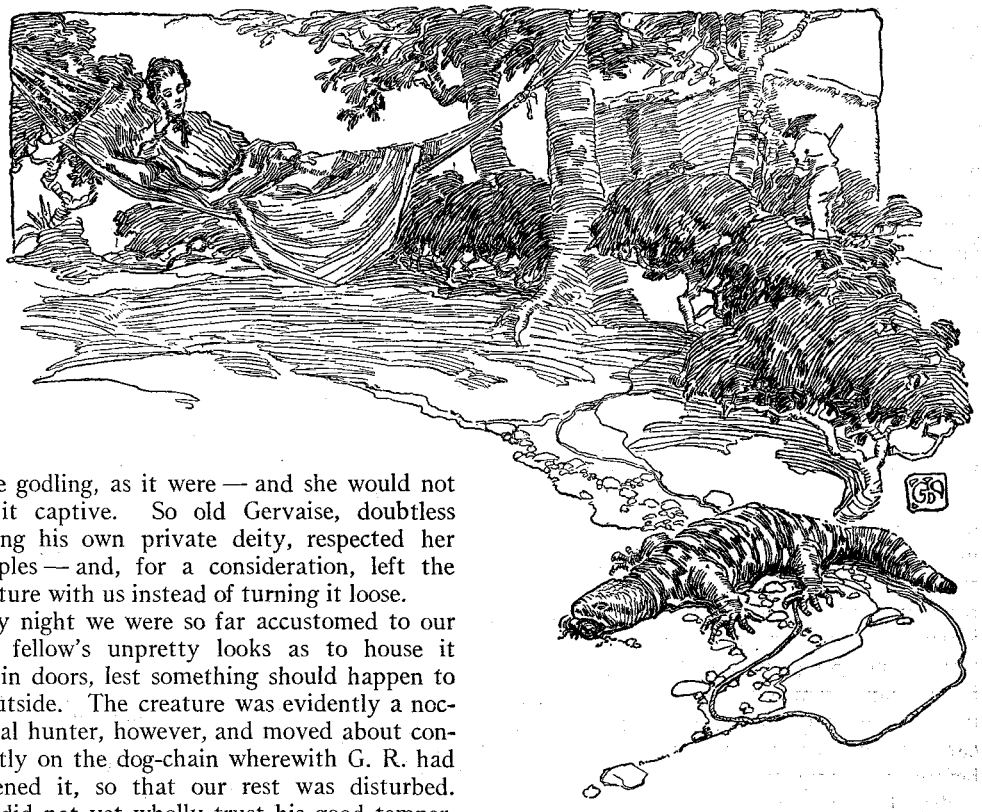

"QUICK AS A FLASH, BEAST CAUGHT IT, AND THERE WAS ONE GOPHER LESS IN THE BANK"

mate godling, as it were — and she would not see it captive. So old Gervaise, doubtless having his own private deity, respected her scruples — and, for a consideration, left the creature with us instead of turning it loose.

By night we were so far accustomed to our new fellow's unpretty looks as to house it within doors, lest something should happen to it outside. The creature was evidently a nocturnal hunter, however, and moved about constantly on the dog-chain wherewith G. R. had fastened it, so that our rest was disturbed. We did not yet wholly trust his good temper, and the Gila monster, the only poisonous lizard known to exist, is but a shade less venomous than the rattlesnake.

Ever since our stay in the hut we had been bothered by the nightly visits of a family of rats who had their nest in the adobe wall — just where, we could not determine. For their benefit we set, each evening, a huge wire trap, almost big enough to hold a fox, which Gervaise brought us from the settlement. We had caught no rats, but on the second night of "Beast's" stay with us G. R. put him inside the trap to sleep. We all felt more comfortable to have him thus secured.

During the night I fancied I heard the squeal of a rat, but I was too sleepy to investigate and dozed off. In the morning Beast was gone. Examination of the trap showed that two of the wires had been bent and forced apart. The aperture through which the monster had squeezed his ten inches of body circumference was a little more than an inch and a quarter wide.

He had left a plain trail on the sand floor, so we tracked him across my room to the threshold of the outer door and into our sought-for rat hole, well back in the adobe wall, its opening hidden by vines growing against the hut. What had become of the rats we could only surmise, but Beast was perfectly at home there and hissed and spit mightily when G. R. proceeded to hoe him out. Once secured, he subsided again. The gentleness of his disposition was really remarkable, and he submitted, unresisting, to be again chained.

He soon became perfectly wonted to our presence, and before the end of that day would permit G. R. to pick him up by the chain and evidently enjoyed having his back rubbed, though it was hard to believe that any sensation could lie in that black-and-orange coat of mail. It was not really clear to us why Beast was not handsome. His coloring was royal; his separate members were shapely and had the grace of adaptation to use; his movements, though not quick, were full of dignity — but the *tout ensemble* was something to shudder at.

One curious feature of the monster's markings was that although the black was distributed about equally on both sides, the designs did not repeat themselves. I have since learned that this is characteristic of the creatures, no two of which are the same in their markings.

We judged from the fact that he did not

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seem hungry for two days after he evicted the rats from their home, that he had feasted heartily. By the third day, however, he was uneasy, and visibly thinner than he had been at first, and we were unable to find food that he would eat. He rejected meat, and though he seemed at first interested in a small snake that G. R. killed and brought to him, he would not eat it. He lapped water, cat-fashion, but took no food.

"If we can't find something he can eat," G. R. said, after vainly coaxing him with the snake, "we must turn him loose to hunt in his own way."

But that night a strange thing happened.

Most of our supplies were tinned things, but old Gervaise brought us butter and eggs, which during the day we kept in the hut. At night they were set outside on a bench that ran along between the two doors. The butter was covered with a little wire screen, but the eggs were in a shallow Indian basket. For several mornings we had missed eggs from the basket, but had attributed the loss to rats, particularly since for a morning or two we had not missed any.

It was a warm moonlight night and I had moved my bed, a mere pallet of ochotilla stalks, peeled free of thorns and lashed together to keep my blankets from the ground, close to the open door. A few feet away Beast was tethered, that he might, perchance, find some game for himself.

I had been some time asleep, when I was suddenly awakened by the jarring of a heavy weight on my pillow. I opened my eyes, but hesitated to stir until I had learned the nature of the invasion. I was not frightened. I knew the visitor could not be a rattler, and however unpleasant other intruders might be, they were highly unlikely to be dangerous. I was in the shade of the doorway, and in the dim light could see two gleaming eyes that seemed to look straight into my own, and the throbbing pulsations of a great, baggy throat.

I was pushing the blanket down very quietly, preparatory to slipping from my bed, when my visitor gave a mighty bound that landed it on a stool near by, outside the door. In the moonlight I saw it to be a huge toad — the biggest I ever saw.

Wide awake now, I reached for my glasses and watched. The desert lay flooded with brilliant white light — I could have read newspaper print. The sand's yellow was softened to a mellow glow, touched here and there with terra cotta. All the ghostly and weird growths of the region showed plainly in the vivid light, and I could make out the varying shades of green on the far-off mountains. From the mesquite a burro called his evening song — Yeeháw yeeháw yeeháw yeeháw yè-è — ending in a hiccoughing sob, as if a gargoyle had laughed. Farther off a coyote howled — both sounds somehow fitted in with the strange, sad, fascinating, repelling landscape.

The toad, with a certain method in its movements, faced about, and with another prodigious leap landed on the bench close beside the basket of eggs. To my amazement, it next reached forward and deftly gobbled up an egg, which, with head thrown back, it crushed and swallowed. Then the creature sat for some time solemnly winking at the moon, as though the two of them had a good joke in common.

By now I was somewhat recovered from my astonishment, so, springing up, I ran softly to the other door and called my companions. It was several minutes before they appeared, just as the toad, having recovered its breath, was helping itself to another egg. G. R. sprang forward and caught the creature around the body, before it could dispatch its booty. The egg, still intact, flew out of its mouth and struck at the foot of the stake to which Beast was tethered.

The toad wriggled free and escaped, while we three stood and watched Beast eagerly lap up the contents of the shell. He got but little of it, for the greedy desert drank faster than he could; but, prompted by Kate, G. R. gave him another egg, broken into a saucer. He lapped it daintily, eating with a neatness in strange contrast to his uncouth appearance. The problem of his diet was solved.

When we came to know Beast better, we found that he would eat, readily enough, meat that was of his own catching. Lying one day in my hammock, beside the river-bed, I saw him at his hunting. He was staked out by a fairly long chain and had a considerable range of motion. He had climbed several bushes, in search of birds' nests I suppose, and had even crept some distance up the trunk of one of the trees and back again. He was down the bank, nearly the length of his chain, when I saw a dead leaf fall from where it had lain into the water. I wondered what had disturbed it, and so, evidently, did Beast. We both watched, and presently a pebble or two rolled down after the leaf.

Beast now turned and came cautiously up the bank. He made a wide circuit and stopped just above the point where the leaf and the pebbles had lain. Just there the earth was now bobbing rapidly up and down; an instant later appeared the furry head of some burrowing creature coming up to take the air. Quick

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as a flash, with a sidewise motion of the head, Beast caught it, and there was one gopher less in the bank.

Many a small snake fell victim to him as it basked in the sun, on the bank, and returning one day from a tramp we found him eating a rabbit, caught we knew not how.

The creature had but little individuality, but he was not without a sort of wisdom of his own. He came to know us, and he understood perfectly that when one of us picked up the saucer devoted to his use it meant food for him. He liked his food fresh — and wanted the saucer freed from all traces of the previous meal; evidently his kind are not scavengers. As I have said, he liked to have his back rubbed, and he distinctly liked to hear G. R. whistle. He was a most imperturbable creature, and we never saw him appear disconcerted save on one occasion when he inadvertently crawled over an ants' nest. Evidently his brilliant mail was not proof against the attacks of the ants, and he rolled over and over in agony until he was rescued.

The time passed blissfully in the desert. The region was doing wonders for us all, and G. R. throve apace. One can walk unheard-of distances, without fatigue, in that soft, tonic air, while the sunshine seems to enter and vivify one's very bones. Changeless and perfect days slipped imperceptibly into nights of unbroken rest, and we were as near to lotus-eating as twentieth century mortals can well get, when a nightmare projected itself out of a clear sky.

It was an altogether horrid and thoroughly comical nightmare, and it was ushered in by a sound as of distant castanets, low, murmurous, muffled. Old Gervaise heard it first. He had come on one of his visits, bringing us some eggs and a pair of dressed rabbits, besides wood. We all sat in the shade of the cottonwoods and talked of Indian days.

Old Gervaise broke off to listen to the new sound, a curious, startled intelligence in his ancient, weatherbeaten face. A moment later we all heard it and were alert and puzzled. Then we saw, skirting the mesquite, a long, low, slow-moving line. It seemed to stretch across the open of the level desert, between the mesquite and a low mesa, at our left, and to be coming toward us. Mingled with the low clatter we had first heard was a strange, sibilant undertone, that filled us with vague alarm.

"What is it?" we three asked at once.

"THE TURTLES PASSED QUIETLY BELOW US, THEIR GREAT WICKED-LOOKING HEADS OUTSTRETCHED"

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The Papago was intently studying the advancing line.

"What is the matter?" G. R. asked again.

"Turtles. They come along here."

"Turtles?" we gasped incredulously, and G. R. added:

"Are they dangerous?"

Old Gervaise looked thoughtfully from the horizon to us, and back again.

"No can tell," he said. "If come here heap plenty danger on ground. All you climb tree."

We had a pretty clear idea of what was afoot. The desert harbors all sorts of reptilian life, and a company of sand turtles, huge creatures from a foot to two or three feet long, was moving across the waste.

Old Gervaise's burro had been listening in alarm to the increasing sound. Now, with a wild bray, it suddenly pulled back on its frail old halter until the tether broke, and the burro proceeded to create remoteness between us and itself.

"He knows," the Papago said, laughing.

"Hadn't we better go, too?" Kate asked.

"No worth while," said old Gervaise. "Not big band; may go off so — or so — no can tell. You stay here and climb tree."

One of the cottonwoods grew close to the hut, and Kate and I could easily swing into it from the roof.

"You two take to that," G. R. said, after a survey. "Gervaise and I will climb the next one. We can reach you there if there's any need."

For the next half hour we were busy stowing our belongings in the hut. This done, we shut the doors and clambered up to the roof. By now the clatter of the uncanny host was very plain, and the turtles were not far off. The sibilant undertone we had heard was discernible as the hissing of the reptiles.

They traveled faster than I had imagined they could do, and they looked formidable enough. They were heading directly for the camp, which, we now for the first time noticed, lay directly in line with a broad, open way between the dense mesquite and a low upland or mesa that stretched away for miles from the river.

Old Gervaise advised climbing up before the turtles saw us, so we climbed. It was by his advice, as well, that G. R. gave up any idea of shooting one of the reptiles. They were not likely to attack us, the Papago explained, but if they did do so, although they could not reach us, they might keep us treed almost indefinitely. We climbed up quietly, therefore, and from our perches were witness to the weirdest procession imaginable.

The turtles passed directly below us, their great wicked-looking heads and ancient-appearing wrinkled necks outstretched, huge, leathery, hideous. Their horrid, flapper-like feet carried them along awkwardly; their shells clattered and rubbed together; their hissing was like the noise of the sea before a storm, and a curious, hateful, reptilian odor pervaded the air.

As the advance guard neared the bank, I was filled with dismay; for I caught sight of an orange-and-black shape climbing a bush, only to be brought to a halt by the shortness of a stout chain. We had forgotten Beast, and it was too late to go to his help.

G. R. saw him too, and was starting down to attempt a rescue, when we saw a wondrous sight.

Caught by his chain and unable to escape, the Gila monster had turned on his back directly in the path of the crawling horde. I marveled at his posture; for while his under side was protected by squarish, horny plates of orange-colored skin, it was still much more vulnerable than his hard, nodule-covered back. Apparently he was courting instant death as he lay there breathing out his blue-vapor defiance. Old Gervaise, however, viewed the matter differently.

"Him turn on back to bite," he said.

We watched, tensely, as the turtles approached, a dozen or more in the advance line. The two nearest to Beast suddenly stopped. Pressed forward by those behind, they climbed over the backs of their neighbors, and for a few minutes the line was in confusion, while hissing and clatter assailed the air. When order was restored, the turtles were passing to the right and the left of the Gila monster, down to the bank. Evidently they were traveling for health, rather than to meet death, and instinct probably warned them how deadly was that black-and-orange menace in the way.

There must have been thirty or forty of the big turtles, and they were nearly an hour in passing, crawling down one bank of the river, across the sandy bed, and up the other bank, while we watched, shivering with excitement and something very like fear. Even old Gervaise was shaken out of his usual stolidity, less, though, by the turtles than by watching the Gila monster.

The latter's wonted *sang froid* was restored even before the last turtle had reached the bank. The clattering, hissing, ugly mass was still wallowing across the sand of the river-bed when he resumed his crawling about as unconcernedly as if the peace of the desert had never been disturbed. Old Gervaise climbed down

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a minute or two after, and went home; but the stars were out before Kate and I left the roof of the hut at all, and to G. R.'s great amusement, we insisted upon sleeping up there that night. For my own part I am free to confess that my slumbers were of the most intermittent sort.

The weeks slipped by so stealthily that Christmas caught us by surprise there on the desert. It was a glorious day, full of sunshine and perfection. Our encounter with the turtles had faded into the past; each of us had got some solid work done, and the only thought marring our happiness was the recurrent one that with the new year we must pull up stakes and go back to the world.

We planned to take Beast with us, and G. R. had made a secure carrying case for him, through which he could not possibly squeeze his amazingly compressible bulk. We had sent in word to the nearest town for carriers for ourselves and our belongings, and our lotus days were drawing to a close.

I was reading, in the hammock, on the last day but one of our stay. Beast, tethered as usual, had gone down the bank as far as his chain would permit. Kate and G. R. were printing photographs in the glorious desert sunlight, when, with a belch and a roar and the swing of a mighty wind that drew many of our lighter properties into its vortex, the river, from bank to bank, was filled with a rushing flood of water.

There had been a cloud-burst in the mountains and the outpour was literally instantaneous. One second the bare sand lay hot in the sunlight; the next a churning, swirling body of water went dashing down to fill the channel below.

With it went Beast. The rush of water snapped the light string about his body, and he was swept down stream. Perhaps he escaped destruction; we shall never know. We were sorry to lose him. He had hardly engaged our affection but we respected his quality.

Our guide, next day, had much to tell us of casualties attending the cloud-burst. None were of a really tragic nature; people in Arizona know better than to play in an empty river-bed. The river and its branches were running bank full; it was a good thing for the country; but we should have liked to save Beast.

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THE SOLVING OF THE MILK PROBLEM

HOW COPENHAGEN HAS ESTABLISHED THE FEASIBILITY OF A PURE AND HEALTHFUL SUPPLY

BY

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

MILK is the one essential human food. Deprive the race of any other single form of aliment, and it will adjust itself to the straitened circumstances, and continue to exist, propagate, and rear its young. Without meat, the vegetarian flourishes, exulting conspicuously in his abstention. Without vegetables, the Eskimo contrives to keep alive, and of a sturdy appetite. But without milk, humankind, while it may, indeed, pursue its tumultuous course for a few years, must inevitably fail of raising progeny to carry on its work. And, with our increasingly flat-breasted generations of women, the cow, "meek foster-mother of the human race," becomes a more and more important consideration in our life-history.

On good milk we wax fat and mighty. On bad milk we dwindle and fail. No other one factor, with the exception of foul living conditions, contributes so heavily to mortality figures as a tainted dairy supply. Unfortunately this universal food is one of the best "cultures" or breeding-grounds extant for the growth of the bacteria of disease and death. Introduced into the purest and freshest milk, germs multiply at a rate to tax the capacities of a book of logarithms. Not one of these malevolent minutiæ exists, that, in this medium, will not propagate its kind with almost inconceivable rapidity. Unprotected milk is, so to speak, a standing invitation to the microscopic destroyers. Dried sputum from a consumptive workman in a carelessly conducted stable is carried, by a draught of air, to an open pail or can, and a year or so later some child dies of intestinal tuberculosis. Cause and effect are widely separated in point of time, very likely in point of distance, also, but the connection is as direct and logical as the fall of the victim upon the report of the murderer's pistol. Pus or scar-tissue from an ill-conditioned animal passes into the pail with the stream from the udders, and a series of "summer epidemics" of bowel disease, with a startling total of fatalities, is attributed to the weather man's high temperatures, instead of to the dairyman's foul product, where the true discredit falls. A residue of infected water from some old cistern remains in the cans which an ignorant or careless farmer has "cleaned"—with poison; the bacilli spread throughout the supply, and from that to other supplies with which it may be mixed by the retail dealer (for distribution of germs means not dilution but multiplication); and a "mysterious dispensation of Providence" carries off a group of people in a neighboring city via the typhoid route. It seems hard on Providence, which has to bear the brunt of original sin, anyway, to have criminal negligence of its instruments pinned to the general indictment; but we haven't yet fully outgrown the old fatalistic, superstitious notion that preventable disease is a visitation, and an unavoidable one.

Mortality from these barbaric causes is not occasional and sporadic, but regular and typical throughout this cultured and enlightened nation of ours, because—well, because pure milk is a "roseate dream of Utopian idealists," because restrictions upon traffic in filth and disease would impose "unwarrantable hardship upon thousands of honest [though homicidal] farmers," because, in short, we prefer always to expend a dollar for a probably impracticable cure, rather than a cent for a practicable preventive. And prevention in this case is eminently practicable. Copenhagen, the metropolis of a nation the very life of whose commerce is dairy-produce, has proved it; proved it with so irrefutable a proof that its system is now the world's model.

Copenhagen, the Dairy Model of the World

Great reforms in the department of hygiene seem to follow upon a loss of patience on the part of some person or persons hitherto uninter-

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ested in the subject. A Sunday-school superintendent in Pittsburg got angry about the ill-smelling sediment which he found at the bottom of his house-filter, and the immense filtration system that is to-day absolving the city from the scandal of the highest typhoid rate known to civilization took its origin from an indignant illustrated lecture that he delivered to his pupils. New Orleans had to get murderously enraged at its predatory mosquitoes before it roused itself to concerted slaughter of them, and thereby exorcised the demon of yellow fever for which they were responsible, and which for years had been, by turns, a lurking terror and a devouring dragon. In Copenhagen the man who struck fire was G. Busck, a gentle, wise, and shrewd wholesale butter-dealer; now one of the great merchants of his nation. To the very doors of his building come the swift, deep-sea ships of the British butter trade, down one of those long, tapering fingers of the sea that search and draw out traffic from the bustling centers of the wonderful city, there to be laden by his workmen with the dainty and perishable freight.

It was thirty years ago that Dr. Busck, then in his early middle age, noticed that one of his best workmen showed signs of concern and abstraction. He questioned the man.

"It is my baby that I am worrying about," said the employee.

"If the baby is ill, why not send him to the hospital?" said Dr. Busck. "That can be readily arranged."

"He isn't ill," said the man, "but he's very frail. Still, we think we could manage to raise him if we could only get good milk for him."

Now, Dr. Busck knew all about butter and cheese, but milk, as a food, had never specially engaged his attention. To him, as to thousands of others, it seemed obvious that a city like Copenhagen, the commercial center of the world's greatest dairy trade, must naturally abound in good milk. His own supply was all right; at least, he had always supposed so. But the troubled employee's point of view was different.

"I don't know where to find any that's good," he said. "Even the poor stuff that I've been getting is shut off now. The saloon-keeper who supplies my family refuses to sell to me any longer because I buy no liquor at his place. I'm not a drinking man."

It was at this point that Dr. Busck's revolution-breeding temper began to work. He had a pretty good idea of what the neighborhood saloons were like: ill-kept, unsanitary places run by a class of men who would feel little concern about the quality of their non-alcoholic goods. That decent workmen should be obliged to go to such places for milk offended him. That milk should be refused them because they abstained from strong drink exasperated him. Being a man of action, he called together several friends of his, three university professors, a philanthropist, an eminent diplomat, a physician, and a lawyer (note, if you please, the overwhelming and mirth-inspiring proportion of the "Utopian idealist" type) and with them formed the Milk-Furnishing Society of Copenhagen—in the more compact Danish, "Kobenhavns Maelkeforsyning"—with a capital of about $2500.

What outbursts of Homeric laughter greeted the rainbow dreams of the visionaries, what scornful, contemptuous, and finally angrily alarmed opposition they met with from farmers and dealers as the idea spread, any person who has seen private interest arrayed against the public health can readily enough imagine for himself. Ask the Danish pioneers, and they will tell you smilingly that all those things are forgotten. What they prefer to remember is the hearty backing of the health officials, the conversion of the dairymen as they came to understand the true purpose of the movement, the active and generous support of the newspapers, and the sure growth of public appreciation and demand for higher standards of milk, which supported the work almost from the first. Almost from the first, too, the venture was successful, within the modest limits of five per cent on the investment, to which the founders agreed as a maximum return. Even this would hardly have been attainable had not Dr. Busck, as Director General, refused any compensation for his services, and continued to manage the enterprise gratis from its inception to the present time. The capital is now $150,000, and the organization is still being forced, by the constantly increasing demand, to grow, though the founders would gladly confine it to its present proportions. Not only has it been successful financially and as an agent for the public benefit, but it has actually purified — sanitated, so to speak, — the entire milk trade of Copenhagen, its influence even spreading to the outlying country, as well as to Norway, Sweden, and Germany. So that, in describing the methods and standards of the Milk-Furnishing Society of Copenhagen, I am practically giving the official requirements (with some minor modifications) of the City of Copenhagen.

Policing the Cattle for Disease

No dairies, farms, or cattle are owned by the Society. Its functions are those of distribution and control solely; its aim is education and sanitary protection; its official motto, "Pure Milk from Sound Cows." Forty farms, with about

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five thousand cows, are under a rigid contract with the organization. By this contract the farmers bind themselves to feed their milk cattle on certain specified classes of fodder, to turn them out to pasture during the season, and to report at once any disease among the animals, the employees, or the family of any one connected with the dairy. But, the question naturally arises, is there not a strong temptation to conceal the incidence of disease?

As to the animals, even were the farmer inclined to violate the oath that he takes, there is small opportunity of concealment, since the Society's veterinarians inspect every cow in every stable at least once a month, and have the right of entry and inspection at any time. The farmer is further encouraged to report any suspicious ailment of his cows, since, between the time of such report and the arrival of the veterinarian, all milk from the suspected animals is paid for by the Society at the regular rate, although none of it is used. Should contagious or infectious disease appear among the staff of the dairy, or in any household wherein a member of the staff lives, the Society refuses all milk from that dairy until such time as it is certified uninfected and fit for use, and this at its own expense, since it pays for the total output. That is, the Milk-Furnishing Society of Copenhagen guards itself not only from selling infected milk, but against selling milk that is even under suspicion of being infected.

Antiseptic Milking in Antiseptic Stables

The contracting dairy-farms are required to be and are models of cleanliness. The stables are specially built, in most cases, and are kept like a New England kitchen. The cattle themselves are groomed, before milking, like horses for a show-ring, and if this seems to smack of meticulous precision at first thought, it must be remembered that an ungroomed cow may, while being milked, shake filth or hairs into the milk receptacle. No dry-sweeping in the stables is permitted, to fill the air with possible germs and inevitable dirt. The milkers are dressed in special costumes, frequently changed, and there are always soap, water, and towels convenient to the milking room, which the milking force is expected to use frequently. Immediately after milking, the milk is strained, poured into the sterilized receptacles provided by the Society, cooled to five degrees centigrade, and set in a cold chamber. By arrangement with the railroads special cars are ready at hand, and the product is shipped to the Society's headquarters in Copenhagen, a private track bringing it to the doors of the great central building. Usually the milk reaches the consumer before it is twelve hours old; always before it is twenty-four hours old.

Under our American system or lack of system, milk that is unexceptionable when it leaves the dairy, may be foul, and even dangerous, by the time it arrives at the table of the consumer. Manifold are the mischances of infection in handling, mixing, and distributing. All this the Society guards against by its own perfected regimen. I saw its forces at work one morning at about two o'clock, when the early shipments were coming in. Imagine a huge, cool, cement-floored, speckless-walled building, fairly shining with cleanliness, peopled by a busy throng of white-clad, swift-moving men and women, and filled with a most infernal clatter as of sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. That the conduct of any business could be carried on amidst that boiler-shop din of metal seemed incredible; yet all went with the precision of machinery, and, to a great extent, by the precision of machinery. Out of the freight cars came the big, cooled cans, to be instantly unsealed and opened. Suddenly the regular procession of containers was interrupted. A word was spoken, and one of the receptacles was whirled aside.

"Unsealed," explained the superintendent, who, like most educated Danes, spoke excellent English. "That goes to make butter."

"Has it been exposed?" I asked in surprise, for the can appeared to be tightly covered.

"Probably not," he replied, "but we take no chances. Unsealed cans go to the butter department, where the processes prevent any harm resulting in case foreign matter may have got in."

The rest were weighed, the temperature was taken, and the milk arranged in classes and sampled, one set of samples going to the fully-equipped laboratory which is part of the plant, the other being turned over to a corps of expert tasters. These are all chosen from the women employees.

"We find that women have a more delicate sense of taste than men," said the superintendent. And I remembered that five years before I had heard Luther Burbank, the "plant-wizard," say the same thing in explaining why he preferred female assistants for his experiments in plant selection.

These women work at their delicate task only an hour at a time, since it is believed that after that period the sensibility of the tongue becomes dulled. They have been selected by laboratory tests for skill in detecting abnormalities in the milk. For every imperfect sample the taster receives a premium of about seven cents. All milk set aside by them is devoted to second-

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class butter or cheese, and the farmer who furnished it receives a decreased price for that particular can.

"Milk No Cleaner than the Dirtiest Thing it Touches"

After being tasted, the product is strained through three filters of boiled gravel, after which it is cooled again and bottled by machinery, or distributed to the large metal receptacles that are carried about the city in the ingenious delivery wagons which, during the handling of the milk, are being carefully washed down in the inner yard. As much care is taken with the bottles and cans as with the fluid itself; for there is an apothegm of the milk trade that paraphrases the proverb, "A chain is no stronger than its weakest link"; "Milk is no cleaner than the dirtiest thing it touches," runs the saying.

The original containers, as soon as they are emptied, are given over to the clutches of various singular and expert mechanical devices which seize them, clean them, wash them out with cold water and caustic soda, with hot water, and with lime water, until the most elusive germ hasn't the smallest chance of escaping alive. Then they are sealed air-tight and sent out, thoroughly aseptic, to receive again their quota of clean, pure milk, and to preserve it clean and pure. Nor are the employees any less carefully looked after than the implements of their trade. All are clad in white cotton garments which, in the case of those who handle the special milk for infants, are changed every other day. This clothing is washed free by the Society, which has a laundry list of six thousand pieces per week. There are about four hundred and thirty employees in the plant, of whom two hundred and thirty are boys employed in the delivery department, one hundred and twenty are men, and eighty are women. The head dairy-maid is an expert, who, in addition to her work in the headquarters, makes a tour of inspection and instruction about the farms twice a year.

In the United States the grade of milk that the Milk-Furnishing Society of Copenhagen supplies would be known as certified milk—that is, certified by the local medical society, that exercises a general supervision over it—and would bring from eighteen to twenty-five cents per quart. Dr. Busck's concern furnishes a product that is, in one sense, certified; it is certified by the repute of its commercial sponsors, and is fully as pure as any milk of which I know in America, of whatever medical certification. In addition to its own surety of system, the Copenhagen Society has the advantage of frequent visits of inspection from Dr. G. von Ellbrecht, one of the noted experts of the nation, and Dairy Commissioner of the Royal Agricultural Society. It is worth a passing notice that on his recent visit to this country Dr. von Ellbrecht called at the headquarters of the New York concern that vaunts itself most loudly upon the purity of its product and the carefulness of its methods, presented his official card with the request that in the interests of the pure-milk movement he be shown about the dairy—and had the door shut in his face. So much for open methods—commercial methods—in this country.

How "Restriction of Trade" has Helped Business in Copenhagen

The Society's milk sells for sixteen to seventeen ore per liter; that is, about four and one-half cents per quart—far less, even allowing for different standards of living between the two countries, than ordinary first-class milk brings here. Naturally there is a great demand for the Society's milk, from all classes. The king drinks it; so does the tenement dweller. About ten thousand regular customers are on the books. Some of the milk is distributed free, and a much larger amount at a reduced price (less, indeed, than the standard price for other Copenhagen milk) to crêches, asylums, hospitals, and charitable organizations. The regular price is slightly above the standard price in Copenhagen; for the Society's guardianship and protection of milk is the most careful and rigid, and hence the most expensive.

Great as is the public service performed by the Milk-Furnishing Society of Copenhagen in distributing this enormous supply of pure nourishment, the indirect benefit of its example and precept is not less valuable. Standards have been universally raised by its success. Other excellent organizations have followed in its footsteps. And it has pointed the way for the city milk regulations, which are not only the most perfect in the world, but, what is of equal importance, perhaps the most exactly and universally enforced. Yet, instead of injuring the dairy industry of the nation, these restrictions have aided and extended it. At the present time the daily consumption of milk per capita is more than double what it was before the establishment of the regulations. I can see no reason why any American city with a sufficient sanitary force and a genuine public demand for safe milk should not, now that the way has been indicated by the Danish metropolis, arrive in time at the standard of excellence attained by Copenhagen.

All milk vending is under the supervision of the Board of Health. No merchant or dealer can go into the milk business, nor can any

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farmer peddle milk, without formally notifying the sanitary police. This is a basic requirement; a restriction on trade, doubtless, but a highly necessary one. It means that, in the first place, the milk-shop itself must be a clean and fit place, used for no other merchandise than dairy products, except a few specified classes of goods; that it must be duly protected against fly or dust infection of the milk; that all objects and implements with which the milk comes in contact must be aseptically clean; that all employees must be scrupulously neat of person and apparel and free from disease or exposure to disease; and that certain provisions regarding straining and temperature of the product must be followed out faithfully. No dry sweeping is allowed in the shops; they must be aired once a day; the rooms may not be used for sleeping or living purposes; and the floors and walls must be frequently washed. Occasional visits by the inspectors of the Board of Health and constant supervision by the sanitary police serve to keep the dealers up to the prescribed standard. Shops that fail to meet the requirements have their permits revoked. "Impossible to conduct a business successfully under such pestilent system of interference," cries the American stickler for the sanctity of business. Not quite impossible. Some fifteen hundred shops manage to do pretty well on this basis. On any other they couldn't, even were the restrictions relaxed. The public, having been educated to this standard, would accept nothing less.

I visited a milk-shop in a slum, so-called, in Copenhagen. From an American viewpoint it was very far from being a slum, but it was the nearest approach to one that the admirably conducted city could afford. Everything about the little shop was spotless, from the window-glass to the clothing of the attendants. The milk was cool, fresh, and clean. There is no city in America where one could drop casually into any milk-shop and find such conditions duplicated. As I tasted the product intended for the Copenhagen tenement-dwellers there came to my mind certain localities that I had visited in our own great cities: a dust-filled, filthy, overcrowded den in an outlying district of Pittsburg, where five frowsy human beings and a dog slept at night, in the quarters devoted by day to the sale of a pale blue sedimentating fluid alleged to have been derived at some uncertain period of its career from a cow; a reeking store in Chicago's Greek district, off Blue Island Avenue, wherein, amidst minerally-colored candies and decaying fruit, stood the open milk cans, visited by that active disseminator of disease, the domestic fly, on his trips to and from an unprotected cesspool in the adjacent yard; an Italian refectory in the French quarter of New Orleans, presided over by an ancient crone who, besides doing all the housework, manipulated, mixed, handled, diluted, and adulterated the milk herself—and she was suffering from erysipelas. These instances and others I mentioned to one of my official acquaintances in Copenhagen. He looked incredulous, then puzzled, and finally observed that he didn't understand English very well. He simply couldn't take in the facts.

A Detective System for Infected Milk

In Copenhagen, if the retailer mixes his samples of milk so that he cannot trace any given output to its source, he becomes personally responsible. If he preserves the article in the original can from the dairy farm of which he purchases, the responsibility goes back to the farmer, provided the rules of the Board have been obeyed by the shop-keeper. He must inform the authorities, on demand, of the source of his supply, and if any part of this be under suspicion, the Board may demand a veterinary's certificate twice a month regarding the care, health, and feeding of the stock at the dairy from which the supply was furnished, or the further sale of that particular supply may be stopped. In this way, complete though indirect control of the original supply is secured, since the farmer who furnishes bad milk is shut off from every retail shop in Copenhagen. Copenhagen hasn't had a milk epidemic since 1901. If there is a city in America of 100,000 or more inhabitants that can truthfully say the same, I have yet to hear of it.

There are various explicit rules for the dividing of the milk into classes according to the amount of butter-fat it contains, and for the exact labelling of the containers, so that each customer may know precisely what he is getting; but these I shall not go into. The following general rules, however, carry their lesson. No milk can be sold in the city of Copenhagen that has an abnormal appearance or odor; that comes from cows in poor health; that contains any diluting matter, preservative, acid, or dirt. And milk that, after standing two hours, deposits a visible sediment, is regarded as dirty and presumably dangerous. Try this experiment with your own milk, Madam Housewife, and when you find a sediment, as you probably will, ask your dealer what it means and where it comes from. He won't know—but ask him, anyway. In Copenhagen he would know, because it would be to his interest to know, and he would obviate the condition promptly or he would cease to be a milk dealer.

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Over one class of milk the regulations throw an extra protection. This is what is known as "infant's milk" and is sold under that official label. Dr. Busck's workman would to-day find no difficulty in obtaining perfectly pure and safe nutriment on which to bring up his delicate child. On payment of the special price, he could buy, in any part of the city, a supply guaranteed by the law of the city, beyond any chance but that of human fallibility, to have come from sound, healthy cows, to have come to the city in sealed, aseptic cans, and thence to have been transferred by scientific methods to equally clean and aseptic bottles, and to be just as pure as when it was drawn from the cow. That animal, before being qualified to furnish this special quality, is guaranteed to have passed a veterinary's examination as to condition, care, and feeding within fifteen days, and the tuberculin test for bovine tuberculosis within one year.

What the Tuberculin Test Has Accomplished in Denmark

A word as to this tuberculin test, which has been so bitterly fought in this country. Only a few months ago a metropolitan newspaper that has constituted itself the consistent foe of public health reform bragged that it had prevented the Department of Agriculture of New York State from establishing and carrying out the test; and at this writing it is striving to duplicate this vicious achievement in Louisiana. Its pretext, and the pretext of all those who oppose the campaign against tuberculous milk, is that it works a hardship to the farmer to destroy his consumptive cattle, or to set an embargo upon the poisonous milk from them. Doubtless. But it also works a hardship to the city dweller who buys that milk for his child, to lose that child by intestinal tuberculosis. Dead child, or dead cow; which? The newspaper advocates the dead child. I think no newspaper in Denmark would be so temerarious. Largely by reason of the good-will of the dairy farmers themselves, who follow the lines laid down by Professor Bang, a Danish government expert, and, in his own line, a great educator, bovine tuberculosis has been reduced to a minimum in the dairy nation, and that without any destructive loss to the farmers. They are now educated to the point of reporting suspicious cases among their cattle. If the disease is incipient, the cow is isolated and watched; if the chances of cure are remote, the beast is ordered killed and such part of the meat as is not affected may be sold. In cases where the meat itself is condemned, the government indemnifies the farmer to the extent of the value of the beef. On the other hand, failure to report tuberculosis results in the farmer or dairyman being fined. So admirably has this system worked in the rooting out of the disease, that to-day the great abattoirs show only from five to ten per cent of tuberculosis in the first degree, four per cent in the second degree, and one per cent in the third degree. Contrast this with the record of the State of New York, in which, according to the best estimates, 30 per cent of all the herds are tuberculous.

So much for the effect upon cattle. Now consider the effect upon human beings of protecting the milk, not alone from tuberculosis, but from the various bacilli which carry off so many children by intestinal ailments. In 1880, when the pure milk movement was young, out of every one thousand deaths in Copenhagen 219 were of children under one year. In 1890 this figure had been reduced to 198, the figure being larger than it should have been because of the pandemic of grippe and diphtheria. From 1902–1906, the period of the latest attainable figures, the ratio of infant mortality to total mortality was but 144 in a thousand. Compare this with Chicago's 210, with Cleveland's 256, with Savannah's 228, with Fall River's 420, even with the figure of so progressive a city as Buffalo, where, out of every one thousand deaths, 201 are those of children under one year.

If this means anything, it means something very wrong in our American system. Wherein do we fail? For the answer I look to Buffalo, a city nearly as large as Copenhagen, and, like Copenhagen, situated in the midst of a rich and open grazing country; a city, moreover, far above the American average in its intelligent concern with public health matters, and having as its Commissioner of Health an able, conscientious, and non-political hygienist, an expert in milk, Dr. Ernest Wende. In a former article I have shown how Rochester, despairing of educating or forcing the dairymen to a decent standard, went into the milk trade itself, and under its health officials, Drs. Goler and Roby, provided an object-lesson in child saving which has had a nation-wide significance. Buffalo has worked along different lines.

Buffalo's Admirable System

Buffalo's regulations are admirable. Every milk dealer, and every dairyman, farmer, or citizen keeping a cow within the city limits, must have a license from the Board of Health. Milk houses, under the terms of this license, must be kept in a clean and sanitary condition. The sale of watered, adulterated, or impure milk, or of milk from diseased, ill-kept, or badly fed cattle is prohibited. All milk

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houses, milk-boxes, and milk wagons are open to the inspection of the Health Department at all times. The department may forbid the entry into the city of any milk that falls short of its standards. The system is so sound, it is so far superior in all respects to that of most other American cities, that to criticize it seems both ungracious and unjust to Dr. Wende, who is responsible for it. But I am comparing it here, not to adjacent systems, but to what is practically perfection, the Copenhagen system, and Dr. Wende himself would be the last to maintain that his city has attained to an ideal standard.

"Give us time and unlimited authority," he says, "and we can give the people pure milk. At present we're doing the best we can with the means at our command."

The "Tell-tale Register" Device

The best Buffalo can do—and a very good best, under present conditions—is to check swiftly and decisively all illness arising from impure milk. It does not do away with impurity in the milk supply, as does Copenhagen; nor, like that city, does it defend itself from the initial attack of milk-born disease. But it does the next best thing; it promptly detects the presence of dangerous milk and checks the spread of infections therefrom. Every year some promising little onset of scarlet fever, diphtheria, or typhoid, which, in another city, might well reach the proportions of a formidable epidemic, is pounced upon and smothered before it can get a really good start, by the city's undermanned, underpaid, but energetic and efficient health forces. This is accomplished by means of the "tell-tale register," a device that every municipality in the United States should adopt, so simple and efficacious is it. It consists of a ledger in which is entered daily every case of important contagious or infectious disease, reportable by law, together with the name of the milk-man from whom the household of the patient gets its milk. Should two or more cases of typhoid, scarlet fever, diphtheria, measles, or smallpox appear upon the same milk route, the milk man is under suspicion at once, and a bacteriological examination of his supply is made, as well as an inspection of his premises. If no disease is discovered in his household, nor source of infection in his milk house, the trail is followed to the farmer from whom his supply comes. Almost invariably the source of the disease is definitely traceable. Then the milk from that source is prohibited and the incipient epidemic flickers out after a few more cases have appeared. In the event of a spread of infantile or diarrhœal disease along one milk route, the bacteriologist of the department goes to the suspected farm, makes a detailed investigation into the conditions, and usually finds streptococci being milked into the pail, from cows with sore or tuberculous udders.

Where Buffalo's System Fails

But why, since Buffalo is so adept in detection, is it not equally competent in prevention? Because of two weaknesses in the system, for neither of which can the Health Department be held culpable. First, the sources of the milk supply, too wide-spread to come within the supervision of the city authorities, are not properly looked after by the regularly (and, as I believe, mistakenly) constituted authority, the State Department of Agriculture. Upon this department is imposed the responsibility, which might with better results be placed with, or at least shared with, the State Board of Health, of supervising the general milk supply of the State. True, the State Department of Agriculture does investigate and report upon dairy-farm conditions in the vicinity of Buffalo, upon notification, from the local health department, of definite infections; but, Dr. Wende complains, it does little or nothing toward eradicating the evil. The fact is that the State organization is doing the best it can with a wholly inadequate force, and is improving its system year by year, but it lacks men to carry out any general campaign of guardianship over the milk supply. So in any seriously threatening situation the Buffalo health authorities go out themselves into the surrounding country, to do work that should properly be done at the State's expense.

The other weakness in the Buffalo system—and it is a universal weakness in American hygiene—is the lack of an adequate force of men to enforce its regulations. Practically all the work of keeping watch upon four hundred regular milk dealers and some two thousand grocery stores which sell the commodity in small amounts, is allotted to four men, no one of whom can give all his time to it. Indeed, three out of the four, are, owing to the necessities of the department, more occupied with other branches of work than with the inspection of milk. Therefore many stores and milk houses remain unvisited for months, instead of being under constant surveillance by the authorities, as is the case in Copenhagen, where the sanitary police make their frequent rounds. Inevitably, the average dealer falls into easy and sometimes dangerous laxities.

With Dr. May, of the Buffalo department, I visited a number of the milk houses; not the highest class alone, but all classes, for the

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Buffalo health authorities have the virtue—so rarely found in official life—of frankness, and exhibit but little of that confusing instinct to put the best foot forward and make "a good showing" which has often surrounded my investigating work elsewhere with polite and ornamental difficulties. Naturally, since there was no concealment, I found disregard and violation of the regulations in some places, mostly in minor details, and attributable to a gentle lapse into slipshod methods that more regular inspection would have prevented. On the other hand I found a most encouraging intelligence and interest on the part of the milkmen, even down in the heart of the Polish quarter of East Buffalo (where some of the milk houses were a real pleasure to see), that told of a long and steady campaign of education. I should like to see in Buffalo such an institution as the Milk-Furnishing Society of Copenhagen, backed, as it would be, by the health regulations, for I believe that it would be successful from every point of view. And still more would I like to see a sufficient force of inspectors in the Buffalo Department of Health, not only to enforce the regulations within the city, but to cover, scoutwise, the whole range of outer territory that now supplies the city with dairy products. The milk ordinances of Buffalo are well worth carrying out to the last letter.

Other American cities are making progress along these or parallel lines. New York, thanks largely to the initiative and executive ability of Dr. Walter Bensel, has established an excellent code which it is attempting to enforce, and with encouraging success, considering the magnitude of the problem. New Orleans has got a lively fight on its hands against its dairy farmers (some of whom, as I can state from observation, maintain as filthy cow stables as can be found in the world) because it is striving to enforce reasonable protective legislation against the poisonous milk with which it is flooded. Boston, with its own efficient department backed by the progressive Massachusetts Board of Health, which has control of the milk supply of the State, has done much. Washington and Kansas City both have workable systems of milk-protection, rising to a steadily higher standard, and Cleveland, Providence, and Philadelphia are among the cities that are undertaking needed reforms. Barring the anti-tuberculosis movement, there is no line of hygienic endeavor that has enlisted as wide-spread and hopeful an interest in this country as the problem of obtaining pure milk.

Pasteurization a Dangerous Makeshift

To revert to Copenhagen, which is reaping the reward of solving this problem. One further lesson is to be drawn from its triumph—the fallaciousness of the pasteurized milk idea. There is to-day no eminent authority in the medical world who believes that pasteurized milk is as good as pure raw milk. Pasteurization is defended as a makeshift, as a method of destroying disease-bearing germs, by boiling them in the milk, and serving, as it were, a sort of bacillus soup. But even thoroughly boiled germs are not valuable articles of nutriment. Boiled filth—and as soon as you begin to pasteurize you open wide the door to foul milk, since the foulness is concealed, not destroyed in the cooking—is not an eminently desirable item of diet, even when boiled in milk. Moreover, the bacilli of putrefaction, which are a fertile cause of diarrhœal disorders, fairly hold revel of multiplication in pasteurized milk, whereas in raw milk they are kept under by the natural bacilli of the fluid, which fall an early prey to boiling. Finally, pasteurized milk causes scurvy, rickets, anæmia, and malnutrition in children. The 1899 Sanitary Commission of Copenhagen, in its experiments with samples of milk treated by this process, found that as a rule, by the time they reached the consumer, they were as rich in bacteria as ordinary milk, and that their bacteria averaged a greater efficiency for harm. Said a very distinguished Danish scientist recently:

"The dealer who pasteurizes good milk is a fool. The dealer who pasteurizes foul milk is a knave."

The sole excuse for pasteurizing bad milk has been that it was the lesser of two evils. Copenhagen has shown to the world that pasteurization is an unnecessary evil, and that the slogan raised thirty years ago by Dr. Busck and his little band of altruistic associates, "Pure milk from sound cows," is a universally attainable ideal.

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THE COUNTESS OF OVERLAND HALT

BY

L. H. BICKFORD

CURLEY DURKETT was riding to Overland Halt to be married. He wore new boots and a fresh, brown corduroy suit, and when he swung into the main road from the trail that came down from the men's quarters of the Oasis mines, he sang, somewhat incongruously, considering his mission, a ballad with this refrain:

Oh, times I have wondered how women love men,
More times have I wondered how men could love them;
They'll be your destruction, your sudden downfall,
And cause you to labor behind a stone wall.

This was continued for nearly a mile, punctuated by an occasional "geddap" when the pony became listless. At first the refrain rang out from a care-free voice and clear, but as the rider plodded on it became less and less distinct and finally subsided to a mere humming of the words. Then it ceased altogether, as Durkett drew rein. He seemed to be listening. The road — it was infrequently traveled — ran downward, through the woods, and had many turnings, so that it was impossible for him to see very far ahead or behind. Old trails ran into it here and there, for it had once been a populous highway. Now it was practically abandoned, because the mines sent their ores in another direction.

What Durkett thought he heard was the steady hoof-beat of another horse. Concluding that he was mistaken, he chirruped his own beast on and sang again. But the thought persisted, and presently he slowed to a walk. Then there came upon him the curious sensation of being followed. He became convinced of this by a series of experiments. The sounds were distinct when he urged his pony into a trot and ceased when he abruptly pulled up. It was as if the person behind had calculated on not coming upon the man in front of him until they were deeper in the woods. And that was not the custom of travelers hereabout, where companionship on a journey was something of a consideration.

Durkett grew thoughtful. The inner pocket of his blue flannel shirt contained a buckskin wallet, and this wallet held important contents. His hand went consciously up to his breast as he looked around and scanned the road. It would have been better had he urged the steed at full speed ahead and made a chase of it, for now that the person who followed him became aware that Durkett was alert, he came quickly into view from a turn in the road where bowlders were piled high, and his manner confirmed the worst suspicions. He, too, was jauntily attired in clean, new clothes. He seemed to be a man of about fifty, lean and tall, with a red mustache that flowed away at the ends in a downward droop. He had blue eyes that looked not unkindly on Durkett, but in which there was the cold glint of resolution. Also, he carried, in his right hand, an ancient but formidable pistol with a long black barrel. This pistol was pointed directly toward Durkett's head, so that there was no mistaking the intention of the stranger. Durkett reached back toward his hip pocket — he had always been called a fool for carrying his gun practically buttoned up, and now he silently coincided with the general opinion — but the newcomer raised his weapon to a business-like tilt and said politely:

"Up."

And the miner obeyed.

The man with the red mustache rode quickly up to the pony and, drawing beside Durkett, deftly took the gun from the hip-pocket and dropped it into the breast of his coat. Then he said succinctly, "Lower," and Durkett let his hands fall. The subsequent observations and directions were quite as brief.

"Git off," said the stranger, elevating the ancient weapon ever so slightly, while he warily watched the pony's rider as he slipped down and stood in the road.

"About twenty paces to the right," he next advised, and as Durkett slowly obeyed he also dismounted and slipped the bridle of his horse over a withered pine trunk.

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"Turn around," said the man with the mustache, still flourishing the gun, and when Durkett obeyed he whipped from a pocket several feet of stout manila rope, and, in a second, it seemed, the would-be bridegroom found himself tied, hands and feet, and backed down into a sitting position under the shade of a large tree.

The stranger now put his black-barreled pistol away, contemplated the man before him, drew forth a small bag of tobacco, and rolled a cigarette.

"You might want to smoke this," he said, in a voice that was distinctly friendly. "The only thing that's sure to come along here is the mail cart in the evenin', and if you lift up your voice Charley Sparrow 'll hear you and give you a lift back to the mines."

Here he struck a match, placed the cigarette between Durkett's lips, and accommodatingly gave him the benefit of the light. Durkett drew three long puffs and thought of his hidden wealth. Evidently he was not in the hands of a road-agent, for the wallet might have been taken from him without all this trouble.

"I don't aim to go back to the mines tonight," declared Durkett, when he had finished the cigarette. "I aim to go to Overland Halt to be married. What's all this mean, anyway? My hoss is gettin' fretful."

"Your hoss will be taken care of," said the obliging but mysterious stranger. "And as for goin' to Overland Halt to get married, you ain't, that's all. There's another party goin' to play the blushin' bridegroom down there, and the same is present before you. I reckoned to overtake you a little further on and tell you this, but you seemed to be gettin' restless."

"You?" cried Durkett, looking the man over. "You get married in my place to ——"

"Miss Pert Timmins is the lady's name," interrupted the stranger. "Otherwise popular as the Countess of the Dining-room at the Overland Halt Hotel, if I am stating the case correctly."

"Why, yes," acknowledged Durkett, confused, "but what has this here," and he twisted his roped hands and feet, "got to do with it?"

"Friend," replied the affable stranger, "it's got a lot to do with it. Let me demonstrate, since this ain't no mystery, and I don't want to do no man any more harm than's necessary. You've been ridin' some down to Overland Halt, haven't you?"

"I been goin' there Saturdays for a month," answered the victim.

"Jus' so. And I been goin' there Sundays for a month. An' last Saturday, if I am correctly informed, the object of your attentions, bein' then alone in the dinin'-room with you, where you had managed to spend about one hour out-eatin' the other patrons of this square meal establishment, confided to you the fact that if some man would come along that way, possessed of five hundred dollars or more, and present a certain case in a certain way, she might be induced to quit the Overland Halt Hotel and build biscuits for two only. Am I right?"

"There's some things that is considered confidential between people," declared Durkett, with a show of spirit, "and what passes when two is contemplatin' matrimony is one of them. I don't know as I've got any call to answer you that."

"Steady now, friend," advised the stranger soothingly. "This ain't no violation of a sacred pledge. It's just puttin' the matter in understandable form. We don't want words, you and me, and we don't want to quarrel. That's why you're tied up, for one thing. It would have been easy to pull off a killin' over this, as you will agree when you consider I had the drop on you for some distance before I took up."

Durkett was compelled to acknowledge the logic of this.

"Well," he said, "I guess you've about stated the proposition."

"Sure," said the stranger genially. "Now we 'll get on better. It's the same proposition she made to me the next day. And here," tapping his breast, "is the wherewithal."

Durkett looked him over again with added interest.

"You mean," he asked, "that she reckoned to take the first one that showed up, and you've done this to keep me out of it?"

"Friend, you are thinkin' with precision and accuracy. My compliments to your rapid mind. I will only say that when you stated to the lady that you would return on Wednesday and claim her hand, and incidentally furnish proof of your financial ability to enter upon the double life, you made your mistake."

"My money is kept by the shift-boss," said Durkett, "and it's a day's ride from Overland Halt to the Oasis and another day back. She said she wanted to be convinced, and no man carries a bank around with him. Anyway, *she* said she'd wait."

"But don't you see you shouldn't have set the day?" asked the stranger. "I work over at the Two Forty, and that's twenty miles beyond you, and I tell you it took some hustle, after I learned how things stood, for me to get back there and get my money and then try to

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beat you to it. You see I started almost twenty-four hours late from the jump. Now if you'd made it Tuesday, you'd had me plumb beat. But when she said Wednesday, I made a lightnin' calculation, and even at that I figured I'd have to overtake and stop you somewheres on the road. I got this cayuse to hit it up some and — well, here we are."

Durkett wriggled his feet, and a look of disgust overspread his face.

"It ain't no way to do," he said bitterly. "She hadn't any right to up and make you the same proposition without givin' me time to make good."

"Oh, she'd let you have the shade the best of it, I guess, if you was to show up all right. I don't think she's one to go back on her word. If you and me was to turn up there together, she'd keep her end of the bargain because you asked first. That's all right."

Durkett looked sourly at the rope around his feet and twisted his bound hands as if they chafed. No comment was necessary. It was obvious that the affable stranger did not propose that the prospective bride should be embarrassed to make a choice. And he knew that his non-arrival at the specified time, with the other suitor on hand, meant but one thing. He sulked, while the red mustache rolled him another cigarette.

"If I could get away from here ——" he offered somewhat vaguely, and then, irritated by his enforced inactivity: "Say, do you think this is a square thing to do?"

"No," admitted the other, thrusting the cigarette in his mouth and lighting it as before, "I don't. I wouldn't want to have it done to me. But my argument is that you 'd have the adge on me if you was a free agent, and I might as well say right here that I've had my heart set on this Miss Pert Timmins. I like her ways, and I'm a marryin' man. I buried one wife in Tomahawk, and I lost another at Escalante through a gambler. As I understand, you never was yoked up in this here harness of matrimony?"

Durkett signified, by a shake of the head, that this was true.

"I take you to be about forty, and if you've been a bachelor that long you'd ought to be used to it by now. It's the man that's had these little domestic attentions and that's known what a hearth and home and double-sharin' is, that misses 'em most — not the feller that ain't had experience. I've got a new cabin up at the Two Forty that only needs the finishin' touch of a lady's presence. And it strikes me that the Countess sort of fills the bill. And you can rest your mind easy about Miss Pert, my friend. Last Sunday night, when I had out-set the rest at the Overland Halt Hotel, and told her what was on my mind, and she made that statement about not marryin' any poor man, she tells me right out that there was one ahead of me. 'But,' she says, 'if he ain't around at the promised time, I'll consider the obligation cancelled, and after that it's first come first served, which is my motto whether I'm carryin' ham and eggs or fillin' a date to marry.' And it's her fine, outspoken way that I like. I'm also partial to the way she does up her hair, with that big fluff to the front."

Sounds rumbled in Durkett's throat. He, too, had been attracted by the fluff.

"I like a man to be a sport," he said finally. "I ain't got a fair shake at this, and you know it. If you'd made a proposition for us to stand off a few paces and take a shot, the live one to get the lady at the end of the *dis*charge, I might of took it up, even if I had rights. It's one thing to come up square and say you dispute a lady's hand, and have it out in a fair fight, and it's another thing to climb on a man like you was a hold-up and truss him and leave him to contemplate nature while you ride on and take his place. I say right here that I don't like the looks of it, and it ain't human."

"No woman," said the stranger solemnly, "is worth litigatin' over with the district attorney. No, not even Miss Pert Timmins, and I esteem her highly. And this country ain't what it was. If you shoot up a man now, even in a fair fight, and even in a fight that's understood between friends, a lot of busybodies are around askin' questions, and like as not the jury 'll be filled with farmers, and your life's not safe. Friend, I am ord'narily a fair man and I regret my action here to-day, but I've laid the whole thing before you, and you can see how I stand. In love and war, they say, everything goes."

He seemed genuinely distressed, and, in the pause that followed, Durkett, casting up the situation, evolved a plan to appeal to the man's sense of honor, at the same time admitting that the remarks on the inadvisability of the duel were based on sound principles.

"You got a dollar?" the miner asked suddenly.

The stranger admitted the possession of that sum. In fact, he drew forth a number of dollars, jingling them in the palms of his hands.

"Now I got somethin' to say to *you*," went on Durkett. "I guess I think as much of Miss Pert Timmins as you do, and I guess, *bein'* a single man, I got some rights to take a chance at this here marriage game — rights that a

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man who's had two wives is bound to respect. I can't deny that you've got me all sewed up here, and that there ain't much chance of my gettin' away for a few hours, and you well on your trip to Overland Halt. And I know that, with any sort of a start, you couldn't be overtook, and that by the time I'd show up the option would have expired, and she'd grab the second proposition. Oh, you've thought it out pretty clever, and I ain't a fool, although I must look one sprawlin' here all mixed up with a clothes-line. But I want to ask you, as man to man, if you don't think it would be the decent thing to give me at least a gamblin' chance in this game?"

The stranger looked wonderingly at the captive.

"I don't quite gather it up," he said.

"I mean you toss up one of them dollars, heads or tails, and if you win, you let me out of this and go on your way, and I'll take the loser's end and ride back to the Oasis."

"Jus' so," commented the stranger, "jus' so — but if I don't win?"

Yet it was to be noted that a look of relief came into his eyes at the mention of the wager, and he slipped all the money back into his pocket, with the exception of two silver pieces.

"Why," explained Durkett, "then that's my chance — you ride back to the Two Forty and try to forget."

The stranger appeared to reflect.

"That's fair," he admitted, "I don't know but it sounds fair. It ain't what I started out to do, though, and it ain't very consistent, considerin' all the trouble I took, not to mention the risk, in bringin' about this situation. But it sure *is* fair and would take a load off'n my conscience."

"You're thinkin'," said Durkett, conscious of the other's hesitation, "that if you let me loose and I got on my feet, I might not stand by the verdict — what?"

"I'm thinkin' that some, yes. Considerin' the way I roped you up, I don't know as I'd have any reason to expect quarter if you was to manage to switch things around — and I ain't much on the wrassle."

"You've got my gun and your own," Durkett reminded him, "and I guess my hoss is some bit down the road, so I don't see where you take any chances."

"I'm naturally a suspicious person," confided the stranger. He jingled the coins for a while. Then he held one of them up, showing he had determined to proceed and give Durkett his "gambling chance."

"Which?" he asked, and he studied the man before him closely, nor did the miner note the quick juggling of the other coin as he called out "heads" and the dollar went spinning into the air and then fell at his feet. "Tails" were uppermost. The stranger let him see for himself, then unbound him and went quickly to the place where his horse was standing, as if he feared treachery. But Durkett remained by the tree. He was playing the game fairly.

"I never did have no luck with women," was his only comment.

"Some don't," acknowledged the stranger, who was now in the saddle. "Well, so long — and I hope you don't feel that way about it that you won't come over and call on me and the missis."

With that he rode off, somewhat precipitately, leaving the other standing by the roadside stretching his arms and shaking his legs free from the effects of his bonds. Durkett looked about for his horse, but it was not in sight. Indeed, he was presently to know that at the next turn in the road his recent acquaintance had come upon that animal and was even now proceeding eastward with it for certain precautionary reasons. One of these reasons lay with the dollar that had settled the wager. In his haste, the stranger had neglected to pick it up. Coming upon it now, Durkett grasped this souvenir of a heart bowed down and gazed sympathetically at the spread-eagle there imaged. Then he turned it over. There was a spread-eagle on the opposite side, also.

The miner howled an oath of rage and laughed loudly and hysterically. Then he plunged into the road, and, just beyond the turn, saw by the hoof-prints in the dust that the interesting stranger had provided himself with double means of transportation and left nothing for a possible pursuer. Still Durkett pushed on in his blind anger. It was five miles to the Half Way House, the nearest abode. But the miner was whipped on by the memory of the trick that had been played on him, and he covered the intervening miles as if racing for a life. When he brought up at the inn, and stumbled into the presence of Jerry Hicks in the bar-room, he was in a condition of dust and exasperation, but he made known his wants explicitly.

"Gimme," he said, "a gun and somethin' to ride."

Jerry Hicks looked at the panting figure before him.

"Why," he exclaimed, "it's Curley Durkett — Curley Durkett, and he's plumb excited."

"You bet I'm excited — and I'm some mad. Seen a man pass by here leadin' a hoss?"

"Sure," answered Hicks, "but that was

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almost an hour ago. He didn't stop. Nobody seems to stop here nowadays." Hicks dropped into a plaintive note of disgust. "Seems to me, too, that there's less travel every week. Why we come to the forsaken hole ——"

But Durkett had no time for business condolences.

"That was *my* hoss," he explained. "I got to catch that feller. Lemme have your broncho. Here ——"

He dived into his shirt pocket and brought out the buckskin wallet, taking therefrom a gold piece. Hicks led the way through the bar, back into the kitchen, and out into the corral where the pinto was running loose.

"A hoss thief, hey?" he commented, as he took the saddle from its peg, while Durkett rounded up the broncho. "A hoss thief — there ain't been much of that goin' on around here since the boom busted. It used to be that you couldn't leave a critter out nights, but for all that, seems to me there was more prosperity. I d'no as I'll stay out here much longer — my folks writes me from Vermont ——"

He was cut short as the pony lunged against him while Durkett tightened the cinch, and in another second he was left standing alone in the corral as horse and rider swept out into the road. The miner had lost time, but his steed was fresh, and it whirled a dust cloud about itself as it sped on down the mountain and out into the broad brown valley, toward the little railway town of Overland Halt that lay miles away to the east. He had one advantage — the man ahead was hampered because of the animal he was leading.

And yet it was late in the afternoon before Durkett came upon the deceptive stranger, and, when he did so, the circumstances were ludicrous rather than dramatic. For the pursued was sitting his horse and staring at a couple in a smart, red-wheeled carriage which was drawn up before him. The male occupant of this highly-colored equipage was a large gentleman with a thick, black beard whom Durkett recognized as the Dutch ranchman from over the Divide. His companion was none other than the Countess of Overland Halt, wearing a hat as red as the carriage wheels; and her weak, round little face was wreathed in smiles. She had been explaining something to the stranger, and when Durkett came into view she laughed shrilly and clapped her hands.

The stranger looked at Durkett in a dazed manner.

"She's married him," he said. "She married him this afternoon at Overland Halt and threw up her job, and they're honeymoonin'. She only met him yesterday."

The man with the beard flicked his whip sharply over the well-groomed horse before him and smiled expansively.

"Yep," he uttered, and the carriage rolled between the two horsemen and on over toward the foothills, while there drifted back on the quiet air the half-hysterical laughter of the woman and the more subdued guffaw of her new husband.

Durkett and the stranger contemplated the backs of the happy couple, but neither of the travelers voiced his actual sentiments. Yet each thoroughly understood.

"I'll trouble you for that pony," said the miner, after a time, reaching out for the extra bridle the other held. It was instantly transferred, while the man with the mustache sighed.

"I suppose I'd ought to apologize for that low-down trick I played on you," he remarked, still following the line of the disappearing carriage. "I ain't no excuse to offer. You can put four holes through me, from west to east, if you want to. But honest, I thought a lot of that girl. I just didn't want to take any chances. When I found I hadn't picked up that gambler's dollar, I reckoned you'd come along someway. That's why I took your hoss."

Durkett felt his anger cooling.

"Goin' on to Overland Halt anyway?" he asked.

"I s'pose we might as well," was the reply, "and get a drink out of it."

For a mile they proceeded in silence. Then the stranger turned in his saddle and gave a searching glance toward the foothills.

"Ain't it funny," he asked, "how a man with whiskers 'll always land 'em?"

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THE CAUSES OF RUSSIA'S DEFEAT BY JAPAN

BY

GENERAL KUROPATKIN

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

IN a letter to the Emperor dated February 21, 1906, I inserted the following statement: "I should be happy to assume the entire responsibility for our defeat in the Japanese War. But this would be untrue historically, and injurious to the cause, for it might diminish in our army—which is great, in spite of reverses—the consciousness of the importance of examining, from all sides, the causes of our misfortunes, in order that we may avoid them in future."

In what follows I will give the causes of Russia's military disaster in the recent war, as I see them.

The chief cause of all was undoubtedly our unpreparedness for war; and the principal reason for this, it must be recognized, was the insufficiency of appropriations from the National Treasury. This arose, first, from the huge increase of appropriations for the navy; second, from the expenditure of huge sums on enterprises in the Far East; and third, from the irregular system of calculating the nation's anticipated income.

The Russky Invalid, in 1905, printed an article by Professor Maksheeff which gave authoritative data on the expenditure for the armies in Germany and Russia for the period 1888-1900. During these thirteen years the amounts spent on the land forces were as follows: Germany, 3,581,000,000 rubles; Russia, 3,479,000,000 rubles. That is, Germany, during the period in question, spent one hundred million rubles ($50,000,000) more than Russia. The immense extent of Russia's frontiers, 17,000 versts in length, together with other causes, made it indispensable for her to maintain, in time of peace, an army almost twice as great as that of Germany. Consequently, our allowance being smaller than that of the German army, we were compelled to use the great part of our means for ordinary expenses. For extraordinary expenses—for modern artillery, for proper supplies, for proper means of communication, always of prime importance in real war—for all these the sums we had were insignificant.

The Dangers to the East and to the West

Our small military preparedness, as compared to the great numerical force of our army, presented itself in its real light as long ago as 1871, when we saw the Germans in the space of two weeks put a huge army on the frontier of France and conduct the war triumphantly. The Turkish War of 1877-78 exposed the weak points of our system of mobilization. And the new grouping of Powers, the formation of the Triple Alliance, and the retort to the Duplex Alliance made it necessary for Russia immediately to take measures for the defence of her boundaries, in case of war with the Triple Alliance.

The principal attention of the Ministry of War was thus directed, on most sufficient grounds, to the Western frontier. For the guarding and defence of our boundaries in the Caucasus, Turkestan, and in the Siberian military districts, the smallest possible appropriation was allotted. In Siberia, from the coast of the Pacific Ocean to the Ural Mountains, we maintained only a few battalions, and had not a single fortress.

Thus matters continued until 1894—until the Japan-China War. In 1898 I succeeded General Vannofski, and General Sakharoff succeeded General Obrucheff in the Ministry of War. Events in the Far East followed each other rapidly and it became imperative that, without regard to our preparedness in the West, we should dispatch forces and means for the reinforcement of our position on Kwang-tung, in Manchuria, and in the provinces of the Amur. When my predecessor, General Vannofski, demanded the disbursement of 455,000,000 rubles over and above the fixed budget for the five-year period, 1898-1902, the Minister of Finance—

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GENERAL KUROPATKIN REVIEWING HIS TROOPS

Sergius de Witte—would not admit the possibility of disbursing more than 160,000,000 rubles ($80,000,000); and this sum was allotted. In 1903 I asked that, over and above the fixed budget, we might be allotted 825,000,000 rubles ($412,500,000) for the five years, 1904-1908. The Ministry of Finance, at the instance of the Imperial Treasury, gave us 130,000,000 rubles ($65,000,000).

Witte's Assumption of Autocratic Powers

If the Minister of Finance (Sergius de Witte) had confined himself to the rôle of collector of means to satisfy all governmental needs, no question could have arisen about his conduct. But our financial affairs were so arranged that the Minister of Finance was actually not only the collector of funds, but also their distributor in chief. He formed in his ministry departments that belonged to other Ministries: to the Ministries of Ways and Communications, War, Navy, Public Education, Interior, Agriculture, and Foreign Affairs. In the Ministry of Ways and Communications he projected, constructed, and managed the vast East China railway; in the Ministry of War, he organized and commanded two army corps, one for frontier defence, the other for the guarding of that same East China railway; and he even accepted, independently, without consulting the Minister of War, the type of artillery for the army corps which guarded the East China railway. In the Navy Department, he organized and managed the merchant fleet on the Pacific Ocean, and the armed river vessels. In the Department of Public Education, he founded the higher technical institutes. In the Departments of the Interior and Agriculture, he exercised the chief power over the so-called "alienation strip" of the East China railway, built towns and villages, settled questions of agriculture, and the allotment of the land to various uses. In the Department of Foreign Affairs, he held conferences with the highest representatives of the Chinese administration, concluded treaties, and had his agents, who were at once commercial and diplomatic, at various points in China and Korea.

"One's Own Shirt Is Nearest His Body"

When it came to such activity as this, the Russian proverb, "*One's own shirt is nearest his body*" came into play, and the allotment for enter-

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prises over which the Minister of Finance ruled was more liberal than for the corresponding sections of other ministries. The appropriations essential for public education were cut down; and, at the same time, many millions were found for the construction of grandiose edifices for polytechnic institutes in St. Petersburg and Kieff; very expensive edifices were erected for the Excise Department; palaces were constructed for housing employees; immense sums were allotted for building the town of Dalny and the East China Railway, together with palaces in Kharbin and other enterprises connected therewith.

Russia's Great Excess of "Free Cash"

For this last construction, which was a private affair so far as management was concerned, but governmental so far as the assignment of government funds was in question, funds were taken from the so-called "free cash." This "free cash" system has acquired, not only with us, but also, probably, in other European lands, a development unprecedented in history. The idea upon which it was founded was very simple; all that was required was to cut down all the demands for funds made by all the departments—thus impeding the satisfaction of their current needs—and, at the same time, to cut down the amount of receipts expected.

The results obtained were simply astonishing; the excess of receipts over expenses, at a time when the pressing needs for the defence of the Empire remained unsatisfied, amounted, for the twelve years between 1894 and 1905, to more than 200,000,000 rubles ($100,000,000) a year. Both in 1898 and 1899 the actual receipts exceeded the receipts anticipated by more than 200,000,000 rubles ($100,000,000.) And even during the two years of the war the actual income exceeded the estimated income by 80,000,000 rubles ($40,000,000).

Within the limits to which the Ministry of War was restricted in 1898-1903, its expenditures were conducted upon a strictly determined plan. The results of the activity of the Ministry of War, for the ten years preceding the Russo-Japanese War, in strengthening our position in the Far East are evident from the following figures: We had in the Amur district, Manchuria, and Kwang-tung, in 1884, twelve battalions; in 1894, twenty battalions; in 1903, sixty-three battalions; and in 1904, one hundred and forty battalions. These enormous results were obtained at the price of weakening our position on the Western frontier.

The Utter Failure of the Navy

In the war with Japan, which is preëminently a maritime power, the chief place belonged to the operations on the sea, not to those on land. If we had smashed the Japanese fleet, the war on Chinese territory would have become an impossibility for the Japanese. As a matter of fact, our fleet helped the land forces very little indeed. Having sought refuge in Port Arthur, our fleet did not even attempt to hinder the operations of the Japanese. The three Japanese armies of Oku, Nogi, and Nodzu effected their disembarkation on the Liao-yang Peninsula without any impediment whatever. Two of these armies—those of Oku and Nogi—disembarked almost directly alongside the anchorage of our fleet.

Our fleet did nothing to hinder the Japanese from bringing up all sorts of stores, guns, ammunition and materials; and finally the naval catastrophe at Tshushima contributed, in a considerable measure, to the conclusion by Russia of a premature and dishonorable peace.

Our Best Hope: To Put an Army in the Field in Five Months

After the fleet, the factor that most facilitated the Japanese in their aggressive operations and contributed to our military unpreparedness, was the weakness of the Siberian Main Line and of the East China Railway.

In August, 1901, we had at our disposal for military transportation on the East China Railway twenty carriages per twenty-four hours; in the summer of 1903, we had seventy-five carriages; and beginning with January 14, 1904, we were promised five pairs of trains a day for military transportation, each to consist of thirty-five carriages, which makes one hundred and seventy-five carriages from each end. At the same time, it was assumed that the Siberian Railway would be in a condition to furnish seven pairs of military trains a day.

In case of a breach with Japan, it was planned, in 1903, in addition to the armies of the Far East, to move four corps from European Russia for the reinforcement of the Eastern troops: two corps of regular troops and two of reserves. We expected that, beginning with January, 1904, the Siberian and East China railways would be able to furnish us with five pairs of military trains a day. The concentration of these relatively weak forces would require, on this basis, five months from the day war was declared. As a matter of fact, when we began the war with Japan, we had at our disposal, for mobilization, concentration, and the transportation of supplies, only three military trains a day from European Russia to Kharbin.

Lake Baikal, covered with thick ice, presented a tremendous difficulty on the Siberian Main Line. The ice-breaker acted irregularly, and

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work on the Circum-Baikal Railway had made very little progress, so far. Prince Hilkoff conceived and put into execution the idea of laying a temporary road on the ice. Over this the engines were transported in sections, the carriages being dragged across by horses. The inspiration and energy of Prince Hilkoff rescued us from a painful position; in spite of all difficulties and of the terrible cold and wind, the old Prince personally superintended the work, and although he fell seriously ill, he rescued us.

Only Four Trains—An Appeal to the Tsar

On March 9, before I set out for the Far East, to assume command of the army, I presented to the Emperor a report setting forth our most pressing needs for assuring success in our war with Japan. In this report, among other things, I said concerning the railroad:

"For successful concentration and rapid transportation of all cargoes, it is indispensable that we have at least thirty pairs of trains a day. But we shall have in all only fourteen pairs—that is to say, less than half of this—when present requirements shall have been complied with. It is evident in how painful a position we find ourselves now, when we have at our disposal only four pairs of military trains between Baikal and Kharbin."

On May 23 General Zhilinski brought me a letter from the Viceroy, in which the latter pointed out that, in his opinion, the time had come for the Manchurian army to attack the Yalu or march to Port Arthur. At that time, out of the twelve divisions assigned for reinforcing us, only one had arrived; in spite of this fact, an attack was ordered, and, being undertaken with inadequate forces, ended on June 14 in the defeat at Wafan-hoi. Only on June 27 did the vanguard of the First Army Corps arrive at Liao-yang.

We Should Have Won at Liao-Yang; Possibly at Mukden

If we had had at our disposal from the beginning of military action only one extra military train, we should have succeeded in concentrating in time for the battle at Liao-yang the First Army and the Sixth Siberian Corps, and with sixty extra battalions at our command we should have beaten the Japanese.

At the time of the fights in February, the army was short of its full quota by 50,000 bayonets; that is to say, it still lacked two corps. If we had had at Mukden sixty extra battalions in the body of the strategical reserve, as we should have had but for delays on the railroad, the fate of the battle of Mukden might have turned out in our favor, despite all our mistakes.

At last, in the summer of 1905, that is, sixteen months after the beginning of the war, the railways connected with the army in action attained, so far as I am aware, twelve pairs of military trains on the main line and eighteen pairs on the southern branch; that is to say, we had not yet reached on the main line the fourteen pairs of military trains for which I had appealed on March 9, 1904, when I set out for the seat of war.

The Desperate Need of More Trains

The Minister of War had informed me on October 26 that by October 28 the Siberian and Trans-Baikal roads would be despatching twelve pairs of miltary trains. On the basis of that telegram I presented to the Emperor some remarks as to the indispensable work on the railway. In my letter, dated November 13, 1904, I said, among other things:

"With every new month in the future we shall feel more and more strongly the need for increased railway connection with Russia. While the army was numerically small we maintained it, almost exclusively, from the local supplies (wheat, barley, hay, straw, fuel, cattle); but now these resources will soon be exhausted and we shall be obliged to depend in a very considerable degree upon importations from European Russia to maintain the army.

"When we begin to advance, our predicament will be aggravated. We shall enter a region of Manchuria that has already been devasted by war, and that, in the mountainous region, was always poor in resources. As the army is at present constituted, five trains a day are required for the daily supplies (of flour, groats, oats, hay and meat). It will soon become necessary to import fuel also.

"But an army cannot live from hand to mouth. It is indispensable to establish adequate depots of stores which will not only minister to present needs, but will constitute a reserve of supplies that will assure the future of the army for several months.

"Especially pressing is the need for the greatest possible number of trains on the days of battle. On these days a mass of demands of extraordinary importance arise upon the road, not only in the matter of furnishing a full complement of provisions, but also for bringing up artillery and engineering supplies; sections of troops, parks of artillery must be moved, complements of soldiers brought up, the wounded, which amount to several scores of thousands in the course of two or three days, must be removed.

"The needs of the troops in war are so varied and so great, that Europe has become convinced

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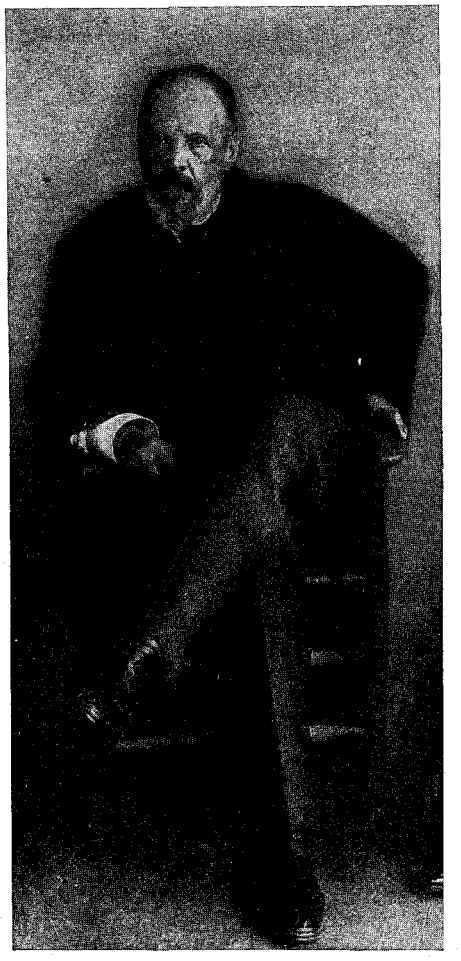
that each corps of the army ought to have its own special line of single-track railway, affording from fourteen to twenty pairs of trains a day. But we have now for nine army corps only one single-track road, affording until very recently only from eight to ten pairs of trains a day. This lack of correlation between the railway capacity and the forces designated for the struggle with Japan, constitutes the chief cause of the sluggish and indecisive course of the war.



SERGIUS DE WITTE

Water-proofs for Winter, — Fur Coats for Summer

"Our reinforcement is proceeding drop by drop, our supplies forwarded from European Russia have been stranded since the spring on the Siberian railway. The water-proof cloaks sent for summer use will be received now when fur coats are required. I am afraid that we shall receive fur coats for the whole army when water-proofs are needed. But up to the present time we have endured everything; we have fought the enemy, we have retreated, but we have not starved, because the local resources have sufficed. Now the situation is completely changed; local resources will last only a short time longer.

"Our horses will soon lack hay and straw if we do not make extraordinary efforts to strengthen the main line of the railway; and if we do not succeed in concentrating considerable supplies on a base, after the horses, the men, who are assembled in vast numbers upon a small tract of country, will begin to suffer privations, and if they do not have sufficient food will fall ill.

"Every accidental injury to the railway will be painfully reflected in the existence of the army, unless large depots of stores are formed.

"With the entire frankness of a faithful subject, invested through the exalted confidence of Your Majesty with great power in the command of three armies, I express my profound conviction that for the success of the actions of these three armies, it is indispensable to proceed immediately to the construction of a second track along the entire Siberia Main Line and the East China Line. Our armies should have a connection with Russia that will supply forty-eight pairs of trains per day.

The Future of the East and the Siberian Railroad

"The war may end before we get the second track laid over a considerable portion of the main line; but, on the other hand, the war may continue so long that only the laying of that second track will enable Russia to emerge victorious from her trial in the Far East. We are living through events of immense importance. On their issue will depend the future, not only

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of the Far East, but, in part, of all Russia. We must not hesitate to make sacrifices to assure ourselves a victorious outcome of the war in the present, and the tranquillity of the Far East in the future.

"Even a conquered Japan and a slumbering China will not give that tranquillity to Russia if the communications between the Far East and Russia are not strengthened so that several army corps can be rapidly transported to the Far East. This can be attained only by a double track road."

The first result of my letter was that in St. Petersburg they began to work out preliminary calculations as to the laying of the second track. They sought means of forwarding the rails for the road without curtailing the military trains. It was proposed to send them by way of the Arctic Ocean. It appears that an attempt was even made to do this, but later on, unhappily, the idea of constructing a second line during the war time was abandoned.

Japan Wins First Victory in Diplomacy

The Japanese, while preparing themselves materially and morally for war with us, at the same time, by the conclusion of a treaty with England, rendered safe the despatch of their armed forces against Russia alone. Our diplomacy neither averted war with Japan, nor assured us of complete tranquillity on our Western frontier.

The alarm concerning our position on the West—a very natural alarm—explained the fact that out of the five corps of troops in the reinforcements of the army of the Viceroyalty, three were sent from the reserve divisions. Troops were also indispensably necessary for the maintenance of internal order—a need that was not shared by the Japanese. Our choice troops—the Guards and the Grenadier sections—were not taken for the war, whereas the Japanese Division of the Guards was the very first to attack our troops at Tiurenchen. Although we had an army of a million in time of peace, we relied, during the war with Japan, not upon this standing million, but upon men from the reserves.

"You are Soldiers, so Fight Away; We are Peasants"

In the report that I presented to the Emperor on March 9, I stated that the reinforcements from European Russia designated for the strengthening of the armies in the Far East should be mobilized immediately after the Easter Feast, which fell in 1904 on April 10.

In former times, before the first battle, troops made long marches in campaign equipment. These marches, when properly performed, welded and hardened the sections. Every superfluous article was discarded; the weak were left behind; officers and men became well acquainted. Now, with transportation by rail, different results are obtained. The soldiers traveled for forty days, closely packed in the carriages, in order to reach the Far East. Control on the part of the officers, who traveled in separate carriages, was almost entirely lacking. Such a journey did no particular harm to the older sections, but to the newly-formed sections it was extremely injurious. In spite of my request, General Sakharoff transferred the first term of mobilization to a month later. In reality, the first days of mobilization were: for the Tenth and Seventeenth Corps, May 8; for the Fifth Siberian Corps, June 1. The echelons at the head set off on the railways as follows: the Tenth Corps on May 18; Seventeenth Corps on June 14; Fifth Siberian on July 12.

As a result of this tardy mobilization, the leading echelons of the Tenth Army Corps, on reaching the theater of war on June 30, were far below their quota, especially as regarded officers; while not only did the reserves from the Poltava Government fail to assimilate with the regulars, but after the first battles serious quarrels were on the point of breaking out between the regulars and the reserves in several companies. I was informed that the regulars accused the reserves of having left the ranks while the battle was being waged, and the latter retorted: "You are soldiers, so fight away; but we are peasants." The dissension reached such a pitch that the antagonists came near resorting to their rifles. I will add that these "peasants," in the battles that followed, became gradually transformed into thoroughly seasoned soldiers and fought bravely, especially at Mukden.

"I Have Six Children Depending Upon Me"

Although we had at our disposal an enormous number of reserves, we mobilized the reinforcements sent to the Far East, not from the younger reserves subject to call, but in several cantons of various governments took all the reserves of all ages, while in neighboring cantons of the same governments we did not take even the youngest. Immediately after their arrival at the theater of war it was announced that, out of the reinforcements, the older men, belonging to the class ranging from thirty-nine to forty-three years of age, were less reliable both physically and in moral quality, and, according to the declaration of the commanding officers, actually weakened the fighting value of the sections. The larger percentage of those who withdrew

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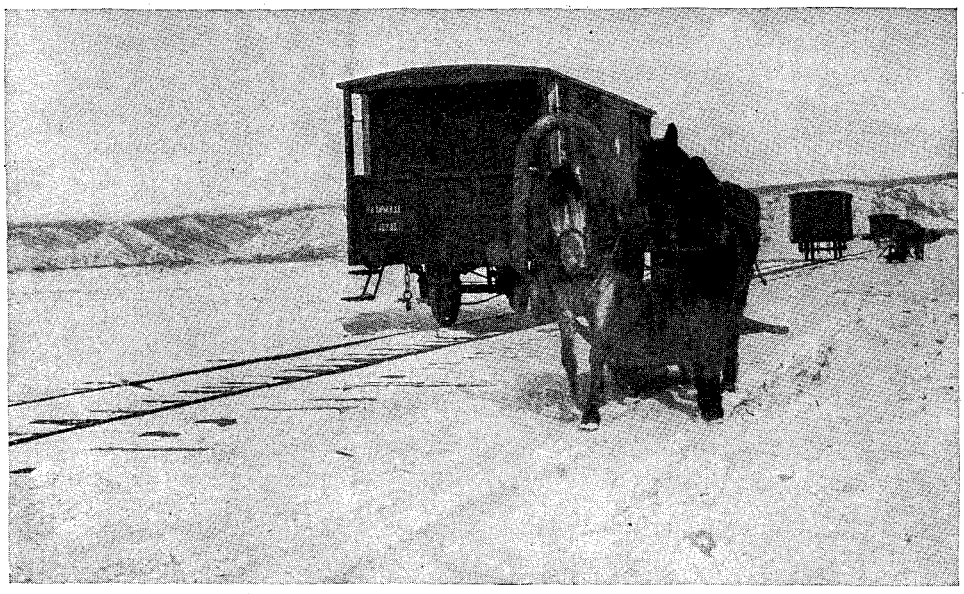

RUSSIAN TRANSPORT CARS BEING DRAGGED ACROSS LAKE BAIKAL ON THE ICE BY HORSES

to the rear in time of battle were the older men among the reserves, according to the statements of the commanding officers.

Our peasant, after reaching the age of thirty-five, frequently grows heavy, becomes raw, so to speak; is overgrown with beard, loses his soldierly aspect, finds it more difficult to endure the burdens of camp life than do the young men. The older Little Russians of the Poltava Government, in particular, when transported from the plains of Little Russia to the mountains of Manchuria, proved to be too heavy in weight to scramble up the steep hills. The little, lively, agile Japanese, who had grown up among mountains, had a great advantage over us in the battles of July and August.

It must also be taken into consideration that the inhabitants of rural districts over thirty-five years of age have already become the heads of houses, often with large families. All their interests and thoughts, even after their arrival in Manchuria, were at home.

The following incident is characteristic: At the time we were retreating from Mukden several sections retired in disorder, and soldiers were encountered who had flung away their rifles. One of the members of my staff, stepping up to a disarmed man of this sort, was greeted by him with the question: "Where is the road to Russia?" And, in reply to reproaches for his cowardice, my officer received the reply: "I'm no fighter—I have six children depending on me."

Discipline and the Corporal's Stick

The discipline in our armies during the military operations was all that could be desired in our fighting divisions, but the farther one got from the fighting line, the weaker it grew. The temper of the soldiers at the front was always stern and serious. Only in the rear-guard lines, and that rather rarely, were specially desperate marauders from the lower ranks encountered.

In the time of Frederick the Great the principle was perfected that the soldier should fear the corporal's stick more than the enemy's bullets. Therein lay the pledge, at that time, of many conquests, especially with soldiers who served in the armies for hire. Faith in God, devotion to the Tsar, love for the Fatherland have, up to the present day, disciplined a mass of good soldiers in every department of the army into one family and made the soldier brave and obedient. But of late these fundamental principles have been so zealously shattered and torn out of the hearts of the Russian people that in the recent war there was a noticeable increase in the army of insufficiently disciplined soldiers who were rough, insolent, always criticizing, and frequently exercising a pernicious influence on their comrades. They could be kept in hand only by severity. They obeyed out of a sense of fear.

In the meantime, in the summer of 1904, corporal punishment was abolished in the army, not only in time of peace but also in war time.

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This resource was wrenched out of the hands of commanders, and no other was supplied to take its place. It is impossible, of course, in war time to talk about prison, or assignment to labor out of due order, and so forth. Consequently, many offences, among them insolence to officers, went without proper chastisement. As a matter of fact, in some cases during the war corporal punishment continued to be applied, sometimes in compliance with the verdict of the soldiers and at their instigation.

Only Half the Army on the Fighting Line

The organization of the army resulted in too small a percentage of fighters, in comparison with the whole number of soldiers who had to be fed. Our details attached to various types of guns, and also to parks, hospitals, transports, field-ovens, staffs, administrations, and institutions necessitated a very large percentage of non-combatants in the army. Our lack of organized rear-guard troops, the indispensable necessity of undertaking extensive works in the building of roads, the necessity of detachments of officers and soldiers in the transport trains, the field-ovens—all these things still further augmented the non-fighting element.

Generally, when a battle was expected, all troops on special details were called in, and details for works at the rear-guard were stopped. But even when all measures had been taken, the fighting contingent only amounted to 75 per cent of the whole number of all ranks on hand. At the end of March, 1905, when we had carried out a very energetic preparation of the theater of war-like action as far as the River Sungari, the fighting element in the Manchurian Army consisted only of 58 per cent in some sections of the troops.

The infantry lost the largest number in wounded, and, as the result, we may assume with great probability that in the battles we fought, they set out a number of bayonets equal only to half of all grades who were being fed. For instance, in April, 1905, the percentage of bayonets in the First Manchurian Army, relatively to the whole number of persons fed, constituted 51.9 per cent. With the return to the ranks of men recovered from wounds, the force of the First Manchurian Army at the end of November was as many as 192,000 mouths, with 105,879 bayonets. But a considerably smaller number than this was able to go into battle, in consequence of domestic detachments, details, and special commissions. Along with the measures taken in August, 1905, a march to attack was expected, and the number of bayonets was increased to 58.9 per cent, out of the whole number of men fed.

An Army That Melted in Battle

But even this body, when led into battle, melted away altogether too rapidly, partly in consequence of losses, but in many cases because men left the fighting line either with or without permission, for the purpose of carrying off the wounded; and sometimes, also, without any visible reason.

As soon as fighting began, it became evident that the sanitary squad of eight men, allowed to each company for carrying off the wounded, was not sufficient. Out of compassion we permitted soldiers on the line to carry off their wounded comrades. Many companies literally melted away from this cause; there were many instances when perfectly sound men went to the rear under the pretext of carrying off the wounded, and when six, eight, and even ten men carried one wounded man. Even the regimental colors, which ought to serve as a fountain of strength, and aid in invigorating the fighters, were, in many instances, prematurely carried to the rear, under the escort of half a company or a whole company.

Russian Officers Could Not Lead

With regard to the commanding element, I will quote in part an estimate regarding the First Manchurian Army that I made under the fresh impression of experience in battle. This estimate agrees, in its principal points, with the opinions of the older officers of the army.

"It may be stated, without much danger of error, that the chief characteristic of our highest commanding element, especially during the early period of the campaign, was the absence of initiative, ignorance of how to lead a battle of attack, and the lack of persistency. The result of this was always revealed by a lack of harmony in the actions of large units, indifference to the situation of a neighbor, and premature admission that the battle was lost.

"Even those officers who possessed the best qualities always found it more advantageous if a neighbor began the attack, while they themselves merely supported him. If any one was hard pressed, and he retreated, his neighbors — instead of helping him to retrieve the situation — marched off. Almost no one displayed a bold impulse toward the front."

The work of the regimental commanders was, in a considerable measure, higher in a military aspect, but it is impossible not to reproach them with insufficient knowledge of how to orient themselves as to environment and localities. Rarely was the commander of a regiment, when sent to a division, able to get along without the aid of an officer of the General

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Staff. They did not understand how to make use of the charts, and to teach the men under them to use the charts, especially at the beginning of the campaign.

"The Resurrected Corpses"

When the big battles and heavy losses among the officers began, the large difference in the regiments between the staff as shown on the muster-rolls and in actual persons, rapidly increased. The sick and wounded who were within the theater of military action, returned again, although slowly, to their sections; but many officers who had been brought back to European Russia remained there, and in spite of their recovery, did not rejoin the army. The majority of the officers who returned to European Russia from the army, on account of sickness, or for the treatment of their wounds, spent their time in the capitals or large cities, for months together, strolled about the streets, and neither society nor the military authorities saw anything reprehensible in their conduct. To the honor of our body of officers, however, it must be confessed that if many officers shirked and delayed unduly their return to the front, on the other hand a large number of wounded officers strained every nerve to return to the front as speedily as possible, and did return before they had recovered their health. There were many cases of men who returned two and three times after having been wounded.

GENERAL GRIPPENBERG

But the war is over, and a miracle has happened: A mass of officers, who did not admit the possibility of their serving at the front in wartime, and who spent their time in Russia on the ground of illness and other causes, have again become fit for duty and begun to return to the ranks, crowding out from the command of companies and regiments the brave men who bore with honor all the toils of war and acquired experience in battle. They have also won, so it would seem, the right to rapid promotion for the benefit of the entire army. In *The Razvyedtchik*, in 1906, there appeared a capital article on this question by Glinski, entitled: "Resurrected Corpses." The thoughts and facts set forth in that article are deserving of serious attention.

Every Commander A Chief

By the regulations concerning the administration of troops during time of war, issue of 1890, commanders of armies were endowed with almost every right pertaining hitherto to the Commander-in-Chief of the army. With regard to the conducting of military operations, the following is prescribed in regulation 106: "The Commander of the Army shall administer the conduct of military operations according to his own immediate judgment, guiding himself by the orders of the Commander-in-Chief."

Such far-reaching rights are entirely applicable to the actions of armies in separate regions, but in such a military situation as had been formed after Mukden—one position in common and one line of communication, coupled with divergent views on the part of the commanders of the armies as to the conduct of military operations—they led to great inconveniences.

The orders of the Commander-in-Chief on many fundamental questions, such as the indispensability of not occupying uninterrupted lines and of having strong army reserves, were not

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executed, for the persons responsible for the holding of positions proved to be the commanders of the armies. And numerous commanders of the armies, with the exception of General Linevich, were unnecessarily sensitive on the question of guarding all the rights secured to them by the law, in cases where formerly orders had been given to the commanders of corps, so that normal relations between us might not be destroyed in view of decisive actions which were impending.

A Glut of Medals

The enormous rights accorded to the commanders of the armies in the matter of rewards, also, were superfluous and injurious. These commanders possessed the right to confer the reward of the Order of St. George of the fourth class, by the decision of the council that they summoned, and marks of distinction of the Military Order on the soldiers. Among their rights was the power to confer the Order of St. Anna of the fourth, third, and second classes; and the Order of St. Stanislaus of the third and second classes, with swords and ribbons. The armies being disposed in such close order, the body of officers of one of the armies were shown to have received fewer rewards than the officers of the other two armies, as this was entirely dependent upon the views of the commanders of the armies. Jealousy developed toward the army where the rewards were more lavishly distributed. This deprived the rewards of their value, and the officers began to recognize this fact. Orders with their swords began to be distributed at haphazard. General Grippenberg went particularly far in this direction.

In my diary, under the date of February 23, 1905, I have recorded the impressions produced on me by my inspection of the sections that were included in the Second Army. Among other things it is recorded there that General Grippenberg ordered thirty badges of distinction of the Military Order to be distributed per battery. They were allotted to a battery of seventy men inspected by me. Actually, to my amazement, almost every man in the front file wore a cross. But this battery had taken almost no part in the battle, had only lost, quite by accident, one killed and two wounded. The commander of the battery told me that he was ashamed to announce this reward to the battery, and to pick out for decoration those who had performed deeds of valor. I expressed to the soldiers my hope that, in the battles to come, they would prove that they were worthy of the badges of distinction that had been conferred upon them.

In general, in view of the situation that had developed on the Shakho River, even if our corps had been made considerably larger, there would have been no necessity whatever for three commanders of armies and their special rights.

The Changes in Commanders-in-Chief

And last, among the causes that inevitably embarrassed for us the progress of military action, I must note the frequent change of Commanders-in-Chief. In the course of nineteen months, during which military operations lasted, the Commander-in-Chief was changed three times. From the beginning of war-like activity until the middle of October, 1904, in the course of eight and one-half months, the office of Commander-in-Chief was in the hands of Admiral Alexeieff. From the middle of October until the first of March, it was in my hands—for a space of four and one-half months in all. From the beginning of March to the end of war-like action, for a space of six months, it was in the hands of General Linevich.

The fact that, out of the nineteen months covered by military operations, I was at the head of things only four and one-half months, and that neither at the beginning nor at the end, but only in the middle period, was not taken into account when, as though at a preconcerted signal, pamphlets, articles, newspaper comments made their appearance with the object of proving that I ought to be regarded as the culprit-in-chief of our reverses in war, since I had been Commander-in-Chief and Minister of War.

Concerning this matter, I may say now, as I said to the Emperor in my report of February, 1906: "It will be the work of future historians to decide this simple question: Were our forces and resources, which had been engaged in battle up to March, 1905, sufficient in the material and moral sense to have enabled the troops to conquer the Japanese, had they been under different guidance?"

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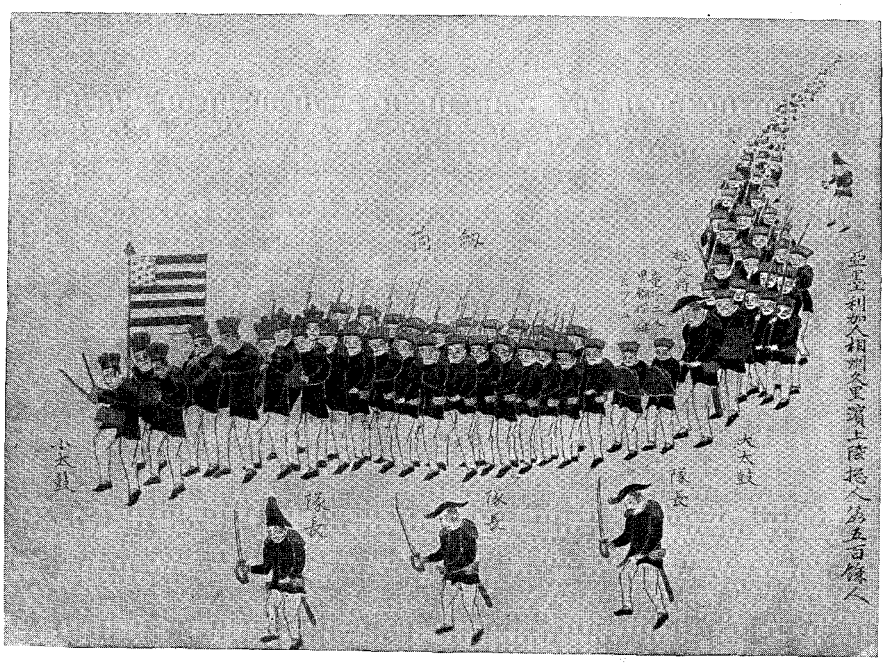
COMMODORE PERRY AND HIS STAFF

AT THE RIGHT OF THE PICTURE IS COMMODORE PERRY. SEATED BESIDE HIM IS HIS SECRETARY, MR. ADAMS. NEXT COME COMMODORE PERRY'S SON; MR. PORTMAN, THE DUTCH INTERPRETER; MR. WILLIAMS, THE CHINESE INTERPRETER; AND THE CAPTAIN OF THE "MACEDONIA"

JAPANESE PRINTS OF PERRY

FILED away among the interesting contents of the Library of The Imperial University at Tokyo is a scroll or "Makimono" painting commemorative of the landing of Commodore Perry in Japan. The Japanese Navy Department had copies of this scroll made and presented them to the officers of the American fleet during their visit.



THE PROCESSION OF COMMODORE PERRY AND HIS MEN FROM THE SHIP

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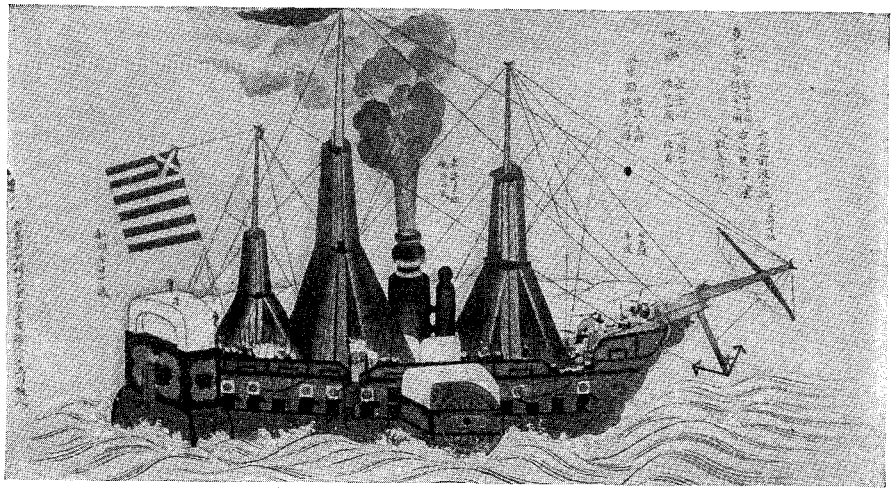
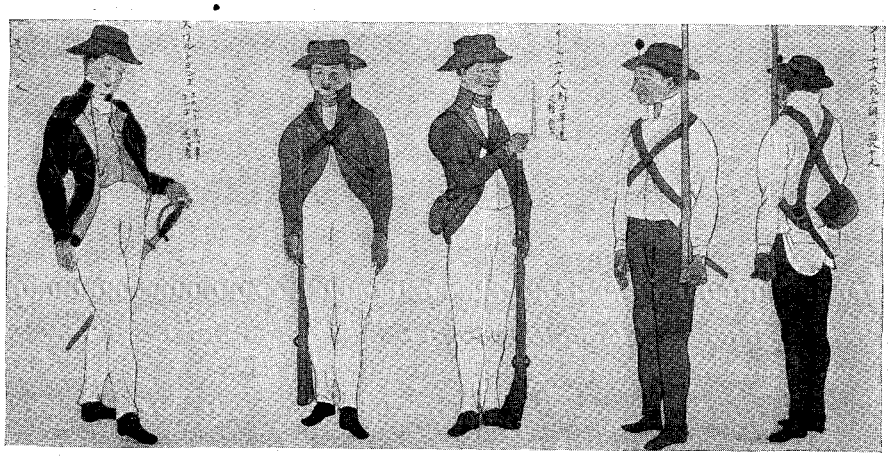
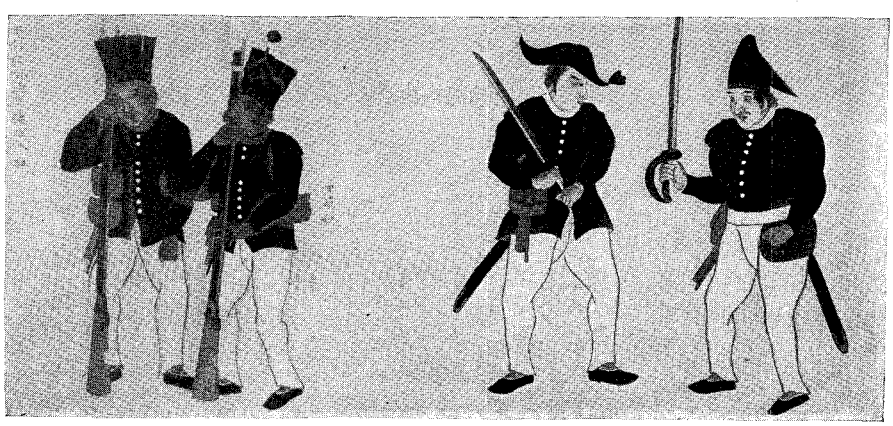


THE CHARACTERS AT THE RIGHT OF THE PICTURE DESCRIBE THIS SHIP AS "THE SUSQUEHANNA, A STEAMER 270 FEET LONG AND 192 FEET WIDE, CARRYING SIX BIG GUNS FORE AND AFT, THE GUNS CARRYING A SHELL SIX INCHES IN DIAMETER. HER COMPLEMENT IS 500, AND HER PADDLE-WHEEL 30 FEET IN DIAMETER." AT THIS TIME, OF COURSE, *THERE WERE NO STEAMING VESSELS* IN THE JAPANESE NAVY



A JAPANESE IMPRESSION OF THE AMERICAN OFFICER, THE NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER, AND THE PRIVATE SOLDIER. THE NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER AND THE PRIVATE ARE SHOWN IN FRONT AND SIDE VIEWS



OFFICERS AND MEN

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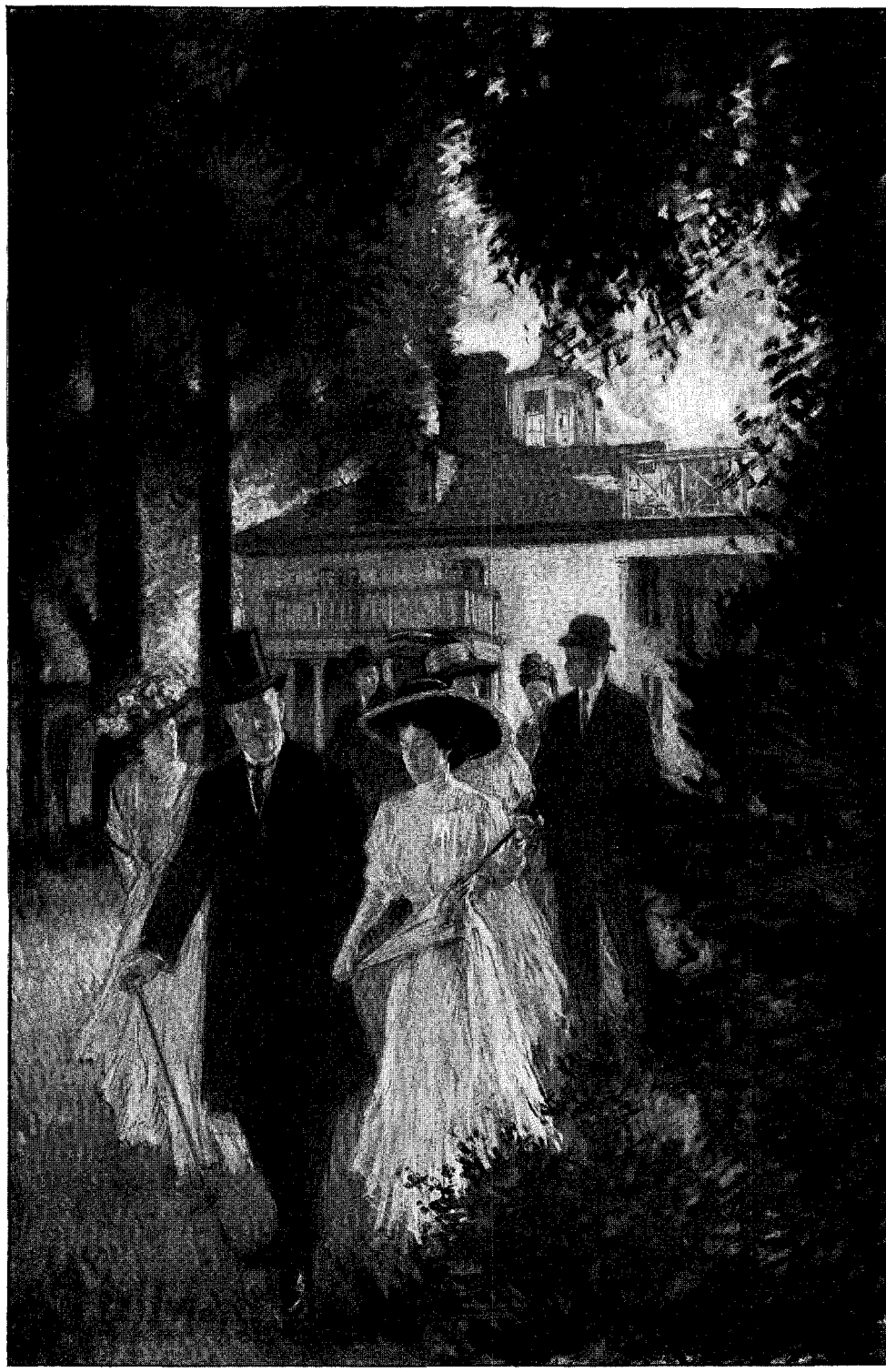

Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

"MISS FLOYD LED THE WAY ACROSS THE GRASS WITH THE GENERAL"

See page 229

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